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BAILY'S MAGAZINE
OF
SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 473. JULY, 1899. Vol. LXXII.

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WITH

Steel Engraved Portrait of MR. GREGOR MACGREGOR.

Portraits of GREGOR MACGREGOR and A. E. STODDART.

Engravings of WORKING SPANIELS, WHERE THE DARD LIE, and SPOILSPORTS
IN THE SHALLOW.

Mr. Gregor MacGregor.

FAMILIAR indeed to most lovers of cricket and Rugby football must be the features of Mr. Gregor MacGregor, whose portrait is the latest addition to BAILY'S gallery of distinguished sportsmen. Born on August 31st, 1869, the great wicket-keeper is not yet thirty years of age, but he has managed already to get through enough first-class cricket and football to satisfy any ordinary lifetime. It was at Uppingham School that Mr. MacGregor first gained promi-

nence as an athlete, and his experience of two years in the school cricket eleven and football fifteen qualified him for the high honours he was destined to take as soon as he went up to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he represented the 'Varsity at cricket throughout the four years of his residence, and twice played against Oxford at football. The years 1888-91 may be regarded as the Golden Age of Jesus College from the athletic point of view at any rate, and prominent amongst the

representatives of the "red and black" might be reckoned the versatile Mr. S. M. J. Woods, with Messrs. A. J. L. Hill, Percy Illingworth, W. T. Rowell, Martin Scott, and many another who earned distinction in Jesus Close and still wider fields of sport. Certainly during these years Cambridge was immeasurably superior to the sister University at cricket, and in Messrs. MacGregor and Woods possessed the finest amateur wicket-keeper and bowler of the day, so during the four years the Dark Blues did well to escape defeat upon one occasion, the other three matches going rightly enough to the stronger side, of which, in 1891, Mr. MacGregor was the captain.

A batsman with much judgment, and any amount of courage and coolness, he has, both for Cambridge and for his county, scored well over a century, while he has time after time been of the utmost value to his side; those who witnessed it are not likely to forget the gallant stand he made with his stable companion, Mr. Woods, in 1890, for the last wicket of Lord Londesborough's team against the Australians. The wicket was entirely in favour of the bowlers, and a very powerful batting side had been got out for some fifty odd runs, leaving thirty or so to win, when the famous Cantabs came together at the fall of the ninth wicket; then ensued a desperate game of "tip and run," and a free use of the pad as an auxiliary to the bat, and before the wicket fell the score was only seven runs short of the Australians' total. It was in the same year, at Kennington Oval, on a very sticky wicket, that England wanted two runs to beat Australia with but two wickets to fall, and

Mr. MacGregor and Sharpe were in together. Five anxious overs passed, and neither seemed able to make a run, so in their desperation they agreed to run for the very next ball that touched the bat. The run was a desperately short one, but fortune favoured the brave, and the fieldsman in his anxiety returned the ball wide, and an over-throw gave England the game. After the expiration of the two years necessary to establish a residential qualification to play for the county, Mr. MacGregor became, in the early nineties, associated with Middlesex cricket, and both in front of the wicket and behind it he has rendered the greatest assistance to the metropolitan team; and only the other day he enjoyed the honour of being appointed to captain the forces which have been so long and so ably led by that keenest of cricketers, Mr. A. J. Webbe.

Upon Mr. MacGregor's ability as a wicket-keeper it is idle to dilate; facts are quite eloquent enough, and we need only say that in 1890 and 1893 he was selected to do battle for England in all three test matches against Australia; and in the match at Lord's in 1890, when Blackham kept wicket for the Australians, not a bye appeared on the score sheet of either side during the match. It was natural enough that Lord Sheffield, in 1891, should invite Mr. MacGregor to form one of his team to visit Australia, and in regard to his trip to the colonies the following story goes to show how true is the saying that "a prophet has no honour in his own country." Being uncertain how much money he would require for the journey, Mr. MacGregor agreed with his brother to cable home the extra amount he might require. His

father one day received a cable simply saying "Hundred." In great delight he took the message to the brother, and said "Gregor has made a hundred." Sadly the brother shook his head, saying, "Afraid he hasn't made it—he wants it."

At Rugby football the "canny Scot" has admirably availed him-

self, who at centre three-quarter fed his colleagues in the most artistic and accurate manner. In the seasons of 1890 and 1891 he played in all the Scottish international matches, as also in 1893 and 1894, his visit to Australia keeping him out of the football field in 1892; and as a proof of the opinion held in Scotland of

Photo. by E. Hawkins & Co.

GREGOR MACGREGOR.

A. E. STODDART.

self of his judgment and coolness, and at three-quarter back and full back has shown himself to be one of the most resourceful players of the day. It was a grand day for Scotland when England was beaten fairly and squarely at Blackheath, in 1891, and no one did more to gain the victory than the old Uppingham

his value to the side, he was, in 1896, after practically two seasons retirement from the field, after but one trial game selected to play against England.

The exigencies of space forbid us here to attempt to mention one tithe of the great performances which have made Mr. MacGregor famous in the world of sport, and

are they not written in the books of the chronicles of Lillywhite, Wisden, and the others? We may, however, be pardoned for mentioning another and no less distinguished claim to fame, although with his accustomed modesty Mr. MacGregor may never have taken to himself sufficient credit for it, until his full merit was brought home to him by the *vox populi*. It was a

few days after Mr. Stoddart had returned from Australia fresh, from his first victorious career, that Mr. MacGregor—who shares a house with his Middlesex colleague — walking down the street at Hampstead, passed two little urchins, one of whom nudged the other, saying (in tones of respectful admiration), “See, Bill, who that is! That’s the cove as lives with Stoddart!”

Memories of my Horses.

PROBABLY no men have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of so many and so various horses as English cavalry officers. Their calling takes them into almost every part of the world, and as, besides their duty, they generally find most of their amusement in the saddle, each one at the end of his career may look back to many four-footed friends, which have given to him staunch and loyal service and, if they have had eccentricities and weaknesses, have proved that they also possessed numberless good qualities, weighing down the balance of merit enormously in their favour. It has been said that the details of the most commonplace life would, if honestly written down, have always something of interest, perhaps of value; so it is possible that some equine reminiscences of an old soldier, whose exiguous purse has always very strictly limited his stud, may not be unworthy of slight record.

It is an intense delight to any young man when he first puts on his uniform and feels that he is really an officer in Her Majesty’s Service and, second only to this, is the satisfaction

with which he contemplates his first “charger” and dreams vaguely of the scenes which he and that good steed may go through together. He has probably never before been the undisputed owner of any horse and he has the deepest concern for its well-being, its training, its feeding, its shoeing, and its equipment. During his future life he may own many successors to it, but never will he be able to look upon them with the same interest that he bestows upon this earliest acquisition.

Let me think of the animal on whose back I first took the shine out of the stock of saddlery that formed part of my military trousseau. My good-natured colonel had promised to help me to buy my chargers and I received a message from him one day telling me to meet him in London. It was near the end of the hunting season and some studs were advertised for sale at Tattersall’s. Among them were one or two fresh young horses (all hunters were fresh on their legs at the end of that season, for England had been buried in snow and bound in frost for more than six weeks after Christmas) which

seemed likely to suit my purpose. I shall never forget going through the stalls and boxes (it was the old Tattersall's, near the Park) and trying to understand the words of wisdom that fell from the person whom I then considered the greatest man on earth. I had little to do with the eventual purchase, but I know that for £60 I became the proud possessor of one of the most useful beasts that ever looked through a bridle. In those days it was not as it is now the fashion to dock horses and a decent looking hunter could always pass to the parade ground.

My knowledge of equitation was of the slightest when I joined and for some months I was under the sway of the riding master. My charger had to be introduced also to the arts of the *manège*, but I am bound to say that his education took a much shorter time than mine. His former master had been an old dragoon who had, I dare say unconsciously, given him many hints about passaging and shouldering in, preparing him in some degree for the rough-rider's lessons in the school. Our first little promenade together was not a very dignified performance on my part, and indeed I don't think that he was entitled to think that he had behaved altogether becomingly. I had often seen my comrades sallying forth for an afternoon ride, prepared to offer themselves to the admiration of the public and, as I had succeeded in doing many manœuvres in the school without discomfiture, I thought that the time had come when I might follow their example. My riding trousers were new and fitted beautifully. My saddle, too, was new and painfully slippery and alas! I had not realised how insecure was my position in it. Full of pride in my personal appearance, I rode

to the barrack gate, where the stalwart sentry was standing at ease, meditating probably on the delights of that pot of beer which he would enjoy when the guard was relieved. As I came within the orthodox fifteen paces, he sprang to attention at the passing of an officer. Surely there was nothing in this that should have jarred on a horse's nerves, but "The Chief" gave a slight shy to one side and I incontinently slipped off his back to the other. He glanced round at me with astonishment, while I picked myself up and tried to look as if I had been the victim of an unavoidable accident. I was not to be beaten and climbed again into the saddle, determined to look out for another shy away from the alarming man at arms. This time, however, the shy was made towards the sentry. My studied precautions were in vain and again I found myself sitting on the ground. The whole of the guard had now turned out and tried to look solemn and commiserating, while their sides were shaking with ill-suppressed laughter. My third attempt was lucky and I managed to get out of the barrack gate, but my pride was humbled and my ride in a dusty coat was cut very short.

Well, when one is young a tumble or two don't matter much, and it does not take long for a limber lad to find himself tolerably at home in the saddle. Hands are really a gift of nature and, though I can't pretend that I ever became a professor in playing on that delicate instrument, a horse's mouth, I think that, from the time when I ceased to find my reins necessary as something to clutch at for safety, I had an instinctive aptitude for using the bridle in a

rational manner, and generally managed to be on fairly good terms with any beast that I bestrode. In a sporting regiment there is never any lack of practice and the original duffer, if his heart is in the right place, is soon polished up into a very passable horseman.

I will not speak of the other charger which joined "The Chief" in my stable. I think it came from the ranks at £50, and no doubt did its work in a modest and unpretending way. By the way, what a lot of good horses at that time came from the ranks! I could name two or three which made names for themselves as chasers, and swept the board at military meetings far and near. I daresay that the regimental racehorse of the time would not cut much of a figure beside the animals that run now-a-days at Aldershot and Sandown, spend their lives in training stables and never gallop except between flags, but they were right good useful nags and could, and did, take their turn in the hunting field or on parade in a way that their more speedy modern successors could not emulate. "The Chief" very soon slipped into the position of second charger and, as such, was the real subaltern's horse, coming out in every capacity in turn, as charger, hack, hunter, trapper, and even on occasion swelling the field in a regimental steeplechase. He was never sick or sorry, and we lived long together in unbroken friendship.

Even a pauper subaltern makes an effort to have an extra horse, when he finds himself at a quarter such as was York forty years ago, and I managed to scrape together the very modest sum that was required to purchase the "Maid of all work." "A rum 'un to look at," she was certainly "a good 'un

to go." She had lived long in a very sporting establishment and had been used as a trial horse for cocktails, so she had a fair turn of speed. She was an undeniable fencer, never turned her head from anything, and jumped as if she liked it. Her most memorable performance was carrying me in such pride of place during forty minutes with a very notable pack that the noble master had the gallant fox's head stuffed and presented it to me—a proud trophy which still hangs in my hall to remind me of old times. Besides the great gallop that we had, that day's hunting is marked in my memory by the fact that on it every officer whose name was in the Army List as belonging to the—Hussars, with the exception of the old Quartermaster, who "took the belt," was out hunting. It was the 1st January, and all who had been on first leave had returned, while those who were to have second leave had not gone away. Forth from barracks issued the Colonel, Major, Adjutant, Riding-master, two Doctors, Veterinary Surgeon, eight Captains, eight Lieutenants, and eight Cornets. It was a case of "We'll all go a'hunting to-day." Six-and-twenty of the lot were in pink. Such were the brave days of old, and such was the love of the chase in an old-fashioned regiment.

I have mentioned the kindness of one Yorkshire M.F.H. and cannot help recording here a most generous act of another, Sir Charles Slingsby, the master of the York and Ainsty, who a few years later met such a tragic end at Newby Ferry. My regiment had left York for a less happy quarter, and I returned to visit a friend in the old city. The hounds were to meet hard by and

I got a hireling for the day in order to have one more dart with them. Such a hireling it was! It could not gallop. It would not jump and it had every failing that a horse could have. I spent a miserable morning, but fortunately every covert was drawn blank. At last, about one o'clock, we came to a covert which was certain to hold a fox. Sir Charles rode up to me and said "You've been very unlucky in your horse. Now we're sure to have an afternoon gallop and I should be sorry if you missed it. Just jump on my second horse and send him along. The one I'm riding is quite fresh and I need not change." I need hardly say that I accepted the offer with gratitude and, sure enough, we did have a very good and quick thing, in which I was superbly carried. Could any greater kindness be conceived than for the master, who was also hunting the hounds, to give his own second horse to a wretched cavalry subaltern, in whom he had no special interest and whose only possible recommendation could be that he had an honest love of sport?

To be quartered in Ireland is an episode in cavalry life which is certain to come sooner or later, and indeed no one would wish to escape it, for there is still much fun to be had in the green island, though I believe that unscrupulous agitation has done much to lessen the old time chances of happiness and contentment both for the native and the temporary visitor. My regiment crossed the channel while there was yet a national Church, before Home Rule had placed Parliamentary representation in the hands of men whose patriotism shows itself in sanctioning midnight outrage, and before all country gentlemen had been ruined by Land Acts. Sam Rey-

nell was master of the Meath. Baron de Robeck ruled the Kildare, and Mr. Morrogh led the Ward. For my comrades and myself it was a golden time. Horses and forage were cheaper than in England and the blessed gift of blood enabled every screw that came into our possession always to carry us within hail of hounds and not seldom in a very respectable place.

But we were not always within reach of the premier packs and sometimes had to provide our own hunting by keeping regimental harriers, with which indeed we were able often to draw for an outlying fox. And Irish hares are very straightbacked and, if any sportsman meant to see the fun with the — Hussars' hounds, he had as much galloping and jumping as any glutton could desire. I could describe several animals on whose backs I had my share of the sport that was going. Their merits were many and the nature of their failings may be gathered from the remark of our old veterinary surgeon—peace to his memory, he knew more about horses than any other man that I have ever met—"I'll tell you what it is. I can't make your horses sound, but I'll take care that they are always fit to go hunting." And he did manage to tinker up the cornets' horses in a most wonderful way. Every screw was ready to meet the day's necessities.

I said that Irish horses had the gift of blood, and I think also that never anywhere else have I found animals that became so confidential and accommodated themselves so handily to any emergencies. One little bay mare—she was barely over fifteen hands—was positively as sensible as a human being. Once, in the course of a run, we came across

a long strip of bog about a hundred yards wide. Fox and hounds squattered through, but it was impossible for a mounted man to follow and there appeared no alternative but to make a tremendous detour on the sound ground. There was a narrow bank of turf, not two feet wide, zig-zagging across the obstacle. Knowing that the mare would follow wherever I led, I jumped off her back and ran along the turf bank and my kind little steed hesitated not to accompany me. We made the transit all right, to the envy of many gentlemen who were riding less amiable hunters of price and saw me and my modest nag enjoying the unwonted satisfaction of being quite alone with the hounds.

I never was better mounted for a job in my life than I was during a spell on the Staff at Aldershot. A grey mare and a brown horse, both Patlanders, both good looking in different styles of beauty, both with the smallest possible stains in their pedigrees, were my soldiering horses. The mare used to kick and the horse had a knack of giving an occasional buck, but these slight ebullitions of spirits were nothing when you were used to them and, though they would have been a nuisance for a squadron leader, they did not matter to an *aide-de-camp* who had always plenty of elbow room.

It is perhaps a little too much the fashion nowadays to think that the British cavalry of thirty or forty years ago was very inferior to the squadrons which now are responsible for the credit of the service. Well, I will not argue the point. The old cavalry was pretty good, however, and, whenever any of its officers and men were called upon for active service, they gave a reasonably satisfactory account of themselves. At Aldershot and

other big training stations there was no lack of energy and enthusiasm and there were manœuvres and field days which tested pretty thoroughly the horses both in and out of the ranks. I know that my two chargers, stout beasts as they were and not carrying a crushing weight, had often just as much work as they could well get through, and that, when the old troopers in the various regiments got back to camp or stables in the evening, they were glad enough to lie down at once and rest their wearied limbs. It was then a point of honour for cavalry *aides-de-camp* and orderly officers to ride with a message as straight and fast as possible. I daresay they do the same now. On our staff there were two officers, the memory of whose later exploits as masters of hounds is still green, and I am sure that even among the smart young soldiers of to-day, it would be hard to find two men who could get faster from one point to another. No obstacle stopped them, and it was a very rough piece of ground indeed that made them slacken their usual pace. They never made a mistake in their orders and their heads were as cool as their hearts were bold and their grip of the saddle was strong.

Let me pass to a year which I spent campaigning in South Africa with a local mounted corps. It was by no means easy to pick up decent horses when I landed at the Cape, but still they were to be found with a little trouble. As more and more troops came out from England, the demand became excessive and animals had to be sought for in distant provinces. Of course the aim of everyone in Africa then was to procure horses which had been what was locally called "salted," that is which

had suffered and recovered from the terrible "horse sickness," and were supposed to be proof against another attack. Such were always much more valuable than any others and the prices asked and given for them were sometimes very large. I never owned a "salted" horse and my impression is that the supposed immunity is fallacious. I saw one virulent epidemic of "horse sickness," during which a third of the horses present with a field force died in a week, and among them were several which I knew had suffered but recovered during an epidemic in the previous year. They had been considered thoroughly "salted" and that they should have died was a matter of astonishment to all old colonists.

I was lucky enough to be able to buy two horses and a pony that served me well for many months and marched over many hundreds of miles with occasional interludes of pretty sharp fighting. For long they escaped the risks of war and were unscathed by bullet or assegai. They were stout, honest, hard-working hacks, but I don't think that they would have shone in any other capacity. At that time, at any rate, nothing was or could be asked from a horse but to be able to keep moving for an indefinite time over an indefinite distance. The enemy to which we were opposed was never mounted and our business was only to bring a certain number of rifles within firing range and to take them away again when the work was done or the numbers against us were too great. Surefooted beasts these African-bred horses were. How they could scramble over the rocky passes in the hills, and how they could look out for and avoid the trappy ant-bear holes in the veldt! I only had one bad fall

from a horse coming down with me, and that I think was more from my fault than his. He had detected an ant-bear hole in front of him when we were galloping and wished to swerve. I had not then sufficient sense to know that I should trust to his instinct and forced him forward. When I had gathered myself together after the resulting imperial crowner, I made a mental resolution never to interfere again with my horse's judgment of ground while I remained in Africa.

I may record a hardish and somewhat typical day's work in the saddle. There was a day's march of between thirty and forty miles before the column to which I was attached, but I had been ordered to visit a Boer's farm which lay to one side of our route and to select some re-mounts from a lot of young horses that the farmer had collected or bred. With a brother officer, an orderly and a guide I started from camp about five in the morning. As we had a long trek before us, it behoved us not to hurry our nags, but with an off-saddle half way for three-quarters of an hour we arrived at the Boer's farm before ten, having covered nearly forty miles. The Boer was hospitable, made our horses comfortable, and produced the inevitable coffee for ourselves, while the mob of horses that we had come to see was being driven from the veldt into a kraal for examination. When they were ready our work began. One by one the horses were taken out of the kraal, run up and down and examined for soundness in a very rough and ready fashion. Then they were saddled in succession and galloped by either myself or my comrade to prove their wind and action. By the way, I may here note that in

South Africa, a broken-winded horse is almost unknown. I think that I mounted about twenty horses that day and my comrade nearly as many. As none of them had been broken, we had some amusing and indeed rather exciting episodes. We ended by selecting about thirty-five, and a very useful addition to our ranks they proved, filling up some of the gaps made by the horse sickness. We had just time for a hurried meal and then started on our own horses, now somewhat refreshed and rested, to join the column at its evening camp thirty miles distant. We had been all day on a high plateau and, before our journey's end, we had to gain the lower plain. The night was closing in, our guide missed the path and brought us to the brink of a steep, rocky, bush-covered pitch that was only one degree removed from being a precipice. It was impossible to ride down, and even on foot it seemed that the descent would involve a very sufficient amount of scrambling and holding on with our hands. There was only one thing to be done — we dismounted, knotted up the reins and crossed the stirrups, and then drove our horses loose before us to the cliff, leaving them to negotiate it the best way they could. We followed and, in the dim twilight, saw our poor steeds sliding down and struggling to keep their foothold. I have before said that African horses are sure footed, but this was a very high trial. They all reached the bottom without accident, except my orderly's horse, which lost its balance and rolled over and over till it joined its comrades — fortunately its saddle was not broken, and it was none the worse for a scratch or two. The camp lights could be seen glimmering in the distance,

and both horses and men were not sorry to find themselves within reach of supper and bed.

Alas! of my African stud, two were lost in a sad catastrophe and their actual fate remained unknown — the third, after many hardships and trials, met his death from a merciful bullet. There was no chance then of giving to a horse, that was suffering from many complaints, a long rest in which to recover his strength, and it was kindness to make an end of his sorrows in this world. South Africa is with me a place of sad memories, and not the least melancholy is the thought of my poor horses, which worked hard, suffered much and died unhappily.

Few officers now ever wish to exchange to avoid Eastern service, as was often the case in the first half of the century; in fact the general desire is rather in the opposite direction. I must confess that, when Indian service called me, I obeyed very gladly. And one of the greatest delights of India is the facility to a poor man of mildly indulging in a taste for horseflesh. Pay is more liberal than at home and, though in late years the rupee has depreciated and the expenses of syces and forage have increased, it is still easy for a cavalry officer of very moderate means to have four or five nags, and there are few infantry men so poor that they do not manage to support a tat or two, on which to play polo or have a look in at a station gymkhana. While I was in the East I owned more animals than at any other time in my life, Arabs, Walers, country breds, and once, I think, a Kattywar: but of course Arabs and Walers were the two classes with which I and indeed all other Europeans were most familiar.

The Arab has a great reputation

and, if giving long prices and having the best advice in buying could have given me good specimens of the noble race, I should have had them. But I am bound to say that my Arabs consistently disappointed me. I daresay they would have been invaluable on service from their hardiness, stoutness and unfailing appetite whatever might be the provender, but alas! for me the war trumpet never sounded. When their blood was up, too, they were able to get over rough ground without a mistake, but for the ordinary duties of life they left much to be desired. The best of them were most indifferent hacks and were inveterate stumblers. Too often their stumbling culminated in coming down altogether. I never could make out the reason of this: whether it came from carelessness, laziness or from some racial tendency, and I never found any one who could tell me. I recollect one in particular, a very handsome horse, with magnificent shoulders and, apparently fine true action, for which I had given 2,500 rupees. I made him my first charger and rode him as such for some months. He stumbled occasionally, but I thought that this was perhaps my own fault, from not having sufficiently kept him at "attention." One fatal day, however, at a very swagger parade, the regiment was to gallop past. As we wheeled into line, although he was leading with the proper leg, I felt "Akbar" begin knuckling over. I did my best to keep him on his legs but the pace of manœuvre was too great to allow of a check. He went on knuckling and stumbling till at last he turned completely over, landing me in the dust almost at the inspecting General's feet. There was much loss of dignity but little shame to me in quitting

his back, for the somersault was so complete that the saddle was smashed. I suppose, in fact I know, that there are Arabs which do not stumble and are reliable hacks, but my acquaintance with the race, in the hands of others as well as in my own, gives me little confidence in it except under circumstances that do not often occur.

The most comfortable horses that I had in India were Walers, but they were all tainted more or less with the vice of bucking. The great majority had the good taste only to misconduct themselves thus occasionally and then only in a frolicsome straightforward way that need hardly have discomposed a rider unless he was sitting very loosely or was taken unawares. But when one did come across a horse that bucked with a purpose, I would defy any ordinary man to remain saddle-fast. I bought one Waler to supplement my stud for a big camp of exercise, during which much fatiguing work was to be done. Never have I ridden a more pleasant animal while he was on his good behaviour. He was the best of hacks; he could have carried two stone more than my weight, and he could jump in the most accomplished style. After the hard work was over he unfortunately had too much to eat and too little work (syces never exercise horses except by leading them about), and when he was brought round for me to ride one afternoon, the long-slumbering devil woke in him and he began to buck with a vengeance. If he had only bucked straight forwards, I might possibly have got the better of him, but he bucked round and round in a circle till I became giddy. The rest was easy for him, and, not content with disposing summarily

of me, he bucked himself clear of the saddle also. I need hardly say that, after such an exhibition he was sold, and he got rid of two or three successive owners in the same masterly way. He sank very low in life, and was last seen drawing a ticca gharry (hack carriage).

But for one that so egregiously misbehaved, I had several that were ornamented with every equine virtue. They could hold their own anywhere, on parade, on the steeplechase course or when I went out for an evening canter to "eat the air" during the Indian hot weather. The picture of "the pick of the basket" hangs before me as I write. Stainless in descent, brave, handsome, spirited, trustworthy, I look back to him with affection as the best charger and nearly the best horse I ever owned.

But if, as a very humble horse-owner, I go on to talk of all the horses ridden by me in India, much as I should like to do so, I should encroach too much upon BAILY's valuable space. Neither can I enlarge upon the friends of a later date, whose mettle has been stirred by horn and hound, by the blast of trumpet or the crash of squadrons. When I think of the horses that have called me master during many years—

"Old faces throng around me,
Old forms go trooping past."

I cannot tell of them all, and indeed can only notice casually a very few. I may end by saying that I am of those who think that there is much sense in the Prophet's words written in the Kurân: "Weal is knitted in the forelocks of horses till the day of judgment." C. STEIN.

All Nature looks Smiling and Gay.

How often the unexpected happens to most of us. To be far from the madding crowd at Epsom's carnival, to be an absentee from old familiar scenes that carry one back to the days of Ellington, Kettledrum, and Blink Bonny, would seem not only unlikely, but even unbusinesslike, in one who feels it a duty to be *au fait* with what is worth seeing and knowing about horseflesh. And yet the confession must needs be made that, apart from all other considerations, your scribe has in this memorable Flying Fox year enjoyed a scene as opposite as it is possible to conceive. A truly restful scene, where not the faintest echo of a surging, excited

crowd could ruffle his thoughts or intensify his nerves.

Perhaps you will not give him credit for taking an interest in anything so ephemeral as the birth and life of a May fly, and yet there is something so sublimely peculiar, so exquisitely beautiful, in this short and eventful life, that your scribe's nature seems to take a rebound of youth at the sight of it, and he even makes a decided mark in his almanack denoting his intention of spending one day in company with this majestic member of our insect life—its veritable May Queen and the daintiest morsel of trout fare. How curious is it that the May fly is only to be found on certain

favoured rivers. Our northern climes suit it not. It is absent from rocky, impetuous streams, such as those of wild Wales or parts of Devonshire. It has no sanctum in our larger rivers. Perhaps it has no more favourite abodes than those of the Test and Avon in Hants and Wilts, on the Coln in Gloucestershire, or on the Teme, Lugg, and Arrow of Shropshire, Herefordshire and Worcestershire and their tributaries, the Clun, Ohny, Rhea, and Letwyck. Never having essayed to a display of skill with the dry fly in those pellucid streams of Hants and Wilts, it would be wrong to lay claim to feats of arms with these lynx-eyed giants. Albeit I believe you may succeed, provided you have the stealth of the tiger, the throw of a Zulu, and the patience of Job. No, it is no use trying to preach what you cannot practise, or to aim higher in the piscatorial line than your natural abilities, or shall we not rather say, opportunities have conferred on you.

With this preface I would humbly beg your most indulgent readers to come with me to the banks of the river Lugg, on the confines of Herefordshire and Radnorshire, and I will recount my experiences of a Derby day with a May fly—an oft-told tale, no doubt, but veritable as compared with some heroics that are to be found in the pages of sporting literature. Your knowledge of the art piscatorial must be a practical one, begotten of years of youthful study and strengthened by experience. To-day I am to take my part in the great May fly festival. It is therefore essential that I should see for myself that the big fly is properly rising out of its chrysalis state in the water, and also that the fish are on the alert for their repast on it. If such be not the case, it is of little

or no avail that I put an artificial May fly on my cast, or even catch the real article and bob it over the bushes on a tiny hook, apparently a very tempting bait, and yet not one that I ever did more than occasional execution with, and to do this with effect you require a gentle hand and a long stiff rod, which you can hold in awkward places, and this does not give you the same play with your fish, when hooked, as an ordinary light nine-foot rod.

Having accoutred oneself for the fray, what an exquisite pleasure it is to find that you are lord of all you survey as you take stock of a real trout river, where every turn and twist, with its natural holts, eddies, and rapids, speak to you as eloquently of its denizens as does yonder gorsey fox covert on the hillside. This is especially so where every yard is well known to you, and where at each throw you can tell when to expect a rise from your expectant fish—that is, if his inclination is to be on the feed. Now you should know that the Lugg, in these its upper reaches, runs in an ever-winding course through the richest of meadow land and alluvial soil, and where trout, and only trout, abound at every point; for grayling are not an ambitious fish, and care not to ascend weirs on their own account, so that here in my playground the trout are left in sole and happy possession of the river. Not a coarse fish has ever as yet swam in this favoured territory. To-day recent rains have made the river somewhat on the big side, although otherwise in splendid order. A May fly at once settles on my shoulder in a confiding sort of way—anything but a bad augury—as I tie on my fly, and ere I can finish my arrangements and marshal my son with the landing-net (he being just then engaged in locating a

sandpiper's habitation), I heard the charming "phlop" which denotes the genuine May fly rise of a good fish.

Do not imagine, dear readers, that I am going to inflict on you a minute account of my prowess. It was much too full of mistakes, and even of big d's, when my fish beat me after a sharp little conflict, to permit of publication in full. Yet, oh! is it not with a flutter of true delight that you triumph in victory every few minutes, and almost as often taste defeat with attempted composure? Your basket soon assumes a more weighty feeling on your back, and your helpmate with the landing-net has little spare time for bird's-nesting. Ah, how little I thought, when I was here a week ago, that under yonder stubb some half-grown young otters were probably watching me; for on the next day, when the Hawkstone otter-hounds came on the scene, two of them had to yield up their lives after half an hour's hunting, which was very much of the cub-hunting order. Surely fifteen couples of hounds are more than sufficient to hunt an otter with in such a river as this. They fairly tumbled over one another, and gave their prey no chance of escape. My memory carried me back to a day in June twenty-two years ago, when the late Major Geoffrey Hill killed an otter not very far from the same spot, weighing 27lbs. (I have his head now), after a hunt of two hours and fifty minutes, and on that same evening was born to me a son, the veritable six-foot man (named Geoffrey, after the master), who was there tussling with the pack in mid-stream for a portion of the otter's skin; but in those days Geoffrey Hill seldom worked more than eight couples of hounds, unless it was on a big river like

the Wye. Otters are always religiously preserved here, and I do not believe that they are such depredators to trout as some people would make out. At all events, I killed three fish in this identical otter corner the very day before the hounds found there.

It is not only the simple delight of catching fish, which fascinates a lover of Nature by the river side at this time of year. You have bird life around you to perfection. The cock pheasant is ever on the crow. The carrion crow is cawing at your presence in the tall trees over yonder. The jay is chattering in that high hedge to the right of you. The plover is attending to his nursery duties in that rushy meadow. The corn-crake is on the move. The curlew, with his shrill cry, is whirling across from hill to hill. The water-hen flutters away from her nest full of eggs at the water's edge, and almost under your feet. The sandpiper, the kingfisher and the water ouzel are ever darting up and down the stream, and then, the prettiest sight of all, there is an old wild duck cleverly conducting her brood of nine down to a place of safety. I chance, too, to spy a big brown owl, apparently asleep in an oak tree, and on further investigation there is a fine young fellow on a lower branch, where I can almost reach him, a prize too valuable to be missed by my boy with the net.

Nor must I omit another incident, which came about during the day, and which was to me an unique experience. I had just started to fish a very favourite place, and risen and hooked a fish, when my son called out, "Look, father, look," and darted off across the field with my landing net, leaving me to struggle with a nice fish in a hopeless state on a

high bank. There was nothing for it but to wait until he came back, which he did at last (my fish in the meantime having worked himself free and departed), carrying with him a dead magpie, which he had seen struck down and killed by a curlew. This must have been a case of revenge for the sucking of his eggs, or the carrying away of his young ones, although it is only natural to suppose that the magpie would have proved the master. The depredator's neck was broken, however, in the encounter.

Full of incident as had been this May fly day, tired nature will be assertive, and as pleasure, not mere slaughter, was my aim, it was with great contentment I turned homewards, having quite sufficient fish in my basket to bring down the scales at 8lbs. Yet I was destined to have the conceit knocked out of me ere I reached home; for was I not waylaid by my friend the sporting blacksmith, who produced a fish he had just caught at the bottom of his garden (and I believe he had been stealthily feeding him up), weighing 2lbs. 4ozs.—a beauty. Friends, have you not a sporting blacksmith somewhere in your vicinity? Mine is a capital fellow—he can shoot, fish, or handle a colt with anybody. He has done duty with me in many a field of sport, and has paid visits to Newmarket and Doncaster in charge of thoroughbreds, all which are an eye-opener to the village blacksmith.

There was still another delight to be got through ere this smiling day had been accomplished, for in yonder large field, ere I could reach home, are happily roaming two yearlings, in which my heart rejoices. Brought up as they have been in "Borderer's" most approved, yet much reprobated,

way to make a racehorse. With these youngsters there has been none of your molley-coddling so rife among public breeders for sale—with them it has only been a hovel to run into throughout the winter, plenty to eat, and a fine healthy pasture by the Lugg side, changed in the spring. These two young horses have never been sick nor sorry. The one, a grandson of Sterling's on his dam's side, is destined, I hope, if all goes well with him, to find a purchaser at Doncaster, and unless I am much mistaken, will win the favour of some good judges, as well as the judge's eye at a winning-post, for he is a beautiful colt, the true type of a racehorse. The other, alas! although he rejoices in a pedigree dating back nearly a century as pure as crystal, cannot find admittance within the sacred portals of the Stud Book, and it is no good offering a half-bred horse for sale at Doncaster. Not but that he is sure to win races, if a chance is given him, for so far back as 1827 his ancestors in the female line distinguished themselves on racecourses, as the racing calendars of those days will prove, and he, too, has all the cut of a racehorse. To cast an admiring eye over the thoroughbred yearling, whose points leave nothing to be desired in your eyes, how nice it is! and so home to empty your basket before admiring kinsfolk, that at once bring up their visions of presents to old folk, who so seldom are able to enjoy a trout; and, for the rest, what delicacies for breakfasts and dinners on the morrow. Ah! who shall say that when "all Nature is smiling and gay" a Derby day cannot be enjoyed as "Borderer" there enjoyed it, quite as pleasantly and profitably as on Epsom Downs?

BORDERER.

Working Spaniels.

THERE could be no more opportune moment than the present to say something about working spaniels, seeing that the subject of the capacity for work of the different varieties of field spaniels that are seen on the show bench is being freely discussed, and moreover, because only a few months have passed since the first field trial meeting for working spaniels was held on the estate of Mr. W. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale.

The spaniel is one of the most prominent instances of a breed that has suffered in its working capabilities to meet the exigencies of the show ring, for not by the greatest stretch of imagination could anyone contend that the long-bodied and short-legged specimens that win prizes at dog shows could hold a candle as working dogs to the old-fashioned spaniels, generally liver and white or parti-coloured, that were met with half a century and more ago.

Those of us who are left who took an interest in sport at that time will remember that the field spaniel generally seen was liver and white, a nicely proportioned dog, symmetrical in build with height of legs in proportion to its length of body, a fairly long head, large well-feathered ears, and eyes full of expression, denoting great intelligence; and what a rare good dog he was in the field if properly broken; keeping within twenty yards of the gun, he had the best of noses, would drop to hand or shot and retrieve game when killed, or locate winged birds or wounded ground game when occasion required.

The reason is not far to find why the spaniel has degenerated as a sporting dog. It will have

been observed that whenever a specialist club has been formed to look after the interests of any breed of dogs, ostensibly with a view to its improvement, the contrary has generally been the result from the sportsman's point of view, who cares much less for the beauty of his dog than for its proficiency at work. Standards of points drawn up by specialist clubs make no allusion to work, and for the most part are formulated by a few influential devotees of the breed who air their fads to the detriment of the dog. Spaniels, as they are seen to-day in the show ring, are striking examples of this, but thanks to a few enterprising admirers of them, a club has recently been formed, called the Working Spaniel Club, the members of which have shaped their rules to include working capabilities as well as good looks.

With the exception of the curly coated retriever, for which a club has only very lately been started, other breeds of dogs that are used with the gun are deprived of the benefit of a society specially instituted to consider their welfare; consequently they remain as our forefathers knew them. The pointer that can win a championship at Birmingham, the leading show for sporting dogs, if properly broken, can, if a puppy, carry off the Field Trial Derby, or if more advanced in years, win the Champion Stakes at Shrewsbury; and so it is with the setter, who lives his life like the pointer, untrammelled by the whims and fancies of the specialist.

The spaniel is undoubtedly of very ancient origin, is in fact amongst the first dogs spoken of as associated with the hunting of

winged game. It is supposed to be from the spaniel that the setter was produced. Upwards of 400 years ago the spaniel is referred to as being of great assistance in hawking, and Stonehenge says that about the year 1555 a Duke of Northumberland trained one "to set birds for the net"; but in connection with this there is some doubt as to whether that dog was not a setter, as the same writer goes on to say that "soon afterwards the setter was produced either 'by selection' or by crossing the Talbot hound and spaniel, and further on that the larger spaniel or setter would point or set game."

Our ancestors had curious ideas about the custom of shortening the tails of spaniels, the chief reason for doing so, in their opinion, being that worms were prevented breeding there. The custom is continued now, but for quite a different reason, we practising it because when the stern is left its natural length it is likely to be lacerated when its owner is working in briars and thick under-wood.

The subject of this paper, however, is the spaniel as he is seen to-day, of which in addition to the Irish water spaniel, which is quite a distinct breed and has not in any way suffered from its association with the show ring, there are five varieties, consisting of the Clumber, the Sussex, the Black, the Any Other Colour, and the Cocker. Of these, the Clumber is the only one that has been guarded against crossing with other varieties of spaniels, and has retained its position as a sporting dog in its purity. Clumbers are often hunted in teams, and sometimes take the place of beaters in covert. This variety is perhaps the most useful spaniel to take out with the gun, as from the

colour being white, with slight lemon or orange markings, he is easily seen in the densest of undergrowth. Not so, however, the Sussex, which is rich golden liver in colour, and therefore difficult to distinguish from his quarry when hunting the line of a hare. This dog, once famous for its working qualities in the south of England, has been crossed and recrossed with other varieties of spaniels until the family in its purity is a very select one. Its representatives, as seen to-day on the show bench, with their long bodies loaded with fat, their short legs and sleek coats scarcely give one the idea that they are sporting dogs. The same may be said of the black and any other colour spaniels, which are all built on the same lines, and are equally incapable of doing a day's work.

The smart little Cocker, however, who must not weigh more than twenty-five pounds, and is the smallest of the sporting spaniel tribe, is to be seen in an unadulterated condition simply for the reason that no advantage could be gained by crossing him with the other varieties, as neither in head, shape of body, nor shortness of legs is he allied to them. The statement, however, that he is the smallest of the sporting spaniel tribe may be called into question, for it is on record that the Blenheim spaniel, which is now only seen as a lady's pet, was at one time used for covert shooting, and in Sir Walter Gilbey's possession at Elsenham Hall is to be seen a painting by Stubbs of a Blenheim spaniel depicted as a sporting dog, and quite large and strong enough to retrieve a pheasant or rabbit. The Cocker may be black, black and white, liver and white, orange and white, black and tan, or liver and tan, in fact, may be any colour that is

allowable in the field spaniel. He is a merry little worker, but unless close up to the maximum weight is not large enough, partly on account of his small mouth, to retrieve a pheasant, much less a hare.

As already stated, exception is being taken by sportsmen to the very long-bodied and short-legged spaniels that are advocated by the Spaniel Club, or rather, it should be said, to the spaniels that win prizes at dog shows, for the Spaniel Club admit that all spaniels should be so formed as to be able to fulfil the duties for which they were originally intended, and indeed following on the lines of the junior institution, the Sporting Spaniel Club, the members have determined to hold a field trial meeting for spaniels with a view to proving that long bodies and short legs do not necessarily incapacitate a spaniel for ordinary work.

It has been suggested that as the general run of spaniels were too fast for working in stubble or turnips, by lengthening the body and shortening the legs pace would be reduced; but it was probably never intended that this should be carried to such an extent as it has been. Then to get this abnormal formation it has been hinted that recourse has been had to a cross with the Basset hound, which carries a certain amount of conviction from the malformed forelegs that many prize winners possess.

Before concluding this article, a short description of the first field trials for spaniels may be interesting, the inauguration of which may be attributed to the interest taken in them by Mr. W. Arkwright, the President of the Sporting Spaniels' Club, under the auspices of which it was held. That gentleman kindly lent his

estate at Sutton Scarsdale, than which no place could be more admirably adapted for the purpose, there being every facility for trying the dogs at all descriptions of work a spaniel is expected to do. About a dozen spaniels appeared on the morning of the meet, of which two were small Clumbers, two blacks that have been frequent winners at dog shows, three livers without any pretensions to any particular variety, but looking all over like working spaniels, and three or four that were liver and white, one of which was of the Cocker type, weighing not more than twenty-five pounds, but built on rather more racy lines.

The work was divided into four sections, a trial of each dog in large open fields of sedge grass, the same at working hedgerows; this was followed by work in thick undergrowth where briars and ranges of cut wood had to be negotiated for rabbits, the concluding work being in an enclosed nursery of young fir trees which was kept for pheasants.

The dogs were put down one at a time, the instructions to the handlers being to keep them at work within twenty yards of the judges, one of whom carried the gun; the dogs' duties were to find rabbits in their seats, hares in their forms, or pheasants, to stop when the ground-game went away or the pheasant rose, to be free from chase, to retrieve the game if killed or to go on to order, and make out the line if a rabbit or hare went away wounded or a winged bird ran.

The meeting was altogether quite satisfactory. The little liver and white spaniel, which was placed first in both the All-aged and the Puppy Stake, having an excellent nose, being perfectly under command and

doing nothing wrong, it found rabbits and birds under all conditions, retrieved a rabbit that had jumped into the water from its seat on the edge of a lake, crashed into the briars, and to finish up retrieved a wounded pheasant that was running in thick gorse; this little animal was soon after sold by its owner for

£35. Most of the others did creditable work, but the prizes all went to dogs that could not win on the show bench. It is only fair, however, to say that the two blacks that were prize winners at exhibitions, although only partly broken, did not disgrace themselves.

FRED. GRESHAM.

The Studs in France.

As is generally known, the studs in France are national, and although administered by civilians called "Officiers des Haras," they are, if not military, at any rate directed by the Ministers of War and Agriculture. The officers charged with the administration of studs have first to go through a course of instruction and must take a diploma at the famous stud school of "Le Pin," which is situated in that part of Normandy called l'Orne. Le Pin is a vast property belonging to the State, and contains a large number of horses, consisting of English thoroughbreds, Anglo-Normans, and Arab stallions. During the two years of study the candidates are taught all the subjects appertaining to hippology. They are instructed, in a judicious manner, in information concerning all the crossings, with the view of achieving the reproduction of the horse in its different breeds. There is a splendid riding school attached to the institution, in which pupils are taught to ride and drive; a stable of brood mares serves excellent purposes; in short, the management is as perfect as it is possible to find in a well-conducted stud. The stud officers are gentlemen of the best French society; they are often sons of sportsmen and, as a rule, members of the nobility. On leaving this school

they are appointed inspectors, sub-directors and directors of the chief studs in the various breeding districts in France. There are five principal breeding districts in the country.

These studs or *dépôts* of stallions, as they are called in France, generally contain thoroughbreds, while horses of Oriental and English origin, as well as home-bred stallions, are well represented. Sires of the latter class are generally sent out of the district to avoid consanguinity. During the winter the horses remain in the stud, where they are ridden, driven in harness, or otherwise employed according to their aptitudes; all this with the sole view of maintaining them in condition and in good health. From February to July these horses are started for the "stations," which are small studs composed of three, four or more stallions, according to the importance of the localities they are sent to and the number of mares they are to serve. There they are under the supervision of stud grooms, *palefreniers*, who register the number of coverings.

The State acquires its stallions in the following manner: Thoroughbreds and horses of high breed which have given proof of excellence on the race course, are bought by a committee, composed

of three stud officers and a "sworn" veterinary surgeon. The sales always take place at Chantilly, in October, on a day notified in advance, so as to bring it to the knowledge of proprietors and trainers desirous of selling. Other thoroughbred stallions are bought in England by the same committee, which is also responsible for the acquirement of Oriental horses, for which purpose they travel almost annually to Syria, at the expense of the Board of Agriculture. They only buy animals of absolutely approved origin, and there are some difficulties at present to find them, since in Syria, as well as elsewhere, many crossings have taken place. Some sires of this kind also come from Algeria, but they are Arabs, or so-called "Barbs," and their price is below that of Syrian horses.

Stallions of English origin are, as is known, those which are mostly employed in France for crossing. Having given the best results, their reproduction is being tried. Among others they have established the excellent breed of the Anglo-Norman horse, whose reputation is universal. The French studs are regularly sending delegates to almost all important horse shows in England for the acquirement of Hackneys, Suffolks, Shires, Clydesdales, &c.

Finally, home-bred stallions are bought directly from trainers, after a thorough examination as to their origin, their performances and their success in exhibitions. In all cases the date is announced for the horses to be presented for sale. For instance, the sale of "Normans" takes place at Caen. In Chartres are bought the Percherons and the Boulonnais, and other heavy horses for which this district is famous. Brittany and La Vendée also furnish excellent sires, chiefly for the

reproduction of riding horses; at Landerneau, in the picturesque department of Finistère, the sale takes place in September. There is finally the sunny South, which boasts of a breed called "Tarbais," and which supplies pretty-looking, pure-blooded stallions, almost all of them of Arab or Andalusian origin, and tracing their origin directly to the epoch when the Moors were masters of Spain. The sale of these horses takes place at Pau. This district at the foot of the Pyrenees, is the only one in France where fox-hunting is indulged in, the patrons of which, however, are nearly all Englishmen. Here also is situated one of the finest racing stables in France, owned by M. Blanc.

The system of French studs is certainly highly satisfactory, since it permits trainers to obtain the service of stallions of the best blood at a minimum price, viz., from 5s. to £1 in any part of France. In his district, the director of each stud records in his stud book the birth of every foal, with the most minute description as to its sex, colour, &c., as well as the name of the mare, its pedigree, &c. This description has to be attested by the mayor of the district in which the owner of the foal resides. Thereupon, the owner receives an official paper, with the Government Seal, called *carte d'origine*, in which the pedigree of the foal is printed, thus avoiding all possibility of fraud. This procedure obtains throughout France for every horse descended from a stallion belonging to the State-stud, or from an "approved" stallion. The other animals have no certificate or "card of origin," which fact causes them to bring very much lower prices when changing hands.

Besides the national studs a number of trainers possess three

or four stallions of their own and these animals are called *ap-prouvés*, that is to say, before employment as sires these horses have undergone an examination at the hands of a sworn veterinary surgeon of one of the national *dépôts* and received a certificate that they are sound and without any disease that would prove hereditary. This is done, for instance, to prevent "wheezing," a common complaint in Normandy. When passed by the veterinary surgeon, they are branded under the mane with a star. The owner afterwards receives a certificate of the pedigree of any foals descended from these approved stallions, printed on a red paper and couched in the same terms as those given by the State, which monopolises the white colour for its own certificates.

Such, in brief, are the functions of the studs in France. They have given good results, not, however, as satisfactory as one would have hoped, in regard to the production of the war horse. This last question is of tremendous importance for a country like France, which, in time of peace has 100,000 horses both for cavalry and artillery, a number which should be trebled at the outbreak of war. Hence the present Government chiefly favours the breeding of saddle horses. It is easy to understand that the breeding of the latter is somewhat neglected in a country where the division of estates has rendered nearly every kind of hunt out of the question, and where there is no fox-hunting; furthermore, there is the unbounded enthusiasm of the French for cycling and "automobilisme"; and finally, another important reason. Breeding in France mostly rests in the hands of small farmers with but little money, and when they are offered a decent

price, they are ready to sell to private individuals their young mares, instead of keeping them for reproduction. If, for some reason or other, the horse they are breeding for the army is not accepted by the remounts, and found too light for carriages, there is all the difficulty of disposing of it.

In order to remedy this state of affairs the Government has resolved to sell at a nominal price, in some cases, even to present to the breeders in the poorer parts of the country, mares from various cavalry regiments, which have become incapable of doing any further service in the army, for purposes of reproduction. Finally, a society has been started, namely: "The Society for Encouraging the Breeding of French War Horses." It distributes to the breeder premiums for preservation *primes de conservation* on condition that he keeps his filly as a brood mare until the age of six years. On arriving at this age he is free to sell it either to the military authorities or to private dealers, and to replace it by its daughter or another. It is hoped in this manner to obtain every three years an additional generation for reproduction. This society has also organised special races tending to develop a taste for the breeding of what it calls the "half blood galloper." It also promotes horse shows and distributes valuable prizes.

The general tendency of French breeding now is to specially encourage the production of the ride-and-drive horse, and one of the types which is looked upon with most favour at the present moment is the Hackney, which by its size and its qualifications as a riding-and-driving horse seems to realise their ideal, and can be used for a general purpose.

L. O. DU RESTE.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

I WAS a practical rifle shot before Wimbledon meetings and the National Rifle Association came into existence. Hanging on the wall in front of me as I write are two old muzzle-loading rifles—the one a four-grooved, the other a two-grooved—which were manufactured, I suppose, seventy years ago, and have seen service all over the world. These venerable weapons would excite the derision of the *fin-de-siècle* crack shot, accustomed to put on strings of bull's-eyes at 1,000 yards with his beautifully accurate match rifle. When these two old rifles first came into my possession each was fitted with a ponderous steel ram-rod, with a large broad, round top, and you had to hammer the bullet down with a mallet. Yet, for all that, I can testify they were deadly weapons in a skilful hand up to 200 yards. I have seen some good shooting done with the old Brown Bess, too, up to the same range, though, perhaps, it was only one in a hundred of those weapons that could be trusted to carry straight for 100 yards; and with an old Spanish smooth-bore gun, of about 18-gauge, converted from a flint into a percussion, I have frequently beaten rifles at 150 yards.

I remember well watching a detachment of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers practising with the Minié rifle just before the Crimean War, and hearing military men go into ecstasies over its wonderful power as an arm of precision and destruction. Up to 300 yards I daresay it would have held its own fairly well, at any rate against

the Enfield and the Snider; but beyond that range it would have taken a good shot to have made an average of outers.

In those days the Yankees were supposed to be the crack shots of the universe, and marvellous tales were told of the prowess of the riflemen of Kentucky, with their six-foot rifles, carrying a bullet of about thirty-two to the pound. Readers of James Fenimore Cooper's novels will remember that the target for a Christmas prize shooting was the head of a turkey, at 100 yards. The whole body of the bird was buried in the snow, leaving nothing but the head and an inch of the neck visible. Yet the immortal Leather Stocking never failed to cut the turkey's head clean off at the first shot. Though this, after all, was but a trifle compared with hammering in an ordinary nail with a single bullet at 100 yards—nothing but the head of the nail, remember, visible to the shooter. If you want to realise what the feat means, just knock a nail into a board, and then measure a hundred paces; you will find that even to see the head of the nail at that distance requires remarkably good eyes—what Sam Weller called "a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of extry power."

One of the best rifle-shots I ever met with—I mean before the modern express and match rifles were known—was a Mr. Smith, of Stone, in Staffordshire, a miller, and a wonderfully keen sportsman. I have seen him, in

a match for £20, hit five penny pieces in succession at 50 yards, and in the year 1860, when he was an old man, obliged to wear spectacles, I saw him smash seven oyster shells (natives) in succession at 100 yards. And he was just as good a shot with a fowling piece. He shot partridges with a double-barrel of 18-bore, and seldom failed to drop his right and left stone dead. But whether he would have been any use as a rifle shot at the long ranges now in vogue is more than I can say.

But, take him for all in all, I suppose the late Captain Horatio Ross was about the best all-round shot we have ever seen in this country. He had no superior as a pigeon and game shot, and no equal as a pistol or rifle shot. Talk of your Bogarduses and Carvers of recent date, I should like to know what they ever did to compare with Captain Ross's feats at pigeon shooting. Take two instances. In 1820 he won the Red House Club Cup by killing 76 birds out of 80, 30 yards rise, 5 traps; three more hit the top of the palings and counted as misses, but fell within the grounds. One got over the paling owing to his right barrel missing fire, but was feathered with the left. But even this was eclipsed in 1841, when the Captain, shooting against Lord Macdonald, killed 52 pigeons in 53 shots at 35 yards rise. In his great pistol match against a Spanish gentleman, whose name I forget, the Captain, in his last 25 shots, hit the small bull's-eye, which was exactly the size of a sixpence, 23 times at 12 yards, the then favourite duelling distance.

But it is as a rifle-shot that I call particular attention to Cap-

tain Horatio Ross. When rifle-shooting, as we now understand this term, came into vogue, Ross was upwards of sixty years of age, and although he had had plenty of practice at deer-stalking, had not handled a rifle to shoot a match at targets for more than five and twenty years. Yet he took his place at once in the very front rank of marksmen. At Wimbledon he carried off the three great small-bore prizes at long ranges, the Association Cup, the Any Rifle Wimbledon Cup, and the Duke of Cambridge's, for which all the crack shots of the day competed. When he was in his sixty-sixth year he wrote as follows to a friend:—"I have begun my training for the rifle season; I am shooting wonderfully well, all things considered. Last week I tried the very long distance of 1,100 yards, and made a better score than is often made at that great range, seven bull's-eyes, three centres, and five outers in fifteen shots."

It is interesting to compare this score with that of Captain Mellish, who in July, 1891, won the Any Rifle Wimbledon Cup, the last time it was shot for, with nine bull's-eyes, three inners, two magpies, and an outer, in fifteen shots at the same distance. It must be remembered that there were no "magpies" in Captain Ross's day, otherwise it is probable that the greater number of his outers would have ranked as "mags." We may therefore put Ross's score down as 60, against Captain Mellish's 65. But it must be remembered, first, that the veteran was in his sixty-sixth year, and secondly, that match rifles have, and had eight years ago, attained a far higher degree of accuracy than existed when Ross made his very fine score.

It was, I think, in June, 1867, that I saw this wonderful veteran win the Cambridge University Long Range Club's Cup at Cambridge against all the best shots of the day, including his own son, Edward, the first winner of the Queen's Prize. If I remember rightly, the Captain wound up, on that occasion, with seven consecutive bull's-eyes at 1,000 yards. Cambridge at that time was a great centre of rifle-shooting, and with such splendid shots as Edward Ross and J. H. Doe, of Trinity, and Peterkin of Emmanuel, in the University Corps, they never failed to carry off the Chancellor's Plate from Oxford. Edward Ross, though a wonderfully steady and accurate marksman, was never equal to his father, and his somewhat supercilious manners prevented him from being generally popular at Cambridge. He and his father were the joint heroes of one memorable feat. At the Highland Rifle Association Meeting, in, I think, 1867, there were thirteen open prizes to be competed for, and Captain Ross and his son Edward won *eleven* of them!

A not less remarkable shot was another member of the family, Hercules Ross, who won the Indian Championship three years in succession, and on the last occasion made nine bull's-eyes with his ten shots, at 1,000 yards. Hercules Ross was one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, and did signal service with his deadly rifle during that terrible struggle. On one occasion he performed a feat of valour and skill which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. He rode nearly a hundred miles to a ford on the River Gogra, where it was expected that a large force of mutineers intended to cross. It was of vital import-

ance to keep them at bay till the women and children, the sick and the wounded could be removed to an English station close by. Hercules Ross undertook the task. He had a pit dug on the bank of the river commanding the ford, where he took his post, with a dozen good rifles, and four attendants to load for him. Heavy rains had swollen the river, and the ford was impassable; the enemy, however, had a large boat, with which they proceeded to make the passage of the stream; but Ross, from his pit, picked off the rowers one by one with marvellous skill; time after time the boats put back; time after time they came on again, but the quick and deadly fire which that single rifleman kept up prevented them from ever getting nearer than a third of the way across. For three hours, with unfailing skill and nerve, Ross shot down the rebel oarsmen whenever they attempted to cross, till at last a body of English troops with three guns came up, and the Sepoys retired. By his courage and skill Ross undoubtedly saved the lives of those English women and their wounded companions.

Another feat of what I may call practical rifle-shooting was done at Lucknow during the long and terrible siege. It surpassed Ross's achievement, insomuch as it was a sustained effort—kept up for many days under circumstances that made fearful demands upon the watchfulness and endurance of the solitary marksman. The hero of this exploit was Sergeant Holwell, of the 32nd Foot. The Sepoys had hauled a couple of guns on to the flat roof of one of the palaces which surrounded the Residency. If they could only have mounted those guns, they would have been able

to pour down such a fire upon the Residency that it would have been untenable, and the English would have been compelled to surrender. Holwell being a crack shot, he was supplied with the best rifles the place possessed, and was posted in an angle of the Residency, with orders to prevent the Sepoys from mounting those guns. The part of the building in which Holwell took up his position had already been battered into a heap of ruins, and behind the shattered masonry he lay at full length—there was just cover enough to protect him in that posture. For days he remained there, never once rising to his feet, or even to his knees, for that would have been to court instant death from the swarm of rebel marksmen surrounding him. The only change of posture in which he could indulge was by rolling over from his back to his stomach, and *vice versa*. The Sepoys never succeeded in mounting those guns. Whenever they attempted it Holwell picked them off, till they dared no longer expose themselves to his deadly aim. In the dead of night provisions were conveyed to him by men crawling on their hands and knees, to avoid the shots of their foes. For this service Holwell was rewarded with the Victoria Cross, and never did any man more richly deserve it.

Some years ago, as I was walking along New Oxford Street, I saw a tall, soldierly-looking man, in a peculiar costume, pacing up and down what was then the establishment of Moses & Son. He had medals on his breast, and amongst them the little gun-metal cross which bears the simple inscription "For Valour." I got into conversation with the man, and found that he was Sergeant

Holwell, the hero of Lucknow, who was acting as outside attendant at the shop of Moses & Son. I had more than one conversation with him afterwards, and then lost sight of him. I believe he has been dead many years. I wonder how many of the ladies whose carriage doors he opened, or gentlemen who perhaps gave him a trifling tip, guessed what a valiant soldier was rendering them his humble services.

I was a constant attendant at the old Wimbledon meetings, and have seen rifle-shooting make some wonderful strides since Edward Ross won the Queen's Prize with a score of 24 out of a possible 30 at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards. But it must be borne in mind there were no centres at the long ranges in those days. A bull's-eye counted two, and an outer one, so that to make even an average of outers was no mean performance then. I think the most remarkable sight I ever saw at Wimbledon was the shooting for the Queen's Prize in 1873. Sergeant Menzies, of the 1st Edinburgh, had made 65; Private Pullman, of a Somerset corps, was, if I remember rightly, only one point behind, and had three shots to fire. He had only to hit the target once in three shots, and the prize was his. Some rash friend acquainted him with this fact. The excitement was too much for him; he missed every shot, and lost the coveted prize just when it seemed within his grasp. But three years later, Pullman, then a sergeant in the 2nd Middlesex, wiped out the memory of that failure by winning the blue riband of Wimbledon in gallant style.

Angus Cameron, of the 6th Inverness, is the only man who

has won the Queen's Prize twice, and each time he was credited with a higher score than had previously been made in the competition. But the most remarkable point about this feat was that between his first and second triumph he lost the sight of his right eye, and had to shoot on the second occasion from the left shoulder instead of the right as before. Subsequently, I believe, he lost the sight of both eyes, and so his shooting days came to an untimely end. Cameron was a teetotaller, and I shall not forget the look of disgust on the faces of the gallant and hospitable "Victorias," who claimed the prescriptive right of handing their splendid regimental loving cup, foaming with champagne, to the winner, when that little Highland miller refused the proffered goblet, and asked for—a *bottle of ginger beer*! What a contrast to his countryman, McVittie, of Dumfries, who used to fortify himself with a remarkably stiff dram of "mountain dew" before shooting at each range!

One of the remarkable features of the present age is its dull uniformity. Everyone dresses pretty well alike, from the mechanic in his Sunday suit to my lord in his everyday attire, and there is as much lack of distinctive character in the wearers as there is in the clothes. Even the humours of the racecourse, which once abounded in oddities, have almost disappeared, and such a personage as Matthias Elderton (better known as "Jerry"), the list-seller, who flourished in the days of our fathers, would now be an impossibility. We have become too aristocratic in our ideas to tolerate such familiarities as Jerry exercised upon everyone who

came in contact with him, irrespective of rank. He was the king of the card-sellers, and a sort of Jack Pudding who made fun for the lookers-on during the intervals of racing. With a wig and a cocked hat on his head, and an old ragged uniform, sometimes naval, sometimes military, his fingers covered with brass rings, the neck of a bottle picked up from a lunching-party stuck in his eye, he would strut up to some grandee, tap him on the shoulder, and with the affectation of an aristocratic drawl, say, "How de do, my lord, how's her ladyship, and the little Honourables?" or he would request him to take his arm, with "Let me show your lordship a little life!" and my lord would laugh and humour the joke. Jerry made no bones even of accosting the Prince Regent and holding out his hand to him, which the Prince did not disdain to shake; and Jerry used to talk, like Brummell, about "his fat friend." When Prince Albert visited Ascot soon after his marriage with the Queen, Jerry was still plying his calling, and the Prince, who, one would suppose, was the last man in the world to tolerate facetious liberties, became a patron of his.

As may be supposed, Jerry made a good bit of money during the season, which he invested in jewellery, watches, chains, &c. These he hawked about on the courses as well as elsewhere. On one occasion this traffic got poor Jerry into trouble. A jeweller's shop had been plundered at Manchester, and in some way or other the suspicions of the police fell upon the card-seller as being connected with it; so he was arrested, and such a number of valuables were found upon his vagabond person that he was locked up.

And now came the test of Jerry's popularity. Squire Osbaldeston, as soon as he heard of it, vowed he would have Jerry out of quod before twenty-four hours. The next morning, when he was brought up before the magistrate, the Squire was in court with a lot of other swells, to speak up for the poor fellow's honesty, and they gave him such a character that he was at once released. Among his own class he was equally popular. They had already started a subscription for his defence; inside and outside of the police court there was a throng of them, and as soon as Jerry came out, a free man, there was a tremendous cheer. Jerry was caught off his legs and lifted upon the shoulders of his pals, and carried through the streets in triumph. Jerry died in harness as he had lived. During the Goodwood Meeting of 1848, he was standing on a coach, offering his cards, and exchanging his usual chaff, when the horses shied and upset the vehicle. The poor card-seller was beneath it; he was picked up in a sadly crushed condition, and conveyed to the Chichester Infirmary, where he expired a few hours afterwards. Before the meeting broke up seventy pounds were collected among Jerry's swell friends for his widow.

It is curious to note the odd characters for which the Turf has at times proved attractive. John Elwes, most famous of misers, loved it dearly, and another disciple of Harpagon, Counsellor Lade, was devoted to racing. Bred to the law, he abandoned his profession for the more congenial pursuit of the Turf, breeding and training a number of horses at his seat, Canon Park, between Kingsclere and Overton, Hampshire. His attention was principally directed to endeavouring to win

Country Plates, as he never sent a horse to Newmarket until two years before his death, when he won both classes of the Oatlands Stakes with a horse he christened Oatlands, in honour of the event. As a miser, he extended his saving propensities to his stables, as well as to his kitchen and pantry; and so wretched was the condition of his numerous stud when the horses were sold at Tattersall's after his death, that they excited universal pity in the towns and villages through which they passed between Hampshire and London. Lade would drive his curricles and greys the fifty-seven miles between London and Canon Park without taking them out of harness, or giving them more than a handful of hay and a mouthful or two of water. He made the journey unattended, as he considered "servants, on the road, were more troublesome and expensive than their masters."

One of the most daring Turftricks ever perpetrated was the following, given on the authority of the late Sergeant Ballantine. Every one is familiar with the name of "Old Crocky," "Father of Hell and Hazard," as he was called, who began life in Billingsgate, and ended it in one of the most magnificent mansions in St. James' Street. As a betting and gambling house Crockford's was the first in London, and stories of its splendour, and the vast sums lost and won within its walls have been repeatedly told. Crockford died in 1844. He was largely interested in the Derby for that year—the year of the Running Rein fraud, and a number of his clients following his lead, had staked heavily on his horse Ratan. Crockford had been ill for some time, and about one o'clock on the morning of the Oaks he was seized with a fit and died within

an hour. Of course, as death cancels all bets, the utmost consternation prevailed among his satellites at this untoward event, by which they might lose thousands. In the grey dawn of that May morning, some half-dozen white-faced men took counsel together, and came to the desperate resolution of concealing the old man's demise for twenty-four hours, no-one, of course, being allowed to approach the chamber of death but those in the secret. How anxiously they watched for the carrier pigeons which in those days conveyed the news to anxious backers! They came at last with tidings that the filly they had backed had won. And now, that no suspicion might attach to them, they clad the corpse in its usual costume, put the well-known white hat on its head, and, carrying it into a first-floor front room facing St. James' Street, sat it down at an open window, that people returning from Epsom might see it, and as it were, establish an *alibi*. At the best of times Crockford more resembled an animated corpse than a man, and at the distance nothing peculiar would be noticed; while a man behind raised the white hat in salutation as some well-known person passed, and another waved a hand supposed to be Crocky's. Next morning the news went abroad that the old man had passed away in the night, and it was only some time after that the secret gradually leaked out.

A curious Turf scandal was that of Belshazzar, who, together with Rockingham, his stable companion, was the property of Mr. Watt, of Bishop's Burton. Both were entered for the St. Leger of 1833, but the owner stood to win upon the former, and every precaution was taken to protect him

from treachery. The boy who rode him to exercise was fully trusted, being ordered never to take his eyes off him. On the morning of the day of the race Mr. Watt and his trainer were in the box, watching the head lad plait the horse's tail, when a friend of the former, entering the yard, they strolled out to speak with him. They had not been gone a minute when the head lad began to groan and contort himself as though in great pain. "Cuss them plums," he said, "they have given me gripes. I say, Jack," this to the stable boy, "do run out and get me two-pennorth o' peppermint drops, or I shall have to give up." Never suspecting danger from that quarter, as the fellow had been nine years in Mr. Watt's employ, the boy ran off and got the drops, not waiting for them to be put in paper, and was back again in the stable, as he put it, "in less than no time." But when he came back he saw Belshazzar licking his lips, from which the water was dropping through the muzzle. Although there was nothing particular in the horse being given a drink, a sudden fear and a feeling that he had done wrong in leaving him, fell upon the boy. His forebodings proved too correct, for when it came to the race Belshazzar was nowhere. When all was over, he made a clean breast of it to Mr. Watt, and the head lad, brought to book, was forced to acknowledge that he had given the horse a dose in his drink; but strange to say, though he confessed his crime, he could not be induced to divulge the name of the instigator nor the sum he had received. Of course he was dismissed and, driven by remorse into dissipation, he soon squandered his ill-gotten pelf, fell into the ranks of idle vagabondage, and died literally on a dunghill.

Dard Fishing in Normandy.

"ALL kinds of fish are found in our beautiful river," wrote Mons. le Curé, to whom I had applied for information concerning the angling merits of the Orne, "Eels, bream, roach, gudgeon; also trout and sometimes salmon." "Also trout and sometimes salmon." *That* did not look very hopeful; eels first and fish of legitimate desire last; but, when one came to consider the reverend gentleman's letter in a dispassionate spirit, his promotion of eels to first place in the scale of temptation was not entitled to too much weight. Mons. le Curé is not an angler, I argued; he is a man of portly habit (probably); regards fish from a serious table point of view, particularly on Fridays, and is (probably) particularly fond of stewed eels; he numbers among his flock (also probably) nobody who can throw a fly, and in cataloguing the fish to be found in the beautiful river puts first the fish he sees oftenest. Altogether, I came to the conclusion that the Orne might be tried; trout had been caught in it; also the land was fair to see and exceeding cheap. So we went.

The river at first sight was not encouraging. It was beautiful, even as Mons. le Curé had said; or it flowed through particularly lovely country which amounted to the same thing; but there was weed in it, much weed. Never have angler's eyes been saddened by the sight of such masses of vegetation in an otherwise hopeful-looking stream. There were places where for fifty, a hundred, nay two hundred yards, the river bed was literally choked; and as we rattled in the train along the valley

of the Orne I looked from the stream to the parcel-rack where the rods lay, and back to the weed-strangled river again, wondering if I should be able to wet a line at all.

Madame the *patronne* of the inn, as became her calling, was encouraging; even sanguine. There were *beaucoup de poissons* in the river; why, every day she was purchasing the fish taken in the nets. Was there then, much netting on this river? Madame, with a sympathetic eye on the rods, confessed there was much; but, added this indomitable woman, Monsieur would understand there must be much fish since there was so much netting. Weeds? yes, there were weeds; but weeds sheltered the fish. No weeds no fish, urged Madame with a large smile; then as this argument failed to dispel the gloom, she pointed out that the weeds bore a very beautiful flower; and (hastily) there was no weed at all a kilometre higher up, where trout, beautiful trout, and very large, were caught with the *mouche artificielle*. Madame had entertained white men—pardon, Britishers—of angling proclivity before; but at some remote period and could not quite recover the ground appropriate to their tastes at a moment's notice. She proceeded to add, in a spirit which I am sure was complimentary but sounded economical, that now I had come she should not have to buy any more fish.

I took a rod to the river-side that evening and threw a fly over likely looking places; it was hot and close, so I was not disappointed when half an hour's "whangin' awa'" as a friend calls it, produced not a rise. The

sun was down behind the pine clad crest of the cliffs when in the tail of a mill race I struck and hooked my first Orne fish; it was a quarter pound trout and a nicely made little fellow enough who fought as fiercely as a sprat of his size has any business to fight. Now, be pleased to note the tricks played by Fortune in cynical mood. Item, I had come here into the heart of Normandy for trout; item, I wetted my cast two hours after arriving at the very primitive quarters available; item, I got a quarter-pound trout after half an hour's fishing; and item, I never got another trout in the twenty-six days of steady whipping that followed. It was not the last trout in the Orne that I took that evening; because a fortnight later we had at *déjeuner* a dish of excellent trout caught by a net-woman; the women by the way are the most successful sinners with the nets. I gave myself and the trout every chance; rose at half-past five, and lashed that stream through the scudding mists of dawn; I fished at noon, in afternoon, in twilight, and (in ignorance of the law) from the punt with moth at night; I tried dry fly, wet fly, worm and caddis, and would have tried minnow had lavish offers of *sous* stimulated the youth of the village to successful minnow fishing—which it did not; but never did I land another trout. I have reason to believe that a fish which broke me on one occasion was a trout; but as a smart tug, the glint of a yellow belly and a lost fly are all the evidence adducible in support, the belief must be taken for what it is worth.

If the trout were irresponsive, there was a fairly good substitute in the fish the natives call the *Dard*. I have doubts concerning the correctness of the name;

Moreau, in his "*Poissons*," describes the dard as *Squalius Leuciscus*, the Dace of Yarrell and Couch; in all respects, save the important one of size, the so-called dard of the Orne answers to his description; but his measurements, 25 to 30 centimetres, or 9.82 to 11.79 inches, fall short of the mark. A friend has suggested that this fish is a variety of roach, guided to this hypothesis by the pink pectoral and anal fins; but it appears to me to lack the depth of the typical roach. In shape it certainly more resembles the dace, but dace measuring over fifteen inches long from the snout to the fork of the tail seem to violate the traditions of their species. I leave the question of species for others to decide; but if the dard of the Orne wants a character as a game fish he may count on me to give it. Trout failing, I "went for" those dard; they were not exacting—the smaller fry; they took dry flies and wet flies; dry flies fished wet, and wet flies fished dry; a small coachman and quill gnat being most to their taste under any circumstances, though a black palmer used dry accounted for some of the best among those short of a pound weight. They took caddis; they took worm (offered by the natives); but the lure that conjured the big fellows from the still deeps whence no fly would raise them was a ripe and ruddy cherry.

It was a professional fisherman who advised me to use the cherry; we foregathered one evening on the bank and compared baskets; or, to be accurate, compared my basket with his tin can where he kept his fish alive for sale. He explained that his customers preferred to buy their fish alive, because then they knew they were getting fresh fish; whence the necessity laid upon

WHERE THE DARD LIE.

him of carrying a four gallon oil tin as a reservoir; but that by the way. He explained that the *mouche artificielle* was good in shallow running waters and for small dard only; for the large fish, m'sieur should try a cherry in the *profondes*. M'sieur's past, in so far as ground-fishing is concerned, had been blameless; but having seen that the dard in the can of that bucolic professional were much bigger than any he himself had taken by legitimate methods, he was tempted and fell.

Reckon it to me for a sign of grace that the quill float and B.B. shot went to equip the finest gut cast in my book. The small dard had made himself respected as a game fish; whether hooked in the clear shallows or in the boil of the mill weir the half-pounder fights fiercely, and calls for careful play. He is up to all the dodges, and if you give him half a chance will break you in the weeds, or, by one of those maddening efforts of mechanical genius, draw the hook against a stone. While it lasts his fight is as hard as that of a trout of equal size; but he has not the same staying power. If I used the cherry it should be on tackle which equalised matters to some extent; my professional friend's tackle was as coarse as his foot-gear—sabots and straw—and he hauled out his prey by main force. Fine tackle, aided by the landing-net, ought to provide sport.

It did: the rational system seemed to be to take soundings, and then adjust the float so that the cherry should drift along the bottom or should just touch it, accordingly as there was current or the water was still. It soon became evident that the big fish lay deepest and furthest in mid-stream; and there were times, reducible to no law so far as I

could discover, when the big fellows took the cherry eagerly. At such times this game of "cherry-bob" was really good sport; a smart strike was needed in answer to the duck of the float, and if you hooked your fish the fun began. First an honest "won't, shan't, see-you-hanged-first" series of tugs, till the float slipped its ring and slithered down the cast. Then a rush up stream, another down and a fresh bout of fair tugging, while you reel in every inch of line you can. Then your fish takes it into his head to come to the surface; presumably to see what sort of foe he has to deal with; he evidently doesn't like your looks, for he throws himself clean out of the water and settles down again to fight like any trout. Gradually you bring him nearer the margin, checking firmly but cautiously every rush for the weeds, and—with luck—get the net under him from two to six minutes after hooking. The most critical moments are the last, when you are coaxing him into the net; at a certain point in the proceedings the fish stops fighting and makes a lightning dart at the reeds, downward if the water is deep, and a slack line then means a lost fish. You *must* hold him out of the reeds by main force at this juncture though you tremble for the light tackle a mistaken spirit of fair play (as it seems then) bade you employ.

The game with a sizeable dard was very far from being one-sided; three times I was fairly broken in the first tugging bout, having held too jealously in fear of the weeds: over and over again did some unsuspected snag or stone stand the quarry's friend when my fingers were on the handle of the net, and a greedy eye was already measuring the dark grey length down in the

clear water. I gave up using the trout rod in this business; it "gave" too freely when the fish was coming to hand, and if the junction of line and cast stuck in the top-ring, grief was inevitable. I tried a shorter cast with the float on the silk line; but the dard worth catching would none of it, and the nine foot cast and a

fell back on measurement which perhaps conveys as good an idea of the size as the scales. A local angler said that they seldom took the dard larger than the $17\frac{1}{2}$ inch example; two of those that broke me—but it is unprofitable measuring fish you didn't kill, so let possibilities lie undisturbed. On the average the fish killed with a

SPOILSPORTS IN THE SHALLOW.

trolling rod served my turn. The best fish obtained with the fly was certainly not over ten inches long; the three biggest taken on the cherry were:— $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches from snout to fork of tail in a straight line with a greatest girth of $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 16 inches, and $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches; girth of the two latter not taken. Madame made heroic efforts to weigh them; but she lived in such a whirl of kitchen industry and produced such amazing results in kilogrammes and grammes, that I

cherry ran from thirteen to fourteen and a half inches.

When the dard is feeding there is no fear of your going to sleep; but he is a fish of irregular and unregenerate habit on whose appetite or whim no man may count. On one hot, still July afternoon he is all alert, biting eagerly and taking down the cherry, stone and all, at a gulp; on the next, a day of the same pattern, he will not stir. On an ideal angler's evening he won't move a fin, and a

storm of wind and rain from the north seemed sometimes to put him in fear of famine, for he seized the cherry ere the float had steadied in the water. It is on those non-feeding days that you appreciate the full and penetrating significance of Izaak's phrase: fishing with a float under these conditions is truly "the contemplative man's recreation." The almost imperceptible drift of the instrument on the oily calm induces something more than contemplativeness: it enslaves the eye it ought to serve, and asserts the power of a hypnotist. You do your best, swing the float out as far as you can get it, and kneel behind the reeds out of sight. Kneeling finds out the weak places in your knees, so you change your position, your eye rivetted on the tiny float. There's a dragon fly on it, perched at a right angle; uncomfortable position, one would think; sick that insect will be if a fish bites and gives him a ducking! Fish bites? Ah, of course, nearly forgot; I'm fishing. Why do dragon flies perch on floats? Why do wagtails play on haystacks? There's a boy asleep under the hedge; so odd of those little French boys at the inn to wear sailor hats with "*H.M.S. Hood*" on the ribbon. Why should they and their mamma be angry when you tell them they're English sailors? Fine service, English navy. French wagtails—boys—birds or bees making that noise in the rigging—Bless me! I'm sure I wasn't asleep, but I've cramp in my right leg, and the tackle has drifted into the weeds. It does not do to sit down to this sort of work on a warm evening; "Contemplative recreation" it is with a vengeance!

That the local angler should seldom basket the bigger fish is not surprising when you come to study his methods: he rarely tries the

fly; when he does he drags it upstream in the rapids with naturally barren results; the worm is the bait he most affects, and his method of using it is to wreath as much of a six inch lob on a No. 4 hook as it will inconveniently hold, and cast it upon the waters with a third of its length hanging loose. Another disability under which he labours is an apparently unswerving confidence in his quarry's inability to see him. Nothing will induce him to crouch behind a bush or other cover, or take any measures whatever to hide himself, though the water be but a foot deep and clear as crystal. Then again his naturally sociable instincts lead him to form fishing parties; and six peasants sitting in a row on the bank, with the cider-bottle passing from hand to hand, do not observe that degree of silence which the more earnest brethren recommend as essential to success. He may be lacking in silence, but the Norman peasant angler is the most obliging of men, and a true sportsman at heart, though he does leave his fish, when he catches one, to die at leisure instead of knocking it on the head. If he can give you a wrinkle he will, and he only looks mildly surprised if by aid of his advice you kill fish where he has achieved conspicuous and unbroken failure.

The nets are the bane of this lovely river. Save from mid-April to mid-June, the close season (which rumour saith is not too scrupulously observed), there are no restrictions; the pocket net is doing its work in the runs all night, and the casting net in the deeps and shallows all day. These prove the presence of trout (occasionally), bream, roach and other fish, but they ruin the stream for the anglers, who otherwise might take steps to get the weed cleared away.

C.

The Chances of the Game.*

SOME TALES OF PLAY.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Author of "My Grandfather's Journals," &c., &c.

III.—IVO TREHERNE.

"HE was as nice a boy as you would wish to meet when he first came out to India," said Macnaghten-Innes, speaking of his whilom friend and brother sub., Ivo Treherne. "We all took to him, with his pretty small baby face and the laughing eyes that would make any woman his slave; and he won on us too by his ways, for he could do most things well, and right well. He was A 1 at all games. I've seen him take five wickets with the same twister that broke in behind the crease with an ugly rush there was no stopping; he played forward at polo with the surest hand at a drive in the best team in India. Billiards! He'd have given 'Cue' Markham a hundred up in five and beat him; at lawn tennis, or golf—but there! he was quite the best sportsman of his time, as we all said in those early days.

"He was clever too, not only in books and all that, which had passed him out of Sandhurst fifth on the list, but he had a turn for languages, and a quick ear. He got hold of a heap of things out of the common. I've heard him talk in native dialects as though he had been born to them. He knew chemistry and all about drugs as well as if he had passed the Pharmaceutical Society; he had a smattering of astronomy, and understood the nautical almanack. He could doctor a watch, take it to pieces, clean it,

and set it going again. Uncommonly neat handed, too, and clever with his fingers. 'I could make anything if I had the tools,' I've heard him say, 'except perhaps a steam engine or raspberry jam.' Of course we spoilt him, not only we men in the stations, but the women, and he was always weak about a petticoat. No wonder they made so much of him; he was such a smart, handsome lad, with such a bold, gallant look about him, so reckless, to tell the truth, so impudent; for he would say things, aye, and do things for which any less favoured youth would have run the risk of being kicked.

"If the *beau sexe* was a weakness, it was pardonable perhaps in the spoiled boy. But he had another failing, about which people looked grave sometimes, and shook their heads. It was more than a weakness; it went very near a vice. He was mad for play, the riskiest for choice, a gambler to the finger-tips, ready at any time to stake all he had, even to his shirt, on any sort of chance. Racing: that of course; he was a leading spirit at every gymkhana, and ran his own horses on every course from Umballa to Bangalore. At cards, too; he loved every kind of game, and played most of them with considerable skill. The old fogies at the clubs wagged their heads and said that his whist was remarkable for such a boy, and that he might make some day, with

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pains, a good second-class player. And he had mastered *piquet*, too, in a surprising way. Whist and *piquet* were a little slow for him, though; he liked something quicker, snappier, with more excitement; poker, baccarat, even pitch-and-toss if he could get nothing else.

"As a rule he was very lucky. It was curious how often, and sometimes how largely he won. He was long remembered in India as a wild plunger, fond of long shots, which turned up trumps; he would pull off a big bet often in the nick of time, for he was perilously near Queer Street now and again. All this he could be forgiven, perhaps. It was very much what most of us did in those days. But Ivo was such an ardent and insatiable gambler that when he could find no other outlet he condescended to throw himself into the low-class speculation dear to the native mind. They said of him that he narrowly escaped prosecution for being caught at 'lalsufed' and 'ekiviki,' both unlawful forms of gaming. It was known that he frequented the fairs near Bombay, and was seen in the gambling stalls staking his money against the Hindoos and Chinamen who kept the gambling boards.

"He came at last to conspicuous grief. It was at the time when the 'Barsat ka satta' or 'rainfall gambling' created such excitement in Bombay. That ingenious method of speculation, it may be remembered, was devised when other forms of gambling had been forbidden by law. From the obvious uncertainty of the game, and the simplicity with which it could be played, it became rapidly and extensively popular. The season for it was towards the close of the hot weather, when

the rains were due, and at any moment the floods might fall. The excitement grew intense, the betting was fast and furious when clouds came up and rain seemed close at hand. Thousands of natives were collected around the apparatus by which the game was played. It was a simple enough contrivance, merely a small platform with a smooth surface erected on four posts; the top had a slight incline to one corner, where there was a tube or outlet down the side. Whenever water flowed out at this pipe the matter was decided; for it needed something more than a few drops from a passing cloud. This form of gambling attained to such a pernicious extent that the Government decided to put it down with a strong hand. One day a police raid was made upon the principal centre of the sport, near the Mombadevi tank in the native town. The place was like a fair; there was a great concourse; a living mass of excited people stood watching the sky with eager intentness as the clouds came and went and yet the rain delayed. When the police broke in, making arrests right and left, one of those taken was Ivo Trehorne. It was a bad business; an English officer rubbing shoulders with the lowest riff-raff, and mixed up in such a discreditable transaction. His friends tried to hush it up, but it got to the General's ears, and he passed it on to superior authority. Great interest was made for Ivo, but they wouldn't let him off, and he only escaped being brought to a court-martial by sending in his papers and cutting the Service.

"I did not see him again for years. We none of us out there in the 'shiny' heard what became

of him; where he went, what he did, how he lived. He was supposed to have some means of his own, and in any case he was clever enough to take up a dozen lines. When I met him next it was at Monte Carlo, ruffling it with the best, and evidently upon the top of the wave. He was seated on the terrace outside *Ciro's*, discussing an elaborate breakfast. They were a party of three; one of his companions, a man, big, fat, overgrown, with a very dark face, thick lips, and rather staring white eyeballs; the other, a lady, a remarkably pretty, exquisitely dressed person, *petite*, with a trim, slight figure, well finished at all points; a lot of fluffy fair hair, peach-like cheeks. She knew how to use dark violet eyes, as I soon saw, when after a few whispered words from Treherne she turned them full on me.

"He had evidently recognised me, but was doubtful how I should treat him. His face brightened when I nodded a pleasant greeting; I had liked the lad in old days, and saw no reason why I should not resume my acquaintance. He had left the Service, not quite voluntarily, a little under a cloud, perhaps, but he had hardly committed an unpardonable sin. I was willing enough to let bygones be bygones, and when he rose from his seat, and came over, I readily gave him my hand.

"'Good old Mac,' he cried, effusively; 'it warms my heart to see you again after all these years. It brings back all the old times and the old pals.'

"'What are you doing with yourself these times?' I asked with kindly interest.

"'Breakfasting, as you see,' he answered, evasively; 'come over and be introduced, won't you? Charming people. The

Fitz Greens. They would be delighted to know you.'

"They hospitably made me take a seat at their table. 'Do join us,' said Mr. Fitz Green; 'we've got one of *Ciro's* famous *pâtés* fresh in from Nancy.'

"'It is a perfect dream,' added his wife with pretty ecstasy, as she allowed herself to be helped to another spoonful.

"Of course, after the first few commonplaces the talk turned upon the only subject that interests people at Monte Carlo—the tables, the chances of the game, the winning numbers, phenomenal runs and series, systems, martingales, superstitions, and all the rest of it.

"I was pretty full of the topic, for it so happened that a night or two before I had won a very considerable stake, many thousands of pounds, and I found that they had already heard something of my good fortune.

"'My word, was that you, Mac?' cried Treherne, boisterously. 'I never guessed you were the lucky man.'

"'I hope you will keep what you made,' said Mrs. Fitz Green, more earnestly than I could quite understand.

"'If you will be advised by me, Major, you will never play another *coup*,' Mr. Fitz Green added, also very earnestly. 'Not at the tables. I would not of course mean to bar games of skill. They are intellectual exercises, and in moderation provide much enjoyment. That's my view, at least.'

"'And mine,' echoed Treherne. 'I used to go in for mere chance, as you know, the wildest and riskiest, even heads and tails. Now I am older, and I hope wiser. The finest sport I think is a close game with a pretty well matched adversary — wit against wit.'

" 'Oh, surely you can talk about something else,' put in little Mrs. Green in a discontented voice. 'I hate the very name of play.'

" 'Come, come, my dear,' and her husband took her up rather angrily. 'Let everybody enjoy himself his own way. You may have your ideas.'

'My idea is to take advantage of this heavenly weather, and have a day in the open air. Let us drive somewhere. Nice, or the Hanbury gardens.'

"The party was soon arranged, and I was asked to join, but declined. They still pressed an invitation on to me, to dinner at their villa the same evening, and I went, curious, but by no means keen to prosecute my acquaintance. The more I saw of Treherne and his friends the less favourably they impressed me. It was what the French call a *ménage à trois*, for Ivo Treherne lived with them at the villa, and, as I understood, shared in the expense. There seemed a very close intimacy between them; Ivo was very attentive to pretty Mrs. Fitz Green, openly so, and to an extent that might have made a jealous husband uncomfortable. But Fitz Green seemed to care nothing; he was neither blind nor complacent, as I thought, but simply indifferent. Closer observation satisfied me that he was a coarse, brutal sort of man, with no susceptibilities to wound, but inclined to be overbearing, and exercising some sort of hold over Treherne, possibly through his wife, and I could see that she was desperately afraid of him.

"I was not particularly interested in these people. Treherne had come back into my life by accident, it should not be to stay, and the Fitz Greens were hardly people to cultivate. So I told myself as I ate my dinner, meaning

to go early, and resisting all the blandishments of the lady who laid herself out—was it by order?—to be particularly gracious to me—at table. She beamed, and after we left it she made room for me by her side on the sofa, saying,

" 'We shall be more cosy here, Major Innes. Let those two settle down to their everlasting *béziq*ue, while you and I try to entertain each other.'

"We talked the usual common-places for half an hour, and then drifted into a subject that seemed very near her heart—Ivo Treherne. How long had I known him? Did I really like him? Why had he given up the Service? He never would talk about it. Of course it was play; something to do with play? He was a perfect slave to it, like her husband indeed, only more so, and there were times when she was afraid it was growing into a perfect tyranny from which he could never escape.

" 'I feel so sorry for him. His has been a wasted life. He could have done so much; he is so clever, naturally; has so many gifts; he might have turned his talents to such good account, and now, now—what is he? How will he end, God help him, and—

" 'Me,' she meant to add, but she did not finish, for at this moment the man himself came over to us, rather against the grain, as I thought, and at the instigation of Fitz Green, who stood looking towards us with an inscrutable face.

" 'I say, Macnaghten,' asked Treherne, 'won't you be tempted to try your hand at a game of some sort? I'm your man at anything you like to name.'

" 'No, no; Major Innes,' said Mrs. Fitz Green, 'would not pay me such a bad compliment. Go away. He does not want to play.'

"Now the look in Fitz Green's

face changed, and he spoke without reserve under the pressure of feelings that would not be concealed. Fury at his wife's neglect of the part allotted to her, that of beguiling and befooling me; contempt for Ivo Treherne's feeble, clumsy effort to persuade me, and disappointment at losing his prey, were all written in his black forbidding face.

"I rose, resolved to end the matter by leaving the house then and there, but a strange impulse prompted me to stay, and solve all doubts and suspicions.

"*'Ecarté, half a dozen games if you like, Ivo,'* I said, as I walked across to the card-table. *'But I expect you are much stronger than me. What shall we play for?'*

"*'As you please. High as you like. I know you're flush. Give me a shy at those Monte Carlo winnings of yours.'*

"Fitz Green rubbed his hands gleefully as we settled £10 a game, and at once offered to back Treherne for as much more.

"Now, I have made rather a study of cards. I went through a course of conjuring with a famous French *prestidigateur*, and not only could do a good many tricks, but I knew enough to be on equal terms with even the most adroit card sharper. Within half an hour I saw beyond all doubt that Ivo Treherne was cheating, at first cautiously and then gaining courage by my seeming simplicity, in the most barefaced. He held the most astonishing cards, and won game after game.

"No wonder. He was an adept in every device. He could *'deal second,'* as it is called,

change a card in dealing so cleverly that it was some time before I caught him at it; he knew every method of false shuffling, and could classify or arrange the pack just as he pleased; he tried both the well-known sleight-of-hand *'cuts,'* the *saut de coupe*, and the *passe coupe*, and once also the *enjambage*.

"All at once I stood up at the table and said quickly:

"*'So this is what you have come to, Ivo Treherne, a card-sharper and cheat. You, who once were a commissioned officer, have sunk to be confederate of—what shall I call this precious couple?'*——

"At my first word Fitz Green had pulled out a revolver and put his back to the door.

"*'You don't leave this place till you take back your foul charges, Major Macnaghten Innes.'*

"But now his wife threw herself upon him, imploring him to hold his hand, and Ivo joined her, struggling desperately to get the weapon from him. I helped, anxious only to get free of the whole discreditable business, and when I left the house at last it was to shake the dust from my feet for ever.

"I never met Ivo Treherne again, but I heard of him in the police correctional court of Nice, arrested as a *chevalier d'industrie*, living by fraud and imposture. A woman was with him in the case for which he was condemned, and her description answered to that of Mrs. Fitz Green. She must have left her husband or he had thrown her off; in any case the man Fitz Green did not appear."

After the Inter-Regimental.

REFLECTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

THERE is no tournament in the year which brings so many suggestive reflections to the polo reformer as the Inter-regimental at Hurlingham. "Over-regulation for polo would be a mistake," is, we know, Mr. John Watson's view, and it is no doubt a sound one. We might easily spoil the dash and freedom, the charm and variety of a polo match by over-legislation. Indeed, there is one party which is in favour of a game even freer than that which we have now, and would do away with "off side." We know too that the American game recognises no fouls and penalties. But with the necessity of caution before our eyes in the matter of making rules and regulations, yet still it is scarcely possible to watch carefully a series of matches such as the Inter-regimental Tournament just finished at Hurlingham without wishing at least for some modifications of the rules. There can be little doubt in the minds of those who witnessed the final of the Soldiers' Tournament on June 10th that the 13th Hussars to some extent owed their defeat to the penalties they incurred for fouls. Twice they had to give up ground won by hard and very good play and return to their boundary line. This is disheartening to a team, as well as a most serious disadvantage in other ways. The question I wish to ask is, Is not the penalty too heavy? Suppose, and we have seen such things, the umpire is wrong in his decision. This may not often be so, but nevertheless the chance of such mistakes makes me doubt whether the penalty is not too severe. Why

not take the offenders back to the centre line and make them hit out from the side across the ground, ranging up on either side as for a throw in? To hit out, the ball might be placed one yard inside the boards. This would be a very considerable penalty. The hit out practically occupies one man, and enables the others to use four men against three, while the necessity of hitting across the ground gives both sides a fair start for possession of the ball.

The next point that has struck me is, that if the penalty for fouls which happen in the heat of the game is too heavy, that for hitting out to save the goal is not nearly heavy enough. At the time when this rule was passed, I ventured to suggest that by inflicting a penalty on it, this hit out to save became a legitimate piece of tactics. No doubt before that time it was but seldom resorted to, and was not indeed considered a praiseworthy method of defence. Yet it is, in fact, as the observant spectators noted in the late Inter-regimental, a most powerful defensive piece of tactics, and calculated to make goals very difficult to hit in cases where the sides are equal. In fact, if we imagine an extreme case, and suppose that the No. 4 of a side gave orders that the ball was to be hit behind whenever it came say, within the twenty-five yards limit, it is difficult to see how goals would be made at all, or even how polo itself would go on; for when the ball reached a certain point both sides would be playing in the same direction. We have seen from the first how absolutely non-deterrent is the penalty. My

own experience in India leads me to think that the middle of the goal is not at all a bad place to hit off from. Being exactly in the middle, you command either side of the ground, and a hard hitting Back with good control can send the ball to the weakest point of the opposing side. As a matter of fact, the ball nearly always gets away from this position. The penalty is insufficient—a fact which I have heard pointed out several times of late.

What would you suggest instead? is a natural question, though a puzzling one, to all would-be reformers. I see no alternative but to make "hits out to save" the fraction of a goal, but like the Indian subsidiary, to count only in cases of equality of score. But after all, the exact form a rule is to take is not the business of the critic or reformer. He has but to make out a case for the change, and that, few people will doubt, has been done in this instance.

One more suggestion as the result of my observations on the Inter-regimental I have to make, and this is that blows with a stick, even though accidental, as they must always be, should be

treated and penalised as fouls. It is a distinct and unmerited disadvantage to a side to have the teeth of its No. 4 knocked down his throat early in the game. Nor does a man make a more dashing No. 2 because he has a bad cut on his face. In fact, it is obvious that although the pluck and *esprit de corps* of our polo players make light of such accidents, yet their play cannot be improved thereby. It is therefore not unreasonable to inflict a penalty on the unwilling cause of the mishap, not with a view of punishing them so much as to compensate the other side for the disadvantage under which they are placed through no fault of their own.

Lastly, I may draw attention to the admirable arrangement of the "draw" for the Inter-regimental, and to the wisdom of Mr. St. Quentin's plan of having the same umpires as far as possible throughout the tournament. By the first the interest of the tournament was sustained to the end, and the best match was played on the last day. By the second uniformity of decisions on disputed points was secured for all alike.

T. F. D.

The Arab Horse as a Racer.

IN the interesting paper entitled "Anecdotal Sport" published in your June number, "Thormanby" mentions the performance of an Arab horse who defeated a thoroughbred English mare at Cairo, in the year 1853, over a distance of $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the time being $27\frac{1}{4}$ minutes. May I be permitted to point out that the performance of my Arab horse, The Buffer, in India, in 1852 (which was described in your

MAGAZINE of April, 1898) was very much better than the above; the time for 10 miles and 520 yards having been 25 minutes and 35 seconds, with 10st. 6lb. up, and without the horse being the least pressed. This race was got up on account of the talk at that time in England of a proposed ten-mile race between the Arabs of the Egyptian Khedive and the English thoroughbred horses, and there could not be a

better exemplification of the wonderful endurance of the Arab horse.

On the general question of the comparison between the Arab and the English racehorse which "Thormanby" enters into, my own experience, derived from having trained and raced both the breeds, as well as colonial horses, for several years, is that a first-class English thoroughbred racer could give the best Arabs almost any weight for any distance up to four miles. No first or second-class English racehorse ever appeared on the Indian Turf up to the time I mention, nor I suppose has done since then, but it may be interesting to some of your readers to recall some of the races of that period in which such third or fourth class English horses as were then running met the Arabs, and to quote the conditions under which they were brought together. In 1854, the Champion Cup, value 200 gs., was run for at Umballa, and won by my horse Mercury, an Arab being second, and an English horse fourth. The conditions were: "English horses 9st. 5lb.; Colonials 8st. 7lb.; Arabs, a feather; 2 miles."

Mercury (Tasmanian), 8st. 7lb.	1
Banker (Arab), feather.....	2
Boomerang (N. S. Wales), 8st. 7lb. ...	3
Oregon (English), 9st. 5lb.	4

Won by 1 length. Time, 3 minutes 51½ seconds.

Banker was at that time the best Arab in Upper India. He carried about 6st. 7lb., no jockey under that weight being available. At the same meeting Oregon, carrying 10st. 5lb., beat two good Arabs, Figaro and Surplice, carrying 8st. 12lb. and 8st. 4lb., over 1½ miles.

At Calcutta, about the same time, we find in The Turf Club Purse, 1½ miles:—

Beeswing (Tasmanian), 9st. 7lb.....	1
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Nero (Arab), 8st. 6lb.	2
Penthesilea (English), 10st.	3
Meg Merrilies (Country-bred), 8st. 10lb.	4

Nero was one of the best Arabs of his day, and was the winner of the Governor-General's Cup at Calcutta, in 1856, which, however, he owed to a great mistake of judgment on the part of the riders of the other horses. As it was a very memorable race I may give the details:—

The Governor-General's Cup of £100; St. Leger Course.

Nero (Arab), 8st. 5lb.	1
Mercury (Tasmanian), 9st.	2
Beeswing (Tasmanian), 9st.....	3
Meg Merrilies (Country-bred), 8st. 9lb.	4
Diana (English), 10st. 7lb.	5

Nero made strong running from the post, and, the other horses all waiting on each other, was at one time a distance ahead. Three-quarters of a mile from home they closed up, but it was too late, and the Arab won by a neck. The editor of the *Indian Sporting Review* wrote: "We are clear that if Mercury had been with him through the race the Arab would not have had a chance at the end. Time, 3 minutes '32 seconds.

Mercury, by the way, was a good instance of a successful cross between an English thoroughbred horse and an Arab mare, his sire being Lucifer, who won the Goodwood Stakes about the year 1840, and his dam an Arab mare sent to Tasmania by Mr. Charles Prinsep. There is no doubt that he owed his stoutness (for his best distance was two miles) to this Arab parentage, and also his good constitution, for at the time of the above race he was about eleven years old! This will be interesting to your correspondent "Thormanby."

I will just add one more instance of the weighting of English and Arab horses in a handicap at Calcutta of the period I am

writing of, which shows the great superiority of the former:—

Handicap for the Trades Plate ; 2 miles.	
Penthesilea (English).....	11st. 0lb.
Deception (Colonial).....	9st. 10lb.
Babylonian (English)	9st. 5lb.
Van Dieman (Colonial).....	8st. 12lb.
Beeswing (Colonial)	8st. 6lb.
Harold (Arab)	7st. 12lb.
Right Royal (Arab)	feather.

Right Royal and Harold were two good Arabs; the former won the Calcutta Derby (for Arabs only) that year.

I have no doubt that since those days better English horses have been sent to India, and that the Arabs have had little chance with them. Perhaps some of your readers can furnish records if you care to pursue the subject. But one thing I must mention before concluding, which is that the Arabs of modern times, at any rate, on the Bengal side, have not been nearly so good as those of former days. The reason is

obvious that formerly all the great prizes of the Calcutta Turf were contended for only by Arabs and country-breds. Gradually the Colonial and English horses came in and superseded the Arab. Even so long ago as 1853 we find "Abel East," the then Turf Editor of the *Indian Sporting Review*, writing thus: "The Arabs for several years have been deteriorating; we have seen nothing like The Child of the Islands, Minuet, and Honeysuckle since their day, and it is doubtful if we shall again. There is a growing distaste for investing capital in them, not only on account of the exorbitant sums charged for them, but because they are being superseded on the Turf by Colonial horses." The three Arabs he names who were running about 1847-50 were, I imagine, the best of any time before or after.

CHARLES W. A. OAKELEY.

Trout Fishing in Norway.

It may safely be asserted that no man is less disposed to be communicative upon any subject under the sun than is the angler in regard to the whereabouts of his favourite places of resort; the partner of his joys and sorrows knoweth them not, and in order to keep the secret to himself he will not hesitate to tell his dearest friend the most barefaced untruths. Yet singularly enough, of the many delusions under which the disciple of the gentle art labours, one of the most common would seem to be that by merely putting an inquiry in or through a newspaper he will obtain valuable and exceptional knowledge from others without further trouble. Thus for in-

stance, during the spring months the columns of the London weeklies devoted to sporting matters swarm with anxious queries in regard to really good trout fishing in Norway, the ingenuous authors of these being apparently under the impression that those who have spent years and much coin of the realm in exploring Scandinavia with the very object which the querists desire to attain, will hasten, for the benefit of the latter, to disclose the exact position of the various angling paradises they may have discovered. To expect such philanthropy in regard to such an extremely get-at-able country as Norway is manifestly absurd; places where good trout

fishing is to be obtained in that tourist-afflicted land are known to comparatively few, and naturally enough they keep their knowledge as long as possible to themselves. This, it may parenthetically be added, is no easy matter, and the man who has been fortunate enough to hit off a good thing would be well advised to repair thither unaccompanied by a regular Volk, as it is through these and such-like persons that information frequently leaks out in regard to sport.

As a matter of fact, the trout fisherman who is modest in his aspirations may obtain fair sport in most of the inland districts, even should he adhere to the main routes of travel; but whatever his modicum of success, his feelings during such a progress are sure to be lacerated to a very trying degree. The ordinary Norwegian landlord, whether his establishment be termed a "hotel," "sanatorium," or "gaard," is incapable of looking upon the speckled inhabitants of the waters in any other light than as food for his guests, to be obtained not by hook or by crook, but *vi et armis*; he has no conception of the requirements of, or sympathy with, the angler, and even although the latter may prove himself quite capable of amply supplying the household with trout, his host will certainly continue his objectionable methods of capture all the same.

As soon as the ice disappears from the lakes, and the rising air temperature induces the fish to emerge from the depths in search of the food which is to be found along the shores and in the bays, nets are brought out, and remain in constant use throughout the summer. The deadly "otter" may be observed constantly at work, and in autumn the spear and

the net are mercilessly employed in the spawning confluent. Were it not for these practices there are hundreds of sheets of water in Norway where sport far superior to that obtainable on such Scottish lochs as Shin, Rannoch, Tummel, or Ericht, might be enjoyed from comfortable although not exactly luxurious quarters, and which, as angling resorts, would undoubtedly contribute largely to the welfare of the inhabitants in their neighbourhood—as has been the case with the salmon rivers. But in spite of the extent to which his country has been exploited by foreigners for such purposes, the Norwegian peasant appears incapable of appreciating this, and continues, year after year, to do his best to destroy the goose which, if properly treated, would yield him golden eggs innumerable.

Small wonder that the English trout fisherman, accustomed to the methods which obtain at home, so frequently returns from Norway disgusted. In brimming lakes and foaming rivers which Nature has intended should be full of trout, he now and again succeeds, by dint of perseverance and hard work, in making a moderately good basket; but however great his powers of eloquence, he will be unable to dissuade his temporary host from using his nets with aggravating persistency on the very waters which that worthy, in the advertisement of his establishment, refers to as affording excellent trout fishing. Disappointed in the lakes and streams within easy reach of the route he has selected, he is induced to make toilsome journeys to outlying Saeters and other uncomfortable abodes among the hills; but there in all probability he finds the same eminently

unsatisfactory state of matters prevailing, and retraces his steps in disgust.

Ignorance — comparative or otherwise—of the language adds no doubt to the difficulties with which the new comer has to contend, but the acquisition of reliable information in regard to any given spot is never an easy matter even for the foreigner who can “snakke Norsk.” Perchance he hears of some loch which is said to contain abundance of trout and, full of hope, proceeds thither; but on arriving on its shores he finds that although the statement may be literally correct, the sheet of water in question is—owing to its formation or the local conditions—practically useless for sporting purposes, or that on account of the height above sea-level at which it lies, it cannot possibly fish until well on towards the spawning time. The ordinary native has no conception of the conditions requisite for successful fly fishing, and looks upon the inhabitants of the lakes and streams as articles of food only, to be captured wholesale in or out of season, and by whatever means lies in his power, entirely without regard to the future.

Nevertheless, as already remarked, first-class sport with the trout fly is even yet to be found in Norway by those who diligently search for it in their own proper persons in the country itself, and not through the medium of queries in newspapers. Occasionally it happens that it may be enjoyed from beneath a roof not composed of canvas; but the angler who penetrates to these outlying districts must be prepared to rough it in one way or another, and not infrequently to endure

the weather hardships with which the wild reindeer stalker on the “high fjeld” has to put up. Even among the mountain tracks to the south of the Thronhjelm Fjord there is yet a good deal to be done. Thus for instance at Galten, situated near the southern end of the “Faemund Sjø” (which lies between Osterdal and the Swedish frontier), there is some very good trout fishing, while from certain other points on that great inland lake several excellent subsidiary water-systems may be reached. For an expedition into these regions, however, a tent is an absolute necessity, and a “Berthon,” or other portable craft an immense advantage; nor are the pleasures of life enhanced by the mosquitoes, which are pretty nearly as numerous as in Finmarken.

The head-waters of the streams which descend from the mountains on the eastern borders of the Nordland and Tromsø streets are well worth visiting, and on the practically unlimited reaches of the Tana and its confluents there are many places where, during the brief Arctic summer, a single rod can easily capture eighty or one hundred pounds of grayling pretty nearly every day. But should the distance not be too great, and the insects not an insuperable objection, let the angler betake himself to the upper waters of the Pasvig, and if in the month of July upon the series of lakes, rapids, and magnificent pools which, under that name, connects the great Errara Lake with the Varanger Fjord, he does not kill a sufficiency of trout, char, and grayling he must be a glutton indeed.

G. L.

The Fowler.

Down in the sleeping vale the stream
Sings to the Summer days,
The dark-green trees on the hillside dream,
Wrapt in a golden haze,
O'er the chequered floor of grassy glades,
With the sunlight peeping through,
And afar the distance softly fades
In a line of trembling blue.

But I dream of a time when the North East gale
Comes howling down from the Pole,
And the scud leaps ice to the fisher's sail
From the crest of the North Sea roll ;
When the lashing trees on the hill forget
That the Summer Sun has shined,
And the smile on the dancing mere grows set,
At the kiss of the wintry wind.

And I think of many a happy day,
And many a night of toil,
When my craft crept home in the morning grey
With her forepeak choked with spoil.
Wigeon and Teal, with pencilled sheen,
And the swart of the game Black Goose,
And the glorious gloss of the mallard's green
Above the milk-white noose.

There's a cry by night on the wastes of mud,
There's a rush at the peep of morning,
There's a hum at the head of the creeping flood
That speaks to the fowler warning.
There's a cloud blown up to the leaden sky,
Then down to the wind-torn froth,
Like smoke from a liner rolling by,
'Tis the Wigeon back from the North !

From tundras lone they wing their way,
No keeper marks their flight,
No warning notice-boards betray
The spot where fowl alight.
Great ocean guards their feeding ground,
And rocks their resting place,
The swinging tides their only bound,
Their only trammel, space.

There's many a vessel sails the sea,
From "Tramp" to ocean "crack,"
But give me the craft with the six inch "free,"
And the hue of the seagull's back.

Were a hundred teeming coverts mine,
 And I were left to choose,
 I'd change them all for the free tide line
 On a ten-mile stretch of ooze.

Ah me ! How the glorious Winters fly,
 Pass with the joys they held,
 And the only one that I dread draws nigh,
 The idle Winter of eld.
 But I'll pray, when the tide of Life ebbs fast
 And sporting days are done,
 That the sound that will ring in my memory last
 Be the roar of an eight-foot gun !

SCOLOPAX.

The Sportsman's Library.

THE editors of this little book on ladies' golf* must be congratulated on having produced a really useful work, and one which all lady players should read and digest. Perusal is a pleasure, for the contributors write brightly and with knowledge; digestion is easy, for the instructive passages are concise, lucid and much to the point. Whether Miss Boys' dream of lady professionals will ever be realised we venture to doubt, though we know some ladies quite competent to undertake the multifarious duties of the "pro," saving those as club maker and repairer. The work may be cordially commended to every woman who plays the game, and to all who are about to serve their apprenticeship.

The ever-increasing popularity of the national game brings with it an ever-increasing literature, and in the case of the publication now before us,† photogravure. Mr. C. B. Fry has within the last

year or two developed exceptional powers as a cricketer and as a writer on cricket, and his most recent notion will probably prove a popular one; at any rate, the promise is great, namely, that "The best efforts of modern photography will unite with the most highly skilled knowledge of the technique of cricket to obtain accurate, instructive and interesting work. For instance, Mr. F. S. Jackson will appear, not sitting in a green-house with a bat in one hand and a ball in the other, but making his on-drive or his cut in a true and realistic manner." Here is a good idea, and one worthy of pursuit, but the difficulties and obstacles which must of necessity stand in the way of its fulfilment have not yet, in our opinion, been overcome in the first issue of "The Book of Cricket."

We have received a small book,‡ published at the small price of one shilling, which em-

* "Our Lady of the Green." Edited by Louie Mackern and M. Boys. Laurence and Bullen.

† "The Book of Cricket." A new gallery of famous players. Edited by C. B. Fry (George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton St., Strand), in about fourteen parts weekly. Part I., price 6d.

‡ "Giants of the Game." Being reminiscences of the stars of cricket from Daft down to the present day, by the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton, W. T. Ford, C. B. Fry, and George Giffen. (London: Ward Lock & Co., Ltd., Warwick House, Salisbury Square.) 8vo, fancy cloth. 1s.

bodies articles by the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton, W. T. Ford, C. B. Fry and George Giffen, upon a variety of cricketers. We do not find any notice in the volume that much of the matter has already sought the public gaze in various journals, and indeed, if we are not mistaken, some of the phrases used by Mr. Fry in his part of the work were long ago incorporated in Prince Ranjitsinhji's work on Cricket. However, there is plenty of good reading in the little book, which is well worth its published price of one shilling.

Mr. H. A. Bryden, who has written often and well of South Africa, has given us as his latest work a tale of the eighteenth century, in the form of passages in the life of a Scotsman, Ronald Bannerman, who escapes with Prince Charles in the year 1746; takes flight to Amsterdam, and getting away to the settlements of the Dutch East India Company, experiences a series of adventures which are detailed by the author in his most interesting manner.*

Mr. F. Vaughan Kirby, in his new book on African sport,† displays again all the qualities which made his "In Haunts of Wild Game" so commendable. He deals with shooting excursions made during the last five years in Northern Portuguese Zambesia and in the Mozambique Province. Mr. Kirby is a naturalist as well

as a sportsman, and the fruit of his close observation of the ways and habits of wild beasts lend his pages a value which is wanting in many otherwise excellent books on big game shooting. Reading between the lines, it is very evident that the author owes much of his success to his taste of observing the habits of animals. He has had his full share of luck both good and bad with elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo and lion, to say nothing of the many species of antelope still to be found in East Central Africa by the man who knows where to look for them and is willing to devote time and trouble to the task.

Mr. Kirby has some exciting adventures to recount: not the least singular was that with a dead hippopotamus, whose jaws closed upon the hand with which he had seized its tusk and nearly drowned him. His adventure with the lion who sought him out in the hiding place whence he hoped to get a shot at it is another anecdote which remains in mind. There is wealth of game to be got in Portuguese territory, but travel in that "sphere of influence" is attended by annoyances which do not occur elsewhere in Africa. In Nyassaland, the authorities' judicious action in creating game reserves has had its reward, for animals in vast numbers seek sanctuary in the protected tracts. The book is one which deserves cordial praise: the only defects are the absence of map and index: a work so full of interesting facts requires the latter appendage.

* "An Exiled Scot." By H. A. Bryden. With a frontispiece by J. S. Compton, R.I. (London: Chatto & Windus, 1899.) 8vo, fancy cloth.

† "Sport in East Central Africa." By F. Vaughan Kirby. Rowland Ward, Ltd.

“Our Van.”

Epsom.—Each year makes the Epsom summer meeting of four days more and more of a toil and trouble. It is because we are getting spoilt with new ways of going racing, and because there are few but old ways connected with Epsom. Generations hence, probably, people will go in their tens of thousands to see the Derby run, though the Oaks may possibly continue to interest them less and less with every year, as it is now doing. You can do nothing at Epsom without bother, and there is usually a good deal of heat and dust added. The stand is about as uncomfortable a place as could be devised, and arranged especially, it would seem, for the convenience of pickpockets, who have a rare time here. The paddock is a couple of hundred yards from the stand, and when there it is like a morning's cub hunting finding the horses, so enormous is its expanse. The reserved enclosure is the resort of welshers and thieves, and everywhere else outside the Club Stand there is crushing and crowding and vulgarity, in varying grades. Still people like it, and more of them witnessed the Derby run in 1899 than on any previous occasion, so far as statistics can prove.

The attendance on Derby Day was a direct contradiction of the dictum that a one-horse race is of no interest to the public. My impression is that they will come to see a good horse practically walk over when they will not stir to witness a race between commoners. Those who believed in *Holocauste*, M. de Brémond's champion, although beaten the previous Sunday in the Prix du Jockey Club, the Derby of France, by no means

thought that *Flying Fox* had a walk-over; nevertheless, *Flying Fox* maintained his odds - on position in the betting. When M. de Brémond's grey was seen on previous days, observers suggested something was not quite right with one of his fore legs. There was no suspicion of anything wrong as he walked in the parade, but the critics seemed to be right after all. Sloan had been engaged to ride *Holocauste*, and with orders coming from a French owner, it was not surprising to see him pushing along. But, push as he would, there was no getting away from *Flying Fox*, who went by at Tattenham Corner, and led by a length or more into the straight. What *Holocauste* would have done had he stood up does not signify, for at this point something gave way in a fore leg, the result being the complete splitting up of the pastern bone. This accident left *Flying Fox* to win at his ease, but not so much at his ease as when he cantered in for the Two Thousand Guineas. It may be that he prefers a mile to a mile and a half; but for the present I will content myself with pointing out that the Rowley Mile flatters an easy winner much more than does the Epsom course. It is easy to recall numerous instances of winners coming out of the Abingdon Mile Bottom and going up the hill as though they could keep on to the “Top of the Town,” but we never see this at Epsom. They always know where the winning post is there.

With the fillies from 14lbs. to 28lbs. below the colts, the most notable item in the Oaks was the poor riding of Sloan. It is not often that we see him lose on the pal-

pably best horse in the race, but this is what he did on Sibola. He got badly away, made up most of his leeway going up the hill, and then found Madden, on Musa, too clever for him. Just when he wanted a breather, Madden was off for the winning post, some three furlongs away, and though Musa tired dreadfully she just got home by a head. What Musa's class is has been shown on several occasions, so no more need be said about the Oaks.

The starts on the New Course are, by the very nature of that course, so absurd without the aid of the starting-machine that it is scarcely possible to deduce much from results. In the longer races the form of Knight of the Thistle in the Craven Stakes was very noticeable, and one was reminded of the excellent opinion that Jewitt always had of this horse.

Visible signs of the new station at Tattenham Corner on the South - Eastern system were apparent in the shape of a stand for spectators. When the station is built, as it will be next year, it will be found to have a stand a-top of it. Then, O joy! we shall be taken to and from Epsom for 4s., first-class, instead of the 7s. 6d. and 8s. "no class guaranteed," of the London and Brighton and London and South-Western.

Ascot.—Ascot has to be regarded from the two standpoints of a society function and a race meeting. Neither aspect can be said to take much precedence of the other, and making every allowance for the fashionable patronage accorded to Goodwood, and of the importance attached to races run at Newmarket and Epsom, in both it is easily first. Ascot, when circumstances are favourable, is as nearly a State function as we are ever likely to get in England, for the gathering

takes place on Crown property, is under the management of the Master of the Royal Buckhounds, a Government appointment and, when the Court is not in mourning, Royalty, which may be said to be never absent, makes its appearance in semi-State. Admission to the most coveted of enclosures, that denominated the Royal, is obtained by grace of the Master of the Buckhounds; and at no other meeting in the kingdom does any one of these several conditions prevail.

It is a common state of things in racing, in which pursuit, theoretically, a great deal of levelling goes on, that the people who pay the least are the best off in the matter of comforts. It is so at Ascot, those admitted to the Royal enclosure paying one-third less than those frequenting the reserved enclosure, *i.e.* Tattersall's. Perhaps it was a conviction—tardy, but better late than never—as to the incongruity of charging £2 for a Grand Stand ticket, and only £1 for a badge to the Royal enclosure, that caused the last-named to be raised this year to £2. A sovereign extra is charged for admission to the reserved enclosure (Tattersall's), perhaps on the principle that people who came professedly to bet should be taxed, or possibly under the implication that additional security would be afforded for the extra money. Anyone who imagined this would have been grossly deceived, for in Tattersall's ring as choice a collection of welshers, pickpockets, and thieves of other descriptions was gathered together as could be seen anywhere. Strange to say, seeing that we are speaking of Ascot, the gate-keepers did not have fair play, they being interfered with in the exercise of their discretion as to the desirability of excluding bad characters known to them. Ascot

is very much under military rule, be it understood, and to most people who come into contact with it it appears in the light of military rule of the old school.

The announcement that there was to be no Royal procession did not impress many people with the notion that the meeting would be affected, but affected it was, by something. Perhaps it was the easterly wind that was blowing, causing fur boas and tippets to be largely worn on the first two days, that caused the Royal enclosure and paddock to be less densely tenanted than usual, and I suppose the same cause must be rendered accountable for the comparative thinness of the crowd on the free side of the course. There, as a rule, one progresses with the greatest difficulty, but even on Cup Day this was not the case. In the face of a record Derby Day these things seemed strange.

The traditions of the lawn behind the stand were well preserved, and no where else can the public, with money in its pocket, obtain so many comforts, some of the finest obtainable music being thrown in gratis with the Grand stand ticket. Each morning, an hour or more before racing, the process of music soothing the savage breast could be seen in full operation through the medium of the fine string band of the R.A., the seats with which the lawn is so liberally bestrewn being tenanted by numbers who, a little while later, would be rending the air with raucous cries indicating the state of the odds. If everything at Ascot was in keeping with this lawn, what a perfect place it would be!

It would not be easy to suggest any nicer way of witnessing racing than doing it from one of the many private boxes with a private luncheon room conveniently placed

on the other side of the passage. I do not think that arrangements as sumptuous exist elsewhere. With the internal economy of the Royal enclosure I can have but little interest, still, I cannot help observing what I see, and it seems a little strange, seeing that admission to the enclosure is a matter of social distinctiveness, that, where so many of social standing are unable to gain admission, play actors of none are met with within the sacred precincts. This more by way of comment than of criticism.

The arrangements of the coaches on the side opposite the stands struck us as being an improvement, the intrusion on the privacy of lunchers by minstrels and other pestiferous nuisances being rendered more difficult than formerly. The plan of ranging the tents of the military and other clubs in one line was also an advantage. "Clubland" and the Tiffin Club, now one, occupied the space formerly occupied by White's, and if anyone be curious as to the attendance at Ascot this year I think he could gain his information from the directorate of this convenient institution, who come to the rescue of many a hungry and thirsty one.

As to the racing, one is met at once by the very serious matter of the state of the course. It was of the hardness of adamant, as was to be anticipated after the spell of dry weather. It is no new thing, this, for hard ground at Ascot is far more the rule than the exception, and it is the one thing that militates against the meeting. It is a dreadfully cruel thing to tempt owners of valuable animals with an array of prizes such as is met with nowhere else, at one meeting, and then practically ask them to compete for them on what is little better than

asphalte, at the imminent risk of putting an end to their racing career. A list of horses that ran their last race at Ascot would be appalling. The question is, can this deplorable state of things be altered? There are people who say that it can. Lord Ribblesdale, towards the end of his term of office as Master of the Royal Buckhounds, seemed to be taking steps in the right direction, but there is little evidence of anything of the kind at the present time. The grass was allowed to grow as long as it would, it is true, but we are surely not asked to believe that a few inches of dried-up grass would make any appreciable difference to a galloping horse. Something much more radical than this is needed. A dressing of peat moss litter twice a year, in autumn and spring, is suggested, and a trial of this would clearly be better than nothing: it could do no harm. The alternative expedient is watering the course. This sounds a very big order in the case of a course a few yards less than two miles in circumference. It is not the money that would stand in the way, for they have plenty of that for the purpose; the difficulty lies in getting the water. In this direction it has been pointed out that, close by, is Englemere lake, which may or may not be available for the purpose. In case it is, and in the event of water being obtainable from some other source, it may be useful to point out that they make very light of the water question in Paris, for it is flowing over the turf night and day. This explains why they are able to run steeplechases at Auteuil in June, though I do not wish to go so far as this—only to ensure reasonably good going for our best horses. Owners have the right to be the first considered in

all matters of racing, but I do not find this by any means the rule. Perhaps it is because they are too complacent in most things.

The Duke of Westminster looked like having a great time, judging from the way he began. Running a Royal Hampton colt, Good Luck, for the first time in the first race, the Trial Stakes, he won that and divided the next race, the Forty-Second Biennial. This was by means of another colt making a first appearance, he being the first Grey Leg seen out, and named Goblet—because out of Kissing Cup—the other dead-heater being Lord Rosebery's Ladas colt, Epsom Lad. They made His Grace's horse, Batt, favourite for the Ascot Stakes, but they must have thought the others a sorry lot to do this, and in truth they were not of much account. But it had been discovered that Tom Cringle was a stayer, and at last he found his distance, which appears to be two miles and over. The success of Lord Rosebery's colt was the more appreciated because Sam Loates allowed Sloan to hug the delusion that he was winning on Nouveau Riche, only to pass him close home. Nouveau Riche swerved towards Tom Cringle, as so many horses do in Sloan's hands, but did not interfere with him.

Cyllene had been put down as a non-starter for the Forty-Fifth Triennial of two miles with such confidence that surprise was evinced when his number went up on the board. The race was a very false run one, the pace being moderate for a mile, then slowing down to a canter rising the hill, after which there was a great sprint for the winning-post. This sort of thing is a two miles' race by courtesy only, for if they will but condescend to travel slowly

enough for the first mile and a half, a sprinter like Ugly could win most two-mile races. As the race was run, Greenan, within only 10lbs. of Cyllene, was able to make a fight of it, Cyllene not getting away until close home, though when once set going he went away rapidly.

Besides the Royal Hunt Cup we saw some nice racing on Wednesday. We read a good deal about Eager's "heavy burden," but who could, or would, have given him less than 9st. 4lb.? If his was a heavy burden, what about that of Knight of the Thistle, who was carrying 9st. 7lb.? The Knight's party ridiculed the idea of being beaten by Eager at 3lbs., and no doubt the improvement in the horse justified a good deal of confidence. But that very excellent judge, the public, were not of the same way of thinking, and, taking Eager, "burden" and all, to their arms, they backed him till he touched 100 to 30, which was a very short price indeed in such a race. Had not the Prism—Heartsease colt, now named Refractor, shown undoubted improvement (not very much was needed, seeing that he was receiving 43lbs. from Eager), Eager would have won, "burden" notwithstanding. As it was he beat Knight of the Thistle comfortably enough, although there was but a neck between them, and an instantaneous photograph of the actual finish shows Cannon at work. Had the race been between Eager and Knight of the Thistle, Mr. Fairie's horse would have won by nearly a length, but when the race was clearly won by Refractor, Eager was eased, letting up the Knight, and another effort was necessary to make the second money sure.

Fascination, the smallest thoroughbred in training, deservedly

won the Coronation Stakes, in which she showed her customary doggedness, for she had none the best of it a quarter of a mile from home. Longy, the Trenton colt, added to his already good reputation by winning the Forty-Seventh Triennial, and became one of those about whom men will argue till the end of the season as to which is the best two-year-old out. In this connection there had been a sad disappointment on the first day in the running of Diamond Jubilee in the Coventry Stakes. Diamond Jubilee is own brother to Florizel II. and Persimmon, and as he had been tried to be something very good, here was next year's Derby winner. Winning the Coventry Stakes would be a necessary stepping-stone, and this was regarded as such a certainty that 6 to 5 was the starting price. Diamond Jubilee got half a mile nicely enough, but could do no more.

The race for the Gold Cup was a *pièce de resistance* indeed, which is more than can be said for the trophy itself. For all I know to the contrary, it may be worth twice the 1,000 sovs. paid for it, but, artistically, it was anything but a triumph, conventionality marking it for its own. One has almost the right to expect that, in cases like this, something should be done for art, preferably native art. Have we then no sculptors capable of dealing with the horse? The "piece of plate" for the Royal Hunt Cup consisted of a pair of candelabra and a waiter of the period of George III. Very handsome, and all that, but of no use to contemporaneous art. After the success of French horses at Ascot, the presence of one was all that was wanted to give the race an extra fillip. I say extra fillip, because the meeting of Herminius (5 yrs.,

9st. 4lb.), Cyllene (4 yrs., 9st.), and Lord Edward II. (3 yrs., 7st. 7lb.), was quite enough to ensure great interest being taken in the race. The coming into the combination of Gardefeu (4 yrs., 9st.) made the thing international. Had Herminius been mine, the race would not have been quite so interesting, because he would have been scratched. Personally, but I may be peculiar in this, I should not run a horse in a two miles' race on hard, very hard, ground, if I thought one of his legs to be so queer that it was not safe to canter him to the post. There was a second French horse in the race, Le Senateur, but he was merely pacemaker for Gardefeu, with whom the owner declared to win. The Frenchman wanted a strong run race, and he got it, for the time was faster than last year, even, and that was a record. But it did not suit him, and he was a beaten horse half a mile from home. Both Lord Edward II. and Cyllene seemed to revel in the pace, which had so little effect upon Cyllene that he raced away from Lord Edward II. in the straight and was full of running as he passed the post, eight lengths in front. Judged by any standard one pleases, it was a very great performance, and I understand it to have been the colt's last appearance on a racecourse.

The great race almost monopolised the interest, but one was able to note the appropriate appearance of several new ones in the New Stakes, the best of these being a St. Simon filly out of Andromeda. The Gorgon, who won, beating Bonnie Lad, Bonarosa and Jouvence, amongst the tried ones.

The day ended with comedy, for we saw Bettyfield ridden to victory by the most recent introduction from America, the tiny Reiff,

whose bodily weight is a matter of 4st. Of course he rides in American fashion, leaning over the neck, and he is of cucumber coolness. Keeping his mount straight is not his strong point, and he was lucky to escape objection after sending his opponents flying. As he was carrying a large amount of dead weight, it was as much as he could do to convey it to the weighing room, which operation was performed to the admiration of a large crowd of ladies.

Friday was notable for the victory of Eager, in the Wokingham Stakes, and if ever a good horse deserved a good win this was he. Not many finer horses are foaled than Eager, and it does not seem to matter much whether or no he can stay a mile. Those who aver he cannot, consider their case proven by the way he "smashed up" his field in the Wokingham, carrying 9st. 7lb. But only one, and that a very lightly weighted one, beat him in the Hunt Cup, so there cannot be much in it. Had there been no Wokingham Stakes, Eager might have been seen in the Queen's Stand Plate, run just before, and then what a sight we should have witnessed with Eager (10st. 2lb.), Kilcock (10st. 2lb.), and Ugly (9st. 13lb.) antagonised. As it was we saw enough, for Kilcock was at his best, and, sticking resolutely to his task, gave his old rival a three-quarter length beating. The pair were split by Good Luck, who, carrying 8st. 13lb., must be considered to have run remarkably well. The distance for the Queen's Stand Plate is five furlongs, 136 yards, that for the Wokingham Stakes six furlongs, and it may be questioned whether two better sprint performances have ever been seen in consecutive races. That of Eager, of course, stands out the more prominently.

Beyond these races, one noticed the promising *débüt* of another colt by Rightaway, Elopement, who won the Windsor Castle Stakes; that M. de Brémond won a deserved consolation race in the Alexandra Plate, with Le Sénateur; and that the meeting finished with another match between S. Loates, on Santa Casa, and Sloan, on Jolly Tar, Loates again having the best of it.

It may also be added that book-makers had a shocking time of it: those that meant settling on the Monday, that is.

Polo—The Season.—A favourable change has come over the weather since our notes last month, and it is possible to say already that this is a most important season in the history of the game. Never since first we began to write of polo have we found so great a difficulty in keeping pace with the spread of the game. So recently as 1894 it was possible to see all the matches of the season worth seeing. Now it is difficult to choose among the embarrassment of good things which are offered to us each successive week. If we go to Hurlingham we miss Ranelagh, or if, with the help of keenness and a hansom, we manage both, how is it possible to see the doings at Eden Park, Wimbledon, the London Polo Club, or Fetcham or Stansted? Yet at all these clubs first-rate matches are to be seen, and on one Saturday the notes of no less than fourteen really good games reached me. Under these circumstances, all that can be done is to give a bird's-eye view of the play of the month and the polo topics of importance.

"Baily" and Polo Reform.—It is impossible to watch the game and not recollect how each of the successive, and it may be said, successful, changes in the polo

rules or customs has been advocated in these columns. The measurement and registration of ponies, the division of periods into ten minutes, the increase of the duties and responsibilities of umpires, the return of the County Cup to Hurlingham, the County Polo Association, the shortening of second-class matches to forty minutes, each and all have been advocated, and some originally suggested, by BAILY. And one thing more let us suggest, and that is, to measure all ponies with their shoes on at least a quarter of an inch thick. But wherever the credit lies of putting that gentle pressure which suggests movement to legislative bodies, one thing is certain, that each of these changes has been followed by a rise in the standard of play and an increase in the number of players.

Hurlingham.—The senior polo club has given us some capital matches this year, and there have been plenty of good members' games; but of course the interest of the month has settled on the soldiers' tournament. Indeed, since last the "Van" was published, most of the matches have had some reference to the Inter-regimental contest. Captain Egerton Greene and Mr. St. Quintin have obviously given great pains and thought to the selection of teams to play test and practice games with the regimental teams. The actual progress of the tournament is noted below, but so far as the trial matches helped us to judge, three teams stood out from the others—the Inniskillings and the 13th and 27th Hussars. The former seemed in better form than ever, and the 13th played beautifully all through.

Two very great improvements in the way the tournament was arranged may be noted. The first

was the division of the entries into two sections—A and B. This prevented the interest of the tournament being discounted by the meeting in the earlier ties of two of the best teams. In consequence, we had two very interesting days' play, besides the final. On Monday, the 10th Hussars began the tournament with a fast game against the 15th Hussars. The latter team, all comparatively young players except Captain Hambro, played an excellent game. The ball was always travelling from one goal to the other, and the 15th attacked nearly as often as the 10th. The former certainly had none the best of the luck. Nevertheless, even had fortune been kinder, they could hardly have beaten the 10th. The second match was a poor one, the 13th Hussars fairly smothering the 1st Life Guards. The latter worked hard, but the 13th played a beautiful game, and won by ten goals to nothing.

Tuesday brought about something of a disappointment, though the first match was not without its lesson for polo players. The close struggle between the 7th Hussars and 12th Lancers in the Army Cup at the Crystal Palace had prepared us for an even game. In the result, the 7th Hussars, at Hurlingham, won very easily indeed. Most people attributed this to a falling-off in the play of the 12th Lancer team, but, in the light of subsequent events, it would probably be more accurate to say that the 7th Hussars had come on very much. This team attracted the notice of some very first-rate judges, and they were as well-mounted as the Royal Horse Guards. A week before the tournament the regiment had bought all Mr. John Watson's five good ponies, and, in addition, had secured for 530 guineas Colonel

Le Gallois' mare, Flexible, an animal which justified the purchase by doing good service in the now memorable struggles against the Inniskillings and 13th Hussars. But this is to anticipate. The 7th beat the 12th in a moderate game with very high scoring, the final state of the boards being nine goals to five. When the Royal Horse Guards came out to meet the Inniskillings, everyone was full of expectation. Each year the R.H.G. have been defeated, but they have always given the Inniskillings a great deal of trouble. The sides were:—

INNISKILLINGS.	ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.
Mr. Higgin.	Hon. D. Marjoribanks.
Mr. Ansell.	Hon. R. Ward.
Mr. Neil Haig.	Captain Fitzgerald.
Major Rimington.	Captain Drage.

The story of the game is soon told. Both sides played at full stretch for twenty minutes, for this time the Inniskillings had but little, if anything, the best of the match. About half-time the R.H.G. gave way, and the result was not long in doubt.

It was not, however, until Wednesday and Thursday that the interest grew acute. On the former day we had the meeting of the 10th and 13th Hussars, to which I think everybody looked forward. Hurlingham has often been less crowded on a Saturday, and seven coaches came from the meeting of the Four-in-Hand Club in Hyde Park. The sides were:—

13th HUSSARS.	10th HUSSARS.
Mr. Wigan.	Mr. R. S. Chaplin.
Mr. Church.	Mr. Dawnay.
Mr. F. Wise.	Lord W. Bentinck.
Captain Maclaren.	Hon. G. B. Portman.

The 10th are always an unlucky team. Fortune must have many good things in store for them so persistently does she thwart them at polo. The closest inspection through powerful glasses failed to indicate much to find fault with in their good hitting, but if a ball

aimed by them could find a clod to turn it off, it did so, and they did not even score a solitary goal. Nevertheless the better team won. Not only did the ball seem absolutely unwilling to go through the posts for the 10th, but their Back, Mr. Portman, met with two accidents during the game, which cannot have improved his play. In the first period he got a very nasty blow on the mouth, and later he fell, or rather his pony fell with him, in a manner which must have shaken him a good deal. The honours of the match remain with him for the plucky stand he made and the steady polo he played after these mishaps. Later, Mr. Church (13th Hussars), received a blow on the mouth from a stick, and he, too, was somewhat put off by the accident, though it made little difference to the dash and energy of his play.

But to the 13th, Captain Maclaren remained a tower of strength, and he played with that perfect style for which we look to him. Of the four goals made by his side he contributed three, two were beautiful shots, the third was an easy one, but was an opportunity which a player less quick would never have seized at all. The 10th pressed hard in the first period, and several times later in the game, and at no time did the 13th have a commanding advantage from the spectators point of view. We separated after the match, feeling that we should see nothing so well worth watching in all the finals on the Saturday. But Thursday had in store for us the surprise and the sensation of the tournament. Who would have supposed that in the match between

the older and the lighter team, and one, too, comparatively new to English polo grounds, would win, and with something to spare. The writer has not yet quite recovered from his astonishment. Not, indeed, at the fact that the Hussars won, for there are many uncertainties in polo, but that they should have done so by a margin on the scoring board, as between teams of such quality. The victory was undoubtedly due to the superiority of the ponies of the 7th, which fairly galloped down the Inniskillings. As soon as this match was over, everyone at once jumped to the conclusion that the 7th Hussars would win the tournament easily. The general idea was that the Inniskillings would have beaten the 13th Hussars. The writer, however, held to the 13th, remembering how they had in past years played themselves into form when short of practice, and how they had a way of rising to the occasion when a difficult task was set them, and he believed that the superiority of their combination would bring them near to victory. Nor had those who shared this opinion any reason to regret it, for if the victory rested with the 7th Hussars after a splendid struggle, the 13th had the best of the game for something like four-sixths of the play. Never has the writer seen such a wonderful display of passing as the 13th gave. Frequently every member of the team hit the ball in turn without the adversary once touching it. On the other hand, the defensive play of the 7th Hussars was marvellous. It seemed absolutely impossible for the 13th to hit a goal, or even to obtain a good chance at the posts, although they were continually pressing and often close to the line. Captain Maclaren never played better, and Mr. Wise

7th HUSSARS and INNISKILLINGS.

Mr. Vaughan.
Captain Beresford.
Major Carew.
Major Poore.

Mr. Higgin.
Mr. Ansell.
Mr. Neil Haig.
Major Rimington.

surpassed himself. The latter player was often greeted with deserved applause.

The teams were :—

7th HUSSARS.	13th HUSSARS.
Mr. Vaughan.	Mr. Wigan.
Captain Beresford.	Mr. Church.
Major Carew.	Mr. Wise.
Major Poore.	Captain Maclaren.

Umpires—Captain Renton and Mr. Buckmaster.

In the first ten minutes each side made a goal, and no other score was made till, just at the end of the game, Major Poore hit the winning goal. The game was played right through, the tactics of the 13th Hussars being admirable, in that, while they kept going, they never allowed the 7th to force the pace. In the end, the superiority of ponies told, though, as I have said, the teams were so level that there was very little to choose, and if the writer does not say the best team won, it is because he is quite unable to decide which was the best. If, in the Champion Cup or in other tournaments, we see the 7th Hussars team against Rugby or the Old Cantabs, it will provide most interesting polo. The Duke of Cambridge, himself an old 7th Hussars man, gave the cup to the winners. There were many distinguished polo-players present, including the Duke of Connaught, Lords Airlie and Valentin, Lord Harrington, Lord Roberts, and a whole host of soldiers, past and present, including Captain Daly, Sir Walter Smythe, and Mr. John Watson. The general crowd never was larger or more enthusiastic.

The 7th Hussars have won now every possible trophy in England, Ireland, and India, with the exception of the Irish Inter-regimental and the Champion Cup at Hurlingham. The Inter-regimental at Hurlingham they have now won five times.

The Polo Pony Society.—The writer congratulates this society

on its increasing prosperity. Over one hundred additional members have joined the society this year. The President, Mr. Norris Midwood, and the council, will be continued in office till next March, which, as they have done excellent work for the society, is a wise measure. The council have co-opted Mr. John Barker, of The Grange, Bishop Stortford, the owner of a breeding stud of ponies, and Mr. Bassett, of Watermouth Castle, to fill existing vacancies. The society have also arranged for a spring show of ponies, in conjunction with the Hunters' Show in London. If the P.P.S. can show polo-players that the society is encouraging the breeding of the right sort of pony, on the one hand, and convince breeders that there is a market for animals of the riding-pony stamp, on the other, the success of the society is established from that moment. The fact is, the Hurlingham and Ranelagh Shows provide sufficiently for those who wish to exhibit first-class playing polo ponies. The P.P.S. needs to draw to its exhibitions the pony which is not yet a first-class polo pony, but which has the necessary qualities to become so in proper hands.

Railway Charges and Polo Ponies.—A letter has been sent out by the President of the County Polo Association to all the leading Railway Companies, asking that polo ponies playing in matches may travel at the same rates as hunters—namely, a return journey at a single fare.

Champion Cup.—At the time of going to press, Rugby, The Blues and The Students, are still left in for the Champion Cup, and on paper it looks as if the Nickalls Brothers may be in the final to fight Rugby, and the latter club, with the Miller combination, should have an easy win.

County Polo.—The following clubs have, since our last month's notes, joined the Association:—Catterick Bridge, Four Shore, Holderness, Chislehurst, Hertfordshire, Kingsbury, and North Wilts. The Hurlingham Club will give the winning team of the County Cup four Silver Cups. There was a tournament of the clubs of the S.E. division at Eden Park on June 26th, all which is most satisfactory.

Some of the County Cup ties have already been played off. Liverpool has beaten Edinburgh, and Catterick Bridge defeated Holderness. Besides the great County Cup, there will be many autumn tournaments. Portsmouth, one of the latest additions to the polo clubs, means to have a tournament in August.

The London Polo Club.—As in duty bound, the writer went to inspect our new "popular" polo ground at the Crystal Palace. If Major Herbert and Major Peters could not lay out a polo ground, it would be difficult to find anyone to do it. The ground is similar to Hurlingham in shape, being somewhat oval. It is about 280 yards long by 170 broad, well boarded. The turf is very level and good. The accommodation for members and the public is admirable, both in extent and comfort. The polo matches have been a centre of attraction to many visitors to the Crystal Palace who had never seen the game before, and their great tournament for the Army Cup was a bold idea and a great success, entries being obtained from all the leading polo-playing regiments. The trophy, a really magnificent cup, was eventually won by the Inniskillings after a good match with the 10th Hussars. Readers of BAILY interested in polo will follow the fortunes of

the London Polo Club with attention, as should the experiment succeed and polo become a popular spectacle, it will necessarily bring about great changes in the conduct of the game. Every polo player past and present, should, however, take a run down to the Palace and see a club which is quite a new departure and an interesting experiment.

Ranelagh.—The quality of the play here has been high and the quantity large, yet no match of this year at any club has so far equalled in interest the final of the Hunt Cup. It was not only that it was a close match, but that throughout the game the play was of a very high class indeed. That the Hunt Cup has taken a foremost place among our annual polo events is of good omen for the game. Mr. Goodwin Kilburne's picture of the final for 1898 has shown what a wide interest, even outside the limits of the usual circle of polo players, this tournament excites. This year the two teams represented the same hunts, although the eight men were not the same, the Pytchley having Messrs. C. and P. Nickalls to represent them in place of Mr. Cumberland Bentley and Captain Drage. The game was, however, no less exciting, and the result in doubt up to the very last moment, when Mr. Buckmaster hit the winning goal for the Pytchley Hunt. The third game of the rubber will, it may be hoped, come next year. The game was an object lesson on good polo, as may be gathered from the names of the players:—

PYTCHLEY.	WARWICKSHIRE.
Mr. C. Nickalls.	Mr. F. Hargreaves.
Captain Renton.	Mr. Mackey.
Mr. Walter Buckmaster.	Mr. F. Freake.
Mr. P. Nickalls.	Mr. W. J. Drybrough.

Both sides made goals, and then there was a severe struggle, which was for long doubtful until

the Pytchley men, staying better than their opponents, got away, and Captain Renton, with a very fine and difficult stroke, made the winning goal, Mr. Buckmaster having worked the ball into position by a series of the strokes alternately on the near and the off side, which make him so charming a player to watch. These few words can give but little idea of the interest of the game, or of the grand polo shown by no one more than Mr. Jack Drybrough, whose defence was beyond praise.

Polo in the United States.—The first tournament of the American polo season resolved itself into a pair of matches which were played on the Meadow Brook Club ground, Long Island, on May 15th. For the Hempstead Cups, open only to teams consisting of players whose handicap does not exceed five goals, two clubs entered:—Meadow Brook, represented by Messrs. Stevenson, Eustis, J. Appleton, and Roby; and Westchester, represented by Messrs. Gould, Collier, Beckinau, and Herbert. The National Handicap under which the game was played required Meadow Brook to allow Westchester two goals; nevertheless, the former won easily, hitting seven goals to their opponents' four. The net result, deducting penalties and allowances, gave Meadow Brook $6\frac{3}{4}$ goals against $3\frac{3}{4}$ at credit of Westchester. For the Cups open only to teams whose aggregate handicap is over 20 goals, Newport and Meadow Brook entered. The former's team consisted of Messrs. Mortimer, Cowdry, Keene, and Waterbury. Meadow Brook played Messrs. W. Eustis, Baldwin, Whitney, and Nicoll. Newport won by eight goals to five. This match derived additional interest from the fact

that the contending teams are the favourites for the Championship to be played in September. At the Annual Meeting of the National Polo Association, which was held on May 15th, a change was made in the rule restricting the height of ponies; the standard being raised from 14 hds. 1 in. to 14 hds. 2 in. The alteration will make little difference in practice, as no machinery to compel measurement and registration has been introduced, and probably never will be. For several years past, ponies which exceeded the regulation 14 hds. 1 in., and, indeed, often exceeded 14 hds. 2 in., have been played without objection, and it is not anticipated that the new rule will be effective. The number of clubs forming the Association remains the same; three resignations and three new accessions, leaving the total at twenty clubs. Each of the new clubs, unfortunately, possesses only two or three playing members; in point of fact, with the exception of the Meadow Brook, whose playing membership shows an increase of about twenty, the polo clubs in the vicinity of New York show a great falling off in the number of active members. The Essex Club, once so successful, has been dissolved. Rockaway has only two first class players left, Messrs. Cowdry and Keene, and was unable to put in the field a team for either of the Cups played for on May 15th. Altogether the future of polo in the States is not so bright as it was a few years ago.

The Hunt Servants Benefit Society.—This society wishes, and rightly, to reduce the age at which members can begin to receive annuities, to fifty. This seems most desirable, when we consider that a hunt servant may be permanently disabled from active ser-

vice, long before he can receive an annuity. The income from honorary members is not what it ought to be, and it is decreasing, which is far from satisfactory. No body of men deserve better of another than do the kindly, civil sportsmanlike hunt servants, from hunting men as a body.

Mange and Distemper.—The Association of Masters of Hounds are going to try to grapple with the second of these curses. If the committee, Lord Galway, Mr. Wroughton, and Mr. Dunn can succeed in collecting any evidence that will enable scientific men to find out what that scourge of our kennels really is, whether it is a kind of canine typhoid or influenza, or something different from both, they will have done great service. It is possible that this knowledge may be made by collecting careful and authentic statistics of the disease, and the conditions of climate under which outbreaks are most common and most virulent. The writer having kept a pack of hounds, and even raised some puppies in a hot climate, found great benefit from disinfectants as preventives in those countries. Cure there is none.

One precaution against mange in foxes is to refrain from turning down any; and if it can be helped, do not draw coverts in which turned down foxes are known to be. If a mangy fox wanders in from another country, shoot him, but this should be done by master or or huntsman himself. Some keepers find a difficulty in distinguishing sound from mangy foxes.

Thorpe Satchville Beagles.—Mr. T. O. Paget, so well-known to readers of the *Field* as "Q.," held his puppy show at the end of May. Mr. Charles McNeill and George Gillson were judges.

Two hounds distinguished themselves by the excellence of their offspring, Rector securing first and second prizes with two capital young beagles, while Nominal's son, Marksman, was placed third. The entry consisted of seventeen couples, of which four couples were put on, and the remainder sold. Good beagles are so scarce that it is wonderful they were not all sold, especially when we consider the Thorpe Satchville successes at Peterborough of late years. Some four or five couples only found purchasers.

The Horse Shows.—During the early part of June a number of shows were recorded. The Crystal Palace led off on the 3rd, and clashed with the Southern Counties at Windsor in its two last days, and then came Wembley Park and Richmond. Things were not altogether lively at the Palace, in spite of the liberal sum (£1,000) given in prizes. The entries were not as numerous as they should have been, nor even the attendance up to the mark. Since the alteration in the proprietary of the Crystal Palace has taken effect, the management of the horse show has been shifted from Mr. Vero Shaw and his assistants to Major F. Herbert, so Mr. Shaw started another show on his own account at Wembley Park, on the two days before Windsor, and a better place for a show could hardly be found, the judging ring being about the largest in England; but somehow people will not travel far to see a horse show, that is to say, in any great numbers.

In this cluster of shows many of the horses made more than one appearance. Mr. John's Gendarme, for instance, won in his class and was champion at Windsor and Richmond. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's fine chesnut Ros-

common competed in several classes at the Crystal Palace, Wembley Park and Richmond, with varying success. At Sydenham he gained a second and third prize; at Wembley he did better, taking three firsts, but was beaten for the championship by Mr. Stokes's bay Delight, who won in his class at Richmond, as also was Roscommon, who was third in another class. All along the line Mr. Haines's thoroughbred chestnut hack Herald won class and champion prizes, seven or eight in all. This was something of a record, as most, if not all, the judges were hackney men; but they knew a hack when they saw one, and gave the prize to a horse which is unquestionably a pleasant mount, though not quite the equal of some Mr. Gooch has shown. In the harness classes such well-known horses as Lord Bath, and Duke of York, Marvel, Sonata, Amazement, County Gentleman, and Country Gentleman met with the usual measure of success.

To Cavalry Officers and others.—F. I. D. writes:—"Boulogne-sur-Mer, Concours Hippique du Nord.—This Horse Show, of which there are six in France, is now held yearly at Boulogne, this being the second year it has taken place there; it was previously held at Lille. It is chiefly a half-bred show to encourage the breed of the district, but the interesting feature to cavalry officers is the riding and jumping in uniform of the officers of the district. The Horse Show commences on July 20th, and ends on Sunday, the 30th (the great day), and there is generally jumping every afternoon at two o'clock, the morning being devoted to sundry trials, &c. By leaving London for the Folkestone boat, the show is reached most easily, as it is held at Place de Capicure, which is at

the back of the station for Paris. On referring to BAILY for September, 1898, there is an interesting article on 'Chargers' written by a cavalry officer of large experience. On page 187 he writes: 'Certainly we have heard the most flattering accounts of the riding of subalterns in the great continental armies. They may not be such good men across a country as the officers of an English regiment, but for any ordinary military riding they are reported to be quite as efficient, if not in some respects better. Nor is their training confined to the *manège* alone, for there are really fairly formidable fences in all the training grounds, and every horse must negotiate them.' "

Horse Boxes and Infection.—It is to be hoped that the Board of Agriculture will lend ear to the appeal made by masters of hounds, trainers, exhibitors and others, urging the regular and thorough disinfection of horse-boxes on British railway systems. In view of the elaborate and most proper sanitary precautions which the law obliges railway companies to observe in connection with cattle-trucks, it is rather anomalous that the existing regulations in respect to horse-boxes should be carried out in so perfunctory a manner as they are without interference by the authorities. Needless to say, horses, more valuable than cattle, run greater risks when travelling by rail. Not only, as the memorialists point out, have influenza and other infectious equine diseases been prevalent of recent years: the horses which arrive from abroad, America more especially, in annually increasing thousands, are distributed all over the country by railway without reference to the state of health in which they may be landed. As matters now stand the very in-

sufficient course of disinfection required by law—washing and sweeping out—is by no means regularly carried out, and even if it were, sluicing down with cold water does little or nothing to dislodge germs of disease. The owner of a valuable horse which is sent to a race-meeting, or of a hunter which is "boxed" to a meet, has absolutely no guarantee that the horse-box his animal will be shut up in has not been recently vacated by an influenza patient which has left the germs of disease behind him. There is far more danger of infection clinging to the close horse-box than the open cattle-truck, and ample reason has been shown for the Board of Agriculture to move in the matter.

Cricket.—A very extraordinary day's play at Lord's Cricket Ground on June 12th, saw a fresh record of the game broken. For many years the performance of Briggs and the celebrated wicket-keeper Richard Pilling, for Lancashire against Surrey in 1887 or thereabouts, was the record stand for the best wicket in a first-class match, and that amounted to 173 runs.

The fresh record was achieved in the following fashion:—Middlesex, batting first upon what appeared to be a good fast wicket, failed miserably before the fast deliveries of Messrs. Bradley and Mason to such a terrible degree that at the fall of the ninth wicket the total score only amounted to 55 runs. Then was it that Mr. R. Nicholls, the old Rugbeian, who had gone in at the fall of the seventh wicket, was joined by Roche, the Australian, and the first stand of the innings was made by the last pair of batsmen. Favoured with some luck the pair successfully defied the Kentish attack for forty minutes before the luncheon

interval, by which time they had raised the score to 97. In the afternoon the batsmen settled down to their work, and as ten after ten and fifty after fifty were added to the score the spectators were roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm. For two hours and a half was the Kent bowling defied, and such good use did Mr. Nicholls and Roche make of their opportunities that the score was increased by no less than 230 runs before the Hornsey amateur was caught at point; he had scored 154 runs by plucky lucky cricket, and Roche had made 74 runs in very sound fashion. This stand is an interesting and terrible example of the awful consequences which may ensue from a dropped catch. Mr. Nicholls gave a chance when he had scored but two runs, and had this chance been accepted Middlesex would have been out for under 60 runs, and again from time to time opportunities were missed. To the Kent eleven this should prove a grim and wholesome lesson, for when nine of their opponents had been dismissed before luncheon for an aggregate of but 55 runs it appeared as though they were likely to win a match; but before the day's play was at an end they looked very much like recording another defeat.

To demonstrate the fact that each year run-getting becomes an easier matter, it is interesting to recall the fact that up to August of 1892 the highest stand for the first wicket in first-class cricket was only 277, and now we have actually had an instance of the last wicket putting on 230.

The Australian team now with us is probably for all intents and purposes as good a side as has visited these shores, and the task which has been set Lord Hawke

and Messrs. W. G. Grace and H. W. Bainbridge of finding an eleven of England which can beat them, proves a very severe one. The trouble is that not only are the Australians better than they have been in some of their more recent visits, but they have brought this fine combination at a time when the Old Country seems to be lamentably short of good bowling.

Mr. Kortright is *hors de combat*, Lockwood is suffering from a strain which makes him unreliable as a bowler, and increase of weight would appear to have deprived the great Tom Richardson of much of his sting, whilst Robert Peel, who for so many years was always a thorn in the side of our visitors, is not now playing in first-class cricket. Hence it was that in the first test match at Nottingham on a good wicket the English bowling looked terribly plain and simple. Jack Hearne and Hirst, Mr. Jackson and Hayward, Dr. Grace and Rhodes, such was the *menu* offered to the Australians, and never were they in any difficulty so long as they did not try to force the run-getting. On the other hand, when the Englishmen were at the wicket, Jones, Trumble, Howell and Noble never looked easy, except perhaps when Ranjitsinhji was performing on them, and it was instructive to notice how, in marked contrast to the plain English bowling, all these Australians were getting plenty of spin and stuff on the ball all the time.

The balls with which Howell bowled Grace and Jackson in the same over in the second innings were beauties, that came back about six inches on the wicket, where an hour before the deliveries of the home side had looked so innocuous.

Poor Somerset has fallen upon evil times, and we doubt if ever in the history of County Cricket a side has done so consistently badly. The side made a terrible start at Lord's when the play in Wilfred Flower's benefit match did not extend to the end of the afternoon, and out of six candidates for "spectacles," no fewer than four secured the unenviable distinction. This was the third occasion within three years that Somerset had been beaten in one day.

Their next appearance upon a Metropolitan ground was at the Oval, when Surrey compiled a mammoth score of 811 and Robert Abel signalled the occasion by scoring no less than 327 runs, carrying his bat through the entire innings.

Again, on June 14th at Portsmouth, attention was directed to the Somerset side from the fact that Major R. M. Poore succeeded in scoring two centuries in the same match against the Somerset attack. Heroic Mr. Woods deserves all sympathy, he has struggled bravely against adversity, and really it is crushing luck that he should have time after time to go into the field without six or seven of his best men. Mr. Lionel Palairet is forbidden by his medical adviser to play any cricket at present, Tyler has been incapacitated through a strain, whilst Messrs. Hill, Phillips, Richard Palairet and Hedley all have other claims upon their time. We hope that August may see the lion-hearted captain of Somerset better supported and winning his matches on the home ground.

The second Test Match, which took place at Lord's on June 15th, 16th and 17th, resulted in a decisive victory for the Australians by ten wickets. England won

the toss, and batting first on a magnificent wicket, soon lost six wickets for the paltry score of 66 runs: then, however, an invaluable stand by Messrs. Jackson and Jessop, who scored 73 and 51, the innings finally amounted to 206, and from this point it may be said that the match was lost. The Australians settling down, as they so well know how, took no risk and gave nothing away, whilst they ran up a score of 421, of which Clem Hill subscribed 135, and Victor Trumper, the 14th man and last choice of the Australians, 135 not out. After this there seemed but little hope for England except to avoid the single innings' defeat, especially when the first three wickets fell before 30 runs had been scored. Mr. MacLaren, with a magnificent innings of 88 not out and Tom Hayward with 77 came to the rescue, but the visitors were only set 26 runs to win, and these were scored without the loss of a wicket.

This match bears out the public form shown by the Australians against the last team which visited the Colonies under Mr. Stoddart, and it would appear that under fair conditions the Australian eleven just now is considerably better than any side which we can put into the field. The Selection Committee, alive to the promise of disaster at Nottingham, made considerable alterations in the team for the second Test Match, and it is probable that for the next Test Match they will probably still further re-model the side. The inclusion of Mr. A. C. Maclaren was regarded by many as a bold venture, as this great cricketer had up to the time played no first-class cricket, and when he was bowled by Jones in the first innings for but four runs the critics were more or less justi-

fied. His magnificent second innings, however, should make his place secure for the rest of the series. It was an unlucky thing that the selectors found themselves unable to include J. T. Brown in the team after his two great innings against the Australians in the match immediately preceding, when for Yorkshire he made over 80 runs first innings and over 160 second innings. Arthur Shrewsbury easily retains his position at the top of the batting averages, in fact, on June 17th his average was over 56 runs per innings, whilst the nearest to him is Ranjitsinhji who averages 47, and yet he has not been picked for England.

The lesson which we have learned, or should have learned, is that upon batsmen's wickets we have not at present available any bowler who looks like dismissing the Australians for anything under a large score. On the other hand, our batting against them upon good wickets has proved consistently unreliable, and since it would appear extremely difficult to strengthen the English bowling, for a reason analogous to the one that caused the Egyptians to fail in their supply of bricks, it would certainly seem advisable, now that we are on the defensive, with every prospect of disaster and defeat, that we should strengthen our first line of defence and pack the next team with the soundest and safest batsmen to be found, and to avoid any speculative experiments until our affairs are a little more settled one way or the other. The England team seemed incomplete and unnatural without W. G. Grace, and we hope by the time these lines appear he will be captaining the side at Leeds and will bring out one of his double century

innings to set our visitors thinking.

Pictures at Dickinson and Foster's.—River men who may find themselves in Bond Street should make a point of calling at No. 114, where Messrs. Dickinson and Foster are showing a collection of paintings of Thames scenery in oil and water-colour by various artists. Mr. Hugh Fisher contributes a large proportion of the pictures on the walls of the gallery, and exceedingly clever much of his work is. No. 85, "Wittenham Clumps," is perhaps one of the best, viewed from the artistic point of view, but there are many other paintings which, not far behind in merit, appeal more directly to boating men and lovers of the Thames. "Oxford: the Barges from the O.U.B. Clubhouse;" "Folly Bridge," will recall to readers of BAILY'S familiar scenes; "Nuneham Woods" is a charming bit of landscape, but would have lost nothing had the artist allowed the bather in the foreground to dress and go home before he painted the picture. "The Leather Bottel," peeping through the trees which surround the famous old inn, is very good. Windsor Castle, Eton, and Eton Chapel are represented by many canvases. Mr. F. Whitehead's "Distant View of Windsor Castle" (7) is bold and clever, and Mr. G. M. Hinton's "The Brocas and Castle" (50), happily recalls one of the most beautiful views of the castle that can be obtained. Of the Eton pictures Mr. Philip Norman's "Eton College: Evening," the chapel and schools sharply defined against a sunset sky, most appealed to us; it is a bit of work that remains vividly in mind. Henley and scenes at the regatta furnish subjects for half a dozen pictures. That of

"The Island" (61) is, perhaps, the most interesting, full as it is of portraits of men whose names are "household words" (perhaps "houseboat words" would be more *à propos* in this case!) on the river—Messrs. Fletcher, Muttelbury, Kent, McLean, Heywood Lonsdale, and a score of others might be named. We must not omit mention of Mr. B. Brook's excellent portrait of Mr. Rudolf Lehmann (52) while referring to river celebrities. From scenes of sport and flirtation we pass into another room to inspect a work of very different character, namely, "At Last," Mr. Caton Woodville's powerful picture of the bivouac on the field after Omdurman. In the foreground on a low hillock stands a Highland sentry; a little to the right two or three Soudanese crouch over a tiny fire whose smoke rises, a perpendicular thread in the still night air; the long lines of sleeping forms, amid piled arms touched by the moonlight, fill the middle distance, and disappear in the obscurity of night. The glare of flames lights the horizon, and shows up the tomb of the Mahdi, and on the right shine the lights of the gunboats on the Nile. Messrs. Dickinson and Foster have had the honour of submitting this work for Her Majesty's inspection at Windsor.

Sport at the Universities.—As usual, the past month has been pretty eventful. Both the Oxford Summer Eights and Cambridge "Mays" attracted record crowds, and some sensational racing was witnessed. New College and First Trinity retained "Head of the River" honours—as we anticipated—but only after terrific struggles with Magdalen and Third Trinity respectively. At Oxford the most successful crews were Worcester, Keble, Pem-

broke, Lincoln, and Wadham; and at Cambridge, Pembroke, Third Trinity II., First Trinity II., Peterhouse, and Caius II. As the outcome, both Universities will be strongly represented at Henley. Just before the last day's racing at Cambridge a testimonial—for which over 200 guineas was subscribed by Light Blue "wetbobs"—was presented to Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, the famous Oxford oarsman and coach. This in recognition of his valuable services as mentor to the Cambridge crews of 1898-99. Never was testimonial more richly deserved. As we also anticipated, R. O. Pitman and C. G. Johnston (New College) easily won the Oxford University Pairs, and C. V. Fox (Pembroke) the University Sculls. The last named completed the course in the record time of 7 min. 15 sec.! Both cricket teams got through their home fixtures with a fair amount of success. Out of five matches Oxford won two, lost two, and drew another; whilst Cambridge won two and lost three. It is noteworthy that Messrs. Champain (Oxford), Moon and Taylor (Cambridge), all made "centuries" against the Australians, whilst the Cantabs made a first innings total of 436—the highest made against the Cornstalks so far. As we write, final selection of the teams to appear at Lord's on July 3rd has not been made, but we understand that Messrs. Champain (captain), Foster, Eccles, Bosanquet, Stocks, Pilkington, Collins, Martyn, Knox, Lee, and Hollins will represent Oxford; and Messrs. Jessop (captain), Stogdon, Winter, Hawkins, Day, Wilson, Hind, Moon, Blaker, Taylor and Wright, Cambridge. The match should be stubbornly contested and—after close observation both ways—we fancy

Oxford will repeat their 1898 victory.

Up to date the only Inter-Varsity contest decided this Term is the annual Polo match at Hurlingham. As last year, the tussle requires very little comment. The Oxonians always held the whip hand, and won as they liked by 11 goals 1. Of the swimming, lawn-tennis, cycling, shooting, &c., competitions—yet to be fought out—we shall speak next month. So far the year's record reads:—Oxford 7 events, Cambridge 7 events, 1 draw. For the tennis matches, played simultaneously with the cricket match, Messrs. Biedermann and Page (Oxford), and Messrs. Bderlien and Watney (Cambridge) will be in opposition. We anticipate the victory of Cambridge in both doubles and singles.

To universal satisfaction, an athletic contest between Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard and Yale (U.S.A.) Universities, has been arranged for July 22nd, at the Queen's Club. Recognising the fact that Harvard and Yale have been thoroughly cleansing the Augean stable of late years, the English Universities took the initiative, and challenged them to a trial of strength. This was promptly accepted, and the American team sail from New York on July 5th. The programme will consist of nine events, as in the case of the Oxford v. Cambridge meeting, with one exception—the weight putting will be eliminated, and a half-mile included. At this early stage it would be idle to talk with any assurance of the issue; but if coming events cast their shadows before, perhaps that shadow (in this case) is speculative thought. On the recent form of both teams we fancy the Americans will excel in the High Jump, "Quarter,"

Half-Mile, and Hammer; and the English team in the "Hundred," Long Jump, Hurdles, Mile, and Two Miles. Anyway, we shall expect to witness a very exciting fight in every event, and the victory of the Sister Blues. Among other notabilities who have announced their intention to be present are the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the American Ambassador, &c.

General news may again be briefly vouchsafed. A. M. Hollins (Eton and Hertford) has been elected President of the O.U.A.C., and W. G. Paget - Tomlinson (Aldenham and Trinity Hall), his *confrère* of the C.U.A.C. Still further tribute to the value of a thew-and-thought curriculum has been afforded by the marked success of Cambridge sportsmen in the Senate House just lately. As at Oxford, the names of athletes simply abound in the Honours Lists! Among other notabilities who received honorary D.C.L. degrees at Oxford on June 21st were the Earl of Elgin, the Sirdar, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Lord Kitchener, in particular, received a tremendous ovation. Congratulations are due to G. L. Jessop (Cambridge) upon being selected to play for England *v.* Australia at cricket, and to G. R. Bardswell (Oxford) upon his selection as captain of the Lancashire County team. Rumours are afloat that H. D. G. Leveson-Gower (Oxford) will succeed K. J. Key — another old Oxonian skipper — as captain of the Surrey County XI. next season. Be this as it may, it proves the importance of University cricket, from an educational point of view, that nearly every first-class county team is now captained by either an Oxford or a Cambridge man.

Aquatics.—Henley, and nothing but Henley!—it's no good disguising the fact.—Until after the Royal Meeting is over, little else is, or will be spoken about in aquatic circles. From a racing point of view, the outlook is exceptionally rosy. Foreign crews from Canada, Holland, and Germany, have entered for the principal events, and English clubs are rising to the occasion in the keenest possible style. It would be absurd to affect profundity on such matters at this early stage. Exigencies of the press constrain us to write these remarks long before the entries are closed, hence anything in the way of criticism or discrimination would be *ex curia*. This we *can* say, however:—rarely have the Metropolitan, University, and other clubs sent forth more promising crews than this year. Both the Canadians and Germans come over with big reputations, but we shall be hugely surprised if they succeed in taking away any of the classical trophies from Henley. A special account of the racing shall be given next month. Now that certain aggrieved ones have conquered the phantoms of their own imagination, the innovations at the Royal Meeting are viewed with greater favour. Not only will a clear course be assured, but the comfort of the spectators will be as much looked after as ever. We congratulate Mr. Secretary Cooper, and all concerned, upon sticking to their guns in the face of so much absurd opposition! As regards the houseboat question—still raging—we also admire the firm attitude taken by the Henley Stewards all along. Henley Regatta was never meant to be—what the Shrine of Diana was to the Ephesians of old—a great and unique source of profit, it is this commercial aspect for ever facing us, which is slowly but surely injuring all sorts of

sport in England. All thoughtful people will appreciate the endeavours of the Henley authorities to thwart this obvious desire to make profit out of their meeting.

Harking back to Henley racing, it is regrettable that most of the great Northern and Midland Clubs still show marked apathy as regards this great rowing festival. They seem to consider it merely a Southern function, whereas it is admittedly the *ultima Thule* of amateur oarsmanship all the world over. Once again the fact remains that such crews will be conspicuous by their absence. Happily, England will be well represented in the "Grand," "Stewards," and "Diamonds,"—the three events upon which foreigners are always so keen. Our present form—and we say this apart from any desire to criticise—Trinity (Cambridge), Leander, Balliol (Oxford), and the London and Thames crews are exceptionally strong this season. It will take an ideal eight to carry away the "Grand" trophy from the old country. All these clubs are also sending "Stewards" fours, but the St. George's Hospital crew will have to be very seriously reckoned with for this event. Few will forget the sensational defeat of the Canadians by inches the last time they were here, and (from all accounts) they are even stronger this year. All the same, we have every confidence in our crews to more than hold their own. With B. H. Howell (amateur champion), and H. F. Blackstaffe (Vesta R. C.) already in splendid form, putting aside many other vastly improved exponents, most "wetbobs" are perfectly easy in mind as regards this event. By the way, universal regret is felt that the entry of Dr. McDowell arrived too late to be accepted. The famous Canadian

is *persona grata* with all sorts of oarsmen over here.

Until after Henley, punting will hardly begin in earnest, albeit we have noticed a goodly number of exponents practising for the numerous contests later on. Sailing goes on merrily almost daily, and the Bourne End Week this year was a huge success. Glorious weather, record entries, and some exciting racing in almost every event were features of this carnival once again.

Socially the season has started with a flourish of trumpets. The attractions of a river and riparian life seem to appeal to society more and more every year, and small wonder! What says Justin McCarthy?—"What can beat the 'Sweete Thames' of Spencer and Collins? That silver name recalls pictures of osiered reaches of shining spakes of water flattened by the passing oar, of green lawns reaching to the river's lip, of backwaters where the water-rat watches with amazement his reedy kingdom invaded by the daring canoe and gliding punt, of pleasant rural inns dear to anglers, of gardens and locks crowded with a gaily-coloured crowd, and all sorts of craft, of pleasing weirs, of launches disturbing—like Leviathan—the sanctity of the river-god's repose." Given a continuation of the present glorious weather we anticipate a record season in every sense of the word.

Golf.—There are many points of view from which to regard the championships of the year, but probably the point of view most common—certainly most common among those who are not privileged to see the actual play—is whether they bring to light any new golfer, and so regarded, the championships of 1899 cannot be spoken of as a success. The names of Mr. John Ball, junior, and Harry Vardon, the actual

winners, are familiar as household words, and have been for several years, and there is not a player either in the Amateur or the Open Meeting who distinguished himself in any way who is other than a well-known golfer of established reputation. Much different was it last year, at any rate in the Amateur Championship, when, except in the final stages, new men were conspicuous for success and old men for failure, and in 1897, when the first place was won by the late Mr. A. J. T. Allan, a youth of twenty, who had never been heard of before except in his own neighbourhood. This year at Prestwick the new men went down before the old; Mr. John Laidlay, the winner in 1889, beat Mr. John Graham, junior, the rising hope of the Royal Liverpool Club; Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, who has been before the golfing world as a first-class player these twenty years and more, disposed of Mr. James Robb, St. Andrews, who last year defeated Mr. John Ball, junior, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and was only put out in the semi-final by Mr. Mure Ferguson; Mr. F. G. Tait beat Mr. Sydney H. Fry, the young wonder of the Mid-Surrey Club, at Richmond; Mr. John Ball, junior, who won the Amateur Championship eleven years ago, beat Mr. R. Maxwell, Tantallon, the young gentleman who two years ago played tremendous havoc with the veterans at Muirfield; and so on down the list. Indeed, the feature of the meeting was the success of these same veterans. The actual winner, Mr. John Ball, junior, showed that he has lost none of his old fire and brilliance. In the final tie with Mr. F. G. Tait he played not merely sound, good golf, but when occasion required, he let himself out and ventured on such

daring strokes as one is more accustomed to associate with younger hands. All the time, however, he was persistent and determined as of old, and always playing best when the best was required of him. The saying about Mr. Tait always winning his morning match was exemplified on this occasion. At the end of the first round he led by three holes, but, alas for Mr. Tait, there is a saying that Mr. Ball invariably wins his afternoon game, and this too had its illustration on this occasion, for while the Scotch player slackened perceptibly in the second round, the English one improved in his game, wiped off the lead, tied at the eighteenth hole, and with a magnificent three won the extra hole played to decide the tie.

At the Open Championship Meeting at Sandwich the amateur players made a strong bid for success, no fewer than twenty-one of them entering. None of them, however, came out any way near the top. Those accustomed to see first-class amateurs playing in the company of first-class professionals know that the latter almost invariably get a few more yards out of the ball than the former, and it is probable that the enormous distances to be covered at Sandwich, coupled with the wind that prevailed on both days, account for the want of success of the amateurs. The hero of the occasion was the invincible Harry Vardon. All the honours fell to him save that of having the lowest single score, which was divided by Braid and Jack White. On the four rounds Vardon came out with a total of 310, an average of $77\frac{1}{2}$ per round, as against the score of 326 of J. H. Taylor, when the latter won at Sandwich in 1894. Following Vardon came Jack White with 315, Andrew

Kirkaldy with 319, J. H. Taylor with 320, James Braid with 322, and Willie Fernie with 322. Mr. John Ball, junior, the Amateur Champion, stood far down the list with 339, and Willie Park, junior, of whom, in view of past success and his match in prospect with Vardon, better things had been hoped for and expected, came out with an aggregate of 330, which of course placed him well out of the prize list.

The "Man-eater's Mark" on the Tiger.—In the last issue of the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society* (Vol. xii., No. 2), Lieut.-Colonel W. B. Ferris records a curious incident which came under his notice in 1894. A tigress with a male cub about three parts grown had established a scare among the people of the valleys on the western slope of the Amboli Ghâts near Goa—the one small remnant of Portuguese dominion in India. This tigress had killed several men and women, but according to native report never ate human flesh herself, invariably tossing her human victims to the cub. For this reason, when Colonel Ferris took the field after the mother and son, the

villagers reported to him the opportunity afforded him to kill only one of the two, to destroy the cub. They declared that if he shot the cub the tigress would no more human beings for the young one was born with the man-eating propensity; further, they assured Colonel Ferris that if he shot the brute, the "man-eating mark" would be found upon it. In answer to his enquiry, he was informed that this "mark" was a distinct cross, and was generally found on the left side of the body.

To cut the story short, Colonel Ferris shot the cub on New Year's Day, 1895—six weeks after he had been regaled with what he naturally accepted as a "yarn" born of superstition; and on turning over the carcase, which had fallen on its left side, the "man-eating mark" was found. Colonel Ferris observes that the people could not have seen the mark on the living beast; but in view of the fact that such a distinctive badge has never before been seen or heard of in India, it is only reasonable to conclude that those natives had had opportunities of noting the peculiar marking of the cub.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During May—June, 1899.]

THE late Mr. William E. M. Watts, whose remains were interred at Battle Abbey on May 16th, was the last of the original members of the East Sussex Hunt, a pack he assisted to establish nearly fifty years ago. Mr. Watts, who was joint master in 1870-72, was out during the whole of the past season.

On May 23rd, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales held a sale of harness horses at Sandringham. The total amount of the sale was 11,581 gs., giving an average of £178 per animal. The best price was 925 gs., paid for Sir Edgar Vincent for

Coup de Grace, a chestnut gelding 4 years old, 15.1½ hands high.

Lord Esher, for many years Master of the Rolls, died at his residence in London on May 24th, at the age of 84 years. Whilst at Caius College, Cambridge, in 1839, he rowed in the University eight, being No. 7 of the winning crew. In 1841 he was stroke in the crew of the Cambridge Subscription Rooms, London, which won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. Lord Esher retired from the Mastership of the Rolls at the end of 1897. His lordship was a good sportsman, and was often to be

seen at Sandown Park, in which racecourse his brother, Sir Wilford Brett, is interested. Lord Esher will be remembered as one of the judges who in the Court of Appeal laid it down that a racecourse enclosure is not a "place" within the meaning of the Betting Houses Act, a judgment subsequently confirmed by the House of Lords.

The celebrated animal painter, Rosa Bonheur, died on May 26th, at the age of 77 years.

The following appeared in the *Field* of May 27th:—"A Fox's Larder.—On May 18th, we found a fox's earth in the mountains near here, in which we counted the remains of fifteen lambs, three grouse, three hares, and a weasel.—D. J. W. Edwardes (Gweedore, co. Donegal). [By "weasel" we presume the stoat is intended, since no specimen of the common little weasel procured in Ireland has ever been produced for the inspection of naturalists.—Ed.]

Playing against Somerset at Kennington Oval on May 29th-30th, Surrey piled up the huge total of 811 runs, the largest score ever made on the ground, and ranking next to the Yorkshire total of 887 against Warwickshire in 1896.

Abel's contribution of 357 runs not out places him next to A. C. Maclaren, who scored 424 runs, also made against Somerset, and ahead of W. W. Read's 338, made in 1887; W. G. Grace's famous 344, at Canterbury in 1876, withstood all attempts to overcome it until A. C. Maclaren's 424 at Taunton.

A wonderful stand for the last wicket was made at Lord's in the match between Middlesex and Kent. Nine wickets of the home team were down for 55 runs when R. W. Nicholls and Roche held together until they had added 230 runs, which is a record for last wicket.

With the victory of Flying Fox for the Derby on May 31st, the Duke of Westminster has won the event four times—Bend Or 1880, Shotover 1882, and Ormonde 1886. With the exception of Shotover, all were bred at the Eaton stud.

Flying Fox made the second best time for the Derby (May 31st), doing the distance (1 mile 4 furlongs 29 yards) in 2 min. 42½ sec. The record is held by Persimmon, who covered the course in 1896 in 2 min. 42 sec. Previous to that year the best was 2 min. 43 sec. by Isinglass in 1893, Ayrshire in 1888, Merry Hampton in 1887, Blair Athol in 1864, and Kettledrum in 1861.

With the success of Flying Fox in the Derby, John Porter can count seven win-

ners prepared by him, the others being—Blue Gown 1868, Shotover 1882, St. Blaise 1883, Ormonde 1886, Sainfoin 1890, and Common 1891.

The particulars below are from the *Sportsman* of June 1st:—Flying Fox added another to the several previous instances in which, with odds betted on, the favourite has won the Derby, the others being—in 1788, Sir Thomas, 6 to 5 on; 1789, Skyscraper, 7 to 4 on; 1792, John Bull, 6 to 5 on; 1866, Lord Lyon, 6 to 5 on; 1886, Ormonde, 85 to 40 on; 1888, Ayrshire, 6 to 5 on; 1889, Donovan, 11 to 8 on; 1891, Common, 11 to 10 on; 1893, Isinglass, 9 to 4 on; 1894, Ladas, 9 to 2 on; and 1897, Galtee More, 4 to 1 on. In 1831, Riddlesworth, with 6 to 4 betted on, was second; in 1870, with 9 to 4 on, Macgregor was unplaced; in 1887 The Baron was second with 5 to 4 on; and another instance of the overthrow of a warm favourite was supplied in 1890, when Surefoot, with 95 to 40 betted on him, ran fourth. Ladas was the hottest favourite ever known in connection with the race, Galtee More coming next in order at 4 to 1 on.

At Tattersall's, on June 1st, polo ponies realised good prices. Mr. John Watson sent up four which brought 1,110 gs., the top price being 450 gs. for a grey pony, Lily. Colonel Le Gallais also sold four aggregating 885 gs., the dun pony Flexible, realising 530 gs.

The 7th Hussars, who won the Inter-regimental Polo Tournament at Hurlingham on June 10th, are the only team who have won the Cup four years in succession, viz., 1883, 1884, 1885 and 1886, and it is interesting to note that Major Carew, one of the team this year, was playing for the regiment in 1886. The following are the winning teams from the commencement of the Tournament in 1878:—In 1878-79, 5th Lancers; 1880-81, 16th Lancers; 1882, 5th Lancers; 1883-86, 7th Hussars; 1887, 5th Lancers; 1888, 10th Hussars; 1889-91, 9th Lancers; 1892, 13th Hussars; 1893, 10th Hussars; 1894-95, 13th Hussars; 1896, 9th Lancers; 1897-98, Inniskilling Dragoons; 1899, 7th Hussars.

The celebrated greyhound Fullerton died on June 5th at Short Platt Tower, Northumberland, where he was born and reared by Mr. Edward Dent. Fullerton, who was whelped in April, 1887, divided one and then won three Waterloo Cups in four successive years.

As the result of an accident, Major the Hon. Arthur Stewart Hardinge died in London on June 5th, in his fortieth year. Major Hardinge had seen a considerable amount of active service, having been in

the Zulu War of 1879, and in the Boer Campaign of 1881, the Burma War of 1886, and with the Lagos Expeditionary Force in 1891. At the hunt meetings held in the South Major Hardinge was one of the best-known gentlemen riders, and his services were in much request. Among the horses he owned was Waitaki, who won for him quite a number of races at south-country meetings, including the United Hunt, Eridge Hunt, Southdown Hunt, East Sussex Hunt, Plumpton, Sandown Park, Lingfield, and Folkestone.

It is reported (June 8th) that a very fine trout was taken in the Thames at Radcot. The fish weighed 17lb. 3oz.

The death of Mr. Isaac Stordy occurred on June 8th at Kirkandrews-on-Eden. Mr. Stordy was joint-master and huntsman of the Thurstonfield Hounds, a pack of ten couples, which have regularly hunted foxes in North Cumberland since 1877. Prior to that date they hunted hares. Mr. Isaac Stordy spent some period of his life in America, but returning to his native place, he organised a pack of otter-hounds at Thurstonfield, and shortly afterwards established the harriers. The Stordy family, says *Horse and Hound*, have dwelt in the locality of Carlisle for many generations, and Mr. Stordy's death is greatly lamented by North Cumberland sportsmen.

At the Coney Island Athletic Club on June 9th, Fitzsimmons fought Jim Jefferies of California in defence of his title as heavyweight champion of the world. After a well-contested battle, Jefferies gave a knockout blow in the eleventh round.

In the yacht race from the Nore to Dover, for the Queen's Cup on June 10th, Sir S. King's Caprice proved the winner, Mr. Carl von Siemain's Tutty taking second place. Eleven yachts competed.

Mr. W. S. Heavens, well known to racing men as station-master of Newmarket, died on June 15th. Mr. Heavens had held his post for thirty years.

The sale of the Benham yearlings was held at Ascot on Wednesday and Friday, June 14th and 16th. On the first day the best price paid was for a bay colt by Buccaneer—La Gitana, by Mask, purchased by Mr. J. Russel for 500 gs. Better prices were obtained on Friday, when Mr. J. Peace

gave 750 gs. for a bay filly by Carbine, dam Ariette, by Ayrshire. Mr. Walmsley bought the brown filly by Loved One—Lauretta, by Petrarch, at 730 gs., the same gentleman taking a bay colt by Buccaneer, dam Woodroof, by Cymbal, at 610 gs. A bay colt by Trenton—Airedale, was purchased by Sir E. Cassel for 530 gs. Mr. T. F. Joy secured a bay Chittabob colt for 510 gs.

An interesting statement was made in the House of Commons in answer to Major Rasch, who asked the Under Secretary of State for War the average age of field battery horses on the home establishment, of the Royal Horse Artillery, and of the cavalry. Mr. Wyndham replied that the average age of cavalry horses was eight years and ten months, in the Royal Horse Artillery nine years, and in the field artillery eight years and ten months.

Early in June the celebrated sire Galopin died suddenly at Blankney, where he had been standing since the sale of Prince Batthyany's stud in 1883. Galopin, by Vedette—Flying Duchess, was bred early in 1872 by Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe, and disposed of as a foal to Mr. Blenkiron, and the next year at the sale of the Middle Park yearlings Prince Batthyany bought the colt for 520 guineas. During his Turf career, Galopin ran with much success, and was only once beaten, in the Middle Park Plate. At the end of his three-year-old career he went to the stud, and has been a wonderful success, his stock from 1879 up to date having won 457½ races, worth £248,800, and so recently as last year he headed the list of winning sires with £21,698 to his credit. The greatest horse by Galopin was St. Simon; he also sired Donovan, Corrie Roy, and Galliard, and many others.

News comes of the death in Australia, at the age of 29 years, of the stallion Gang Forward. Bred by the late Mr. W. S. Crawford, by Stockwell out of Lady Mary, Gang Forward did good service, his greatest success being the Two Thousand Guineas, won by a short head from Kaiser; with whom he also ran a dead-heat for second place in the Derby, a length and a half behind Doncaster. In 1876 Gang Forward was sold to go to the Antipodes, where he proved a fairly successful stallion.

TURF.

YORK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 16th.—The Great Northern Handicap Plate of 445 sovs. ; one mile and a half.

Mr. E. Carlton's ch. c. Flavus,
by Hampton—Alvara, 4 yrs.,
7st. 12lb.F. Leader 1
Mr. G. H. Plummer's b. f. Car-
natum, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb. F. Finlay 2
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Loreto,
4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.T. Loates 3
7 to 1 agst. Flavus.

The Zetland Stakes of 5 sovs. each,
with 300 sovs. added, for two-year-
olds ; New T. Y. C. (five furlongs).

Mr. James Joicey's b. f. Queen of
the Vale, by Raeburn—Queen
of the Isles, 8st. 6lb....T. Loates 1
Mr. J. Lowther's b. f. New Broom,
8st. 6lb.F. Finlay 2
Mr. Jas. Snarry's b. f. Modern
Agnes, 8st. 6lb.Moore 3
5 to 1 agst. Queen of the Vale.

May 17th.—The Flying Dutchman's
Handicap of 275 sovs. ; one mile
and three furlongs.

Mr. Edward Clark's b. h. The
Shaughraun, by Shillelagh—
Valeswood, 6 yrs., 8st. 3lb.
S. Chandley 1

Mr. John Scott's b. g. Monte
Carlo, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb.
F. Finlay 2

Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Fairmile,
4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.T. Loates 3
3 to 1 agst. The Shaughraun.

BATH AND SOMERSET.—COUNTY
MEETING.

May 16th.—The Badminton Plate of 200
sovs., for two-year-olds ; five fur-
longs.

Mr. P. C. Patten's b. c. Corblet's
Bay, by Chittabob—Lauretta,
9st.O. Madden 1

Mr. L. Pilkington's ch. c. Dulce-
mona, 8st. 11lb.S. Loates 2

Major J. D. Edwards's Robino,
8st. 11lb.K. Cannon 3
11 to 8 agst. Corblet's Bay.

May 17th.—The Somersetshire Stakes
(Handicap) of 387 sovs. ; one mile
and a quarter.

Mr. J. E. M'Donald's ch. h.
Rensselaer, by Hayden Edwards
—The Belle, 5 yrs., 7st. 7lb.
S. Loates 1

Mr. R. Trimmer's ch. c. Bobbie
Burns, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb. .. Segrott 2

Mr. T. Worton's b. c. Johnny
Sands, 4 yrs., 9st. ...M. Cannon 3
6 to 4 agst. Rensselaer.

DONCASTER.—SPRING MEETING.

May 18th.—The Doncaster Spring Handi-
cap of 500 sovs. ; the Sandall Mile.

Mr. W. Sanderson's b. c. Reaper,
by Breadknife — Twincaster,
4 yrs., 6st. 8lb. ...G. Sanderson 1
Sir E. Vincent's ch. c. Bonnebosq,
4 yrs., 7st. 4lb.T. Loates 2
Mr. W. T. Robinson's ch. h.
Prince Barcaldine, 6 yrs., 8st.
5lb.N. Robinson 3
100 to 8 agst. Reaper.

The Hopeful Stakes of 5 sovs. each,
with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-
olds ; Hopeful Course (five fur-
longs.)

Lord Durham's b. c. Overbury, by
Crowberry—Proof, 8st. 7lb.
Rickaby 1

Lord Decies' b. f. Aylsha, 8st. 4lb.
Woodburn 2

Mr. Reid Walker's b. or br. c.
Yester Morn, 8st. 7lb.
N. Robinson 3
3 to 1 on Overbury.

The Portland Stakes (High-weight
Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, with 200
added ; one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. C. S. Newton's b. c. Ameer,
by Orme—Quetta, 4 yrs., 8st.
12lb.Segrott 1

Mr. T. Weldon's ch. c. Justice
Royal, 4 yrs., 8st. 10lb. Owner 2

Prince Soltykoff's br. c. Canopus,
4 yrs., 9st. 3lb.W. Bradford 3
9 to 4 agst. Ameer.

May 19th.—The Chesterfield Handicap of
500 sovs. : one mile and a half, over
the Old Course.

Lord Durham's b. c. Polycrates, by
Tyrant—Lunelle, 3 yrs., 6st.
9lb.Dalton 1

Mr. T. Weldon's ch. c. Justice
Royal, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb.
Lofthouse 2

Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Fairmile, 4
yrs., 7st. 7lb.T. Loates 3
9 to 2 agst. Polycrates.

HURST PARK CLUB.—WHITSUNTIDE
MEETING.

May 22nd.—The Great Whitsuntide Han-
dicap of 775 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b. c.
Greenan, by St. Simon—Sun-
rise, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb. ...T. Loates 1

Lord W. Beresford's ch. h. Berzak,
5 yrs., 7st. 12lb.Sloan 2

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Champ
de Mars, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.
O. Madden 3
3 to 1 agst. Greenan.

MANCHESTER.—WHITSUNTIDE MEETING.

May 24th.—The Summer Breeders' Foal Plate of 800 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Vain Duchess, by Isinglass—Sweet Duchess, 8st. 6lb....O. Madden 1
Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. g. Jouvence, 8st. 6lb.....Sloan 2
Mr. J. Hanbury's b. c. Capstan, 8st. 9lb.....F. Leader 3
11 to 8 on Vain Duchess.

The Trial Handicap of 500 sovs.; second receives 50 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Mr. J. Scott's br. g. Scrivener, by Grafton—Scrutiny, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb.S. Chandley 1
Mr. Cunningham's ch. c. Dermot Asthore, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.Lofthouse 2

Mr. W. P'Anson's b. or br. c. Dr. Jim, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb. ...Allsopp 3
6 to 1 agst. Scrivener.

The Beaufort Handicap of 437 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. W. Sanderson's b. c. Cutler, by Bread Knife—Mermaiden, 4 yrs., 6st. 7lb.G. Sanderson 1
Lord Howe's b. f. Rose Tree, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb.Weatherell 2
Mr. T. A. Roberts's b. h. Lord Molescroft, 6 yrs., 7st. 1lb. (5lb. ex.)Segrott 3
10 to 1 agst. Cutler.

May 25th.—The De Trafford Handicap of 438 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Sir John Thursby's br. h. Trevor, by Juggler—Chevette, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb.Allsopp 1
Mr. E. Clarke's b. h. The Shaughraun, 6 yrs., 8st. 6lb. (7lb. ex.) S. Chandley 2
Mr. F. Hardy's ch. g. Bonny Winkfield, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lb. Purkiss 3
2 to 1 agst. Trevor.

The John O' Gaunt Plate of 444 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. Russel's b. c. Bright Key, by Sheen—Tourniquet, 8st. 8lb. O. Madden 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. Bettyfield, 8st. 13lb.Sloan 2
Mr. W. E. Elsey's b. Filly by Janissary—Maybloom, 8st. 5lb. Ea Weldon 3
7 to 4 agst. Bright Key.

May 26th.—The Manchester Cup of 1,787 sovs.; one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. J. Hammond's br. h. Herminius, by Lowland Chief—Herminia, 5 yrs., 8st. 13lb. M. Cannon 1
Lord Durham's b. c. Sherburn, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb. ...F. Allsopp 2
Mr. Fairie's b. c. Chubb, 4 yrs., 7st. 1lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)...O. Madden 3
7 to 4 agst. Herminius.

May 27th.—The Salford Borough Handicap of 880 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. W. F. Lee's ch. h. Royal Flush, by Favo—Flush, 6 yrs., 7st. 8lb.Lofthouse 1
Mr. J. Daly's ch. c. Succoth, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb.M. Cannon 2
Mr. H. J. King's b. f. Schoolgirl, 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb.Sloan 3
100 to 9 agst. Royal Flush.

The Whitsuntide Plate of 887 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. A. Stedall's b. Colt by Freemason—L'Excepcion, 8st. 13lb. T. Loates 1
Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. f. Ambri-zette, 8st. 10lb.S. Loates 2
Mr. Arthur James's b. f. Dum Dum, 8st. 10lb.O. Madden 3
7 to 1 agst. L'Excepcion colt.

EPSOM.—SUMMER MEETING.

May 30th.—The Woodcote Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added; for two-year-olds; last six furlongs of the Derby Course.

Mr. E. Cassel's ch. c. Bonarosa, by Bonavista—Rose Madder, 8st. 12lb.....S. Loates 1
Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. c. Simonswood, 8st. 12lb.O. Madden 2
Lord Rosebery's b. c. Dandy Lad, 8st. 9lb.C. Wood 3
7 to 4 agst. Bonarosa.

The Epsom Plate (Handicap) of 500 sovs.; seven furlongs on the New Course.

Captain Forester's br. m. Tender and True, by Veracity—Pales, 6 yrs., 7st. 12lb.....Chapman 1
Mr. W. E. Oakeley's br. g. Peace and Plenty, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. K. Cannon 2
Mr. J. G. Mosenthal's b. h. Leap On, aged, 7st. 13lb....S. Loates 3
100 to 15 agst. Tender and True.

May 31st.—The Derby Stakes of 5,450 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; one mile and a half and 29 yards.

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Flying Fox, by Orme—Vampire.

M. Cannon 1

Mr. W. R. Marshall's ch. c. Damocles.S. Loates 2

Mr. J. A. Miller's br. c. Innocence.W. Halsey 3

5 to 2 on Flying Fox.

The Stanley Stakes of 318 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Lady Schomberg, by Aughrim—Clonavarn, 8st. 9lb.O. Madden 1

Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Yumboe, 8st. 12lb.Sloan 2

Sir S. Scott's b. Colt by St. Angelo—Lottie Hampton, 8st. 9lb.

M. Cannon 3

4 to 1 agst. Lady Schomberg.

June 1st.—The Royal Stakes (Handicap) of 900 sovs. ; six furlongs, on the New Course.

Mr. J. B. Leigh's b. c. The Wyvern, by Bend Or—Flyaway, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.Sloan 1

Mr. A. Bailey's ch. c. Mount Prospect, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb.

N. Robinson 2

Mr. E. Melly's br. m. Bewitchment, 5 yrs., 8st.Allsopp 3

7 to 1 agst. The Wyvern.

The Great Surrey Breeders' Foal Plate of 1,084 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. Arthur James's ch. g. O'Donovan Rossa, by Donovan, dam by Barcaldine—Symmetry, 8st. 9lb.

O. Madden 1

Mr. Russell's b. f. Tiresome, 8st. 3lb.T. Loates 2

Mr. T. R. Dewar's ch. Colt by Royal Hampton—St. Elizabeth, 8st. 6lb.N. Robinson 3

6 to 1 agst. O'Donovan Rossa.

The Epsom Cup of 500 sovs. ; the Derby Course (about one mile and a half.)

Mr. W. Cooper's ch. h. Newhaven II., by Newminster—Oceana, 6 yrs., 9st. 6lb.

M. Cannon 1

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. h. Jaquemart, 5 yrs., 9st. 6lb.

T. Loates 2

7 to 2 on Newhaven II.

The Durdans Plate (Handicap) of 930 sovs. ; one mile and a quarter, on the Derby Course.

Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Pheon, by Hampton—Photinia, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb.S. Loates 1

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Champ de Mars, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb.

Rickaby 2

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Neish, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb.O. Madden 3

10 to 1 agst. Pheon.

June 2nd.—The Oaks Stakes of 4,150 sovs., for three-year-old fillies ; 9st. each ; one mile and a half and twenty-nine yards.

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. f. Musa, by Martagon—Palmflower

O. Madden 1

Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Sibola

J. Sloan 2

Lord Rosebery's b. f. Corposant

C. Wood 3

20 to 1 agst. Musa.

The Acorn Stakes of 522 sovs., for two-year-old fillies ; five furlongs.

Mr. Arthur James' b. f. Dum Dum, by Carbine—Charm, 8st. 9lb.O. Madden 1

Duke of Portland's b. f. La Roche, 8st. 9lb.T. Weldon 2

Captain Laing's br. f. Papdale, 8st. 12lb.W. Bradford 3

11 to 6 agst. Dum Dum.

KEMPTON PARK.—FIRST SUMMER MEETING.

June 3rd.—The Kempton Park Two-year-old Plate of 600 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c. Rice, by St. Serf—Wedding Bell, 8st. 2lb.Sloan 1

Mr. Horatio Bottomley's ch. c. Stage Marriage, 8st. 5lb.

F. Finlay 2

Mr. R. C. Garton's ch. Colt by Wiseman—Mohican II., 8st. 5lb.

Allsopp 3

7 to 4 agst. Rice.

The Coronation Cup, a handicap of 437 sovs. ; one mile and a half.

Sir E. Vincent's ch. c. Bonnebosq, by Trapeze—Pink Thorn, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb.T. Loates 1

Mr. W. M. Redfern's b. h. Fatherless, aged, 7st. 9lb.O. Madden 2

Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Roughside, 6 yrs., 9st.M. Cannon 3

15 to 8 agst. Bonnebosq.

LINGFIELD PARK.—SPRING MEETING.

June 6th.—The Lingfield Spring Two-year-old Plate of 417 sovs; five furlongs.

Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Lutetia, by Pontiac—Luella B., 9st.

Sloan 1

Mr. J. Musker's b. or br. f. Our Grace, 8st. 13lb.....O. Madden 2

Mr. Douglas Baird's br. c. Mambrino, 8st. 11lb.Rickaby 3

7 to 4 on Lutetia.

June 7th.—The Second Imperial Stakes of 1,200 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile.

Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Caiman, by Locohatchee—Happy Day, 9st.Sloan 1

Sir J. Blundell Maple's br. c. Royal Whistle, 9st. 3lb.

E. Martin 2

Mr. J. Wallace's br. f. Queen FairyRickaby 3

20 to 1 on Caiman.

LEWES.—SPRING MEETING.

June 9th.—The Lewes Spring Handicap of 300 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. H. C. White's ch. g. Form, by Cranbrook—La Mode, aged, 8st. 7lb.....L. Reiff 1

Mr. C. J. Merry's b. Colt by Deuce of Clubs—Sweet Mart, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.Chapman 2

Mr. H. de Paravicini's ch. c. Rookwood, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb.

C. Wood 3

8 to 1 agst. Form.

June 10th.—The Southdown Club Open Welter Handicap of 262 sovs. ; one mile and a half.

Sir J. Thursby's br. m. Grace Skelton, by Grafton—Mrs. Skelton, 6 yrs., 12st. 4lb.

Mr. G. Thursby 1

Mr. H. Pack's b. c. Ballyleck, 3 yrs., 10st. 7lb.

Mr. Lushington 2

Mr. Barclay's b. f. Netta, 3 yrs., 9st. 2lb. (car. 9st. 4lb.).

Mr. F. Hartigan 3

7 to 4 agst. Grace Skelton.

ASCOT MEETING.

June 13th.—The Trial Stakes of 600 sovs.; the New Mile (seven furlongs and 166 yards).

Duke of Westminster's ch. c. Good Luck, by Royal Hampton—

Farewell, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. (car. 6st. 10lb.Purkiss 1

Captain Machell's ch. f. Vira, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb.Dalton 2

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Champ De Mars, 4 yrs., 9st. 1lb.

Rickaby 3

100 to 8 agst. Good Luck.

The First Year of the Forty-Second Ascot Biennial Stakes of 1,214 sovs., for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (five furlongs, 136 yards).

Lord Rosebery's br. c. Epsom Lad, by Ladas—Disorder, 9st.

C. Wood †

Duke of Westminster's br. c. Goblet, by Grey Leg—Kissing Cup, 9st.M. Cannon †

Mr. Russel's b. c. Dancing Mahdi, 9st.T. Loates 3

7 to 1 agst. Epsom Lad.

The Coventry Stakes of 1,826 sovs., for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (five furlongs, 136 yards). 116 subs.

Lord William Beresford's ch. g. Democrat, by Sensation—Equality, 9st.Sloan 1

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Vain Duchess, 8st. 11lb....O. Madden 2

M. E. Blanc's b. f. Lucie II., 8st. 11lb. (car. 8st. 12lb.).....Barlen 3

5 to 1 agst. Democrat.

The Ascot Stakes (Handicap) of 1,680 sovs. ; once round, starting at the distance post, about two miles.

Lord Rosebery's ch. c. Tom Cringle, by Donovan—Seabreeze, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

S. Loates 1

Lord Farquhar's b. h. Nouveau Riche, 5 yrs., 8st. 3lb.

Sloan 2

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Chubb, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. (car. 7st. 8lb.)

O. Madden 3

9 to 2 agst. Tom Cringle.

The Prince of Wales' Stakes of 1,900 sovs., for three-year-olds; New Course (about one mile and five furlongs).

Duke of Portland's b. c. Manners, by St. Simon—Tact, 8st. 3lb.

M. Cannon 1

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b. or br. c. Carbiston, 8st. 3lb.

T. Loates 2

Mr. J. W. Larnach's br. f. Victoria May, 8st. 10lb.

O. Madden 3

7 to 2 agst. Manners.

The Third Year of the Forty-Fifth Triennial Stakes of 682 sovs., 400 added for the owner, and 100 sovs. for the nominator, for four-year-olds; once round and in, starting opposite the Grand Stand (two miles).

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. Cyllene, by Bona Vista—Arcadia, 9st. 6lb. S. Loates 1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Greenan, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 2
Prince Soltykoff's ch. g. Ecu d'Or, 7st. 10lb. C. Wood 3
4 to 1 on Cyllene.

June 14th.—The Visitors' Plate (Handicap) of 490 sovs.; Swinley Course (one mile and a half).

Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Jiffy II., by The Sailor Prince—Joy, 4 yrs., 8st. Sloan 1
Mr. Fairie's br. c. Galliot, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb. Pratt 2
Mr. F. S. Barnard's ch. c. Silver Fox, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb. F. Finlay 3
5 to 4 agst. Jiffy II.

The Forty-First Ascot Biennial Stakes of 1,097 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile.

Mr. A. W. Merry's br. c. Sir Hercules, by Sir Hugo, dam by Galopin—Miss Foote, 8st. 7lb. C. Wood 1
Mr. Fairie's b. c. Matoppo, 8st. 7lb. T. Loates 2
Mr. W. E. Oakeley's ch. c. Doddington, 9st. 6lb. M. Cannon 3
5 to 4 agst. Sir Hercules.

The Royal Hunt Cup of 2,520 sovs.; New Mile (seven furlongs and 166 yards).

Mr. D. J. Jardine's br. c. Refractor, by Prism—Hartsease, 3 yrs., 6st. 3lb. Wetherell 1
Mr. Fairie's b. h. Eager, 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb. M. Cannon 2
Lord W. Beresford's b. h. Knight of the Thistle, 6 yrs., 9st. 2lb. Sloan 3
25 to 1 agst. Refractor.

The Fern Hill Stakes of 520 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. Russel's br. f. Emotion, by Nunthorpe—Emita, 2 yrs., 6st. 13lb. Purkiss 1
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' b. f. Eventail, 3 yrs., 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon 2
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c. Væ Victis, 2 yrs., 7st. 2lb. Sloan 3
7 to 2 agst. Emotion.

The Coronation Stakes of 2,600 sovs., for three-year-old fillies; Old Mile.

Mr. Arthur James' b. f. Fascination, by Royal Hampton—Charm, 8st. 10lb. O. Madden 1
Mr. C. D. Rose's b. f. Zanetto, 8st. 3lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. f. Myakka, 8st. 10lb. Sloan 3
4 to 1 agst. Fascination.

The Forty-Seventh Triennial Stakes of 818 sovs., for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (five furlongs, 136 yards).

Mr. P. C. Patton's b. c. Longy, by Trenton—Saintly, 8st. 12lb. M. Cannon 1
Mr. Arthur James's b. f. Dum Dum, 9st. J. Watts 2
Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. g. Jouvence, 8st. 12lb. Sloan 3
9 to 4 agst. Longy.

The Ascot Derby Stakes of 1,250 sovs., for three-year-olds; Swinley Course (one mile and a half).

Duke of Westminster's ch. c. Frontier, by Orme—Quetta, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 1
Lord Wm. Beresford's b. g. Jolly Tar, 8st. 3lb. Sloan 2
Mr. W. Low's b. c. Mark For'ard, 8st. 10lb. T. Loates 3
6 to 4 agst. Frontier.

June 15th.—The Second Year of the Thirty-Sixth New Biennial Stakes for three- and four-year-olds. Old Mile.

Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Caiman, by Locahatchee—Happy Day, 3 yrs., 8st. 12lb. Sloan 1
Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Leisure Hour, 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb. C. Wood 2
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Brio, 4 yrs., 9st. Rickaby 3
9 to 4 agst. Caiman.

The St. James's Palace Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., with 300 added, for three-year-olds; second to receive 300 sovs., third to save stake. Old Mile. 40 subs.

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Millennium, by Melanion—Snood, 8st. 7lb. O. Madden 1
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Mazagan, 9st. T. Loates 2
Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Boniface, 8st. 7lb. W. Bradford 3
6 to 1 agst. Millennium.

The Gold Cup, value 1,000 sovs., with 3,000 in specie in addition; about two miles and a half.

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. Cyllene, by Bona Vista—Arcadia, 4 yrs., 9st. S. Loates 1

Mr. H. V. Long's ch. c. Lord Edward II., 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb.
T. Loates 2

M. J. de Brémond's b. c. Gardeseu, 4 yrs., 9st. ...E. Watkins 3
6 to 4 agst. Cyllene.

The New Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 1,000 sovs. added; for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.

Mr. Arthur James' b. f. The Gorgon, by St. Simon—Andromeda, 8st. 7lb.Madden 1

Lord Rosebery's bl. c. Bonnie Lad, 8st. 10lb.C. Wood 2

Sir John Kelk's b. c. Kerseymere, 8st. 10lb.Weldon 3
7 to 2 agst. The Gorgon.

The Rous Memorial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 1,000 sovs. added; New Mile (seven furlongs and 166 yards).

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Champ de Mars, by Martagon—Fleur de Marie, 4 yrs., 8st. 13lb.
M. Cannon 1

Lord W. Beresford's b. or br. c. Dominie II., 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb.
Sloan 2

Sir J. Kelk's ch. c. The Baker, 4 yrs., 8st. 10lb.T. Weldon 3
6 to 1 agst. Champ de Mars.

The First Year of the Thirty-seventh New Biennial Stakes of 15 sovs., 500 sovs. added; T.Y.C. (five furlongs 136 yards).

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. Bettyfield, by Amphion—Thistlefield, 2 yrs., 7st. 3lb.
J. Rieff 1

Duke of Portland's b. f. St. Vigila, 2 yrs., 6st. 13lb.Purkiss 2

Lord Falmouth's b. c. King's Evidence, 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb.
Rickaby 3
9 to 2 agst. Bettyfield.

June 16th.—The Queen's Stand Plate of 800 sovs., added to a Sweepstake of 10 sovs. each; T.Y.C. 30 subs.

Mr. S. Darling's br. h. Kilcock, by Kilwarlin—Bonnie Morn, aged, 10st. 2lb.S. Loates 1

Duke of Westminster's Good Luck, 3 yrs., 8st. 13lb.M. Cannon 2

Lord Wolverton's Ugly, aged, 9st. 13lb.J. Watts 3
6 to 5 on Kilcock.

The Wokingham Stakes (Handicap) of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 500 added; last three-quarters of the New Mile. 79 subs.

Mr. Fairie's b. h. Eager, by Enthusiast—Greeba, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lb.M. Cannon 1

Mr. Abe Bailey's Mount Prospect, 5 yrs., 7st. 12lb. ...N. Robinson 2

Mr. J. B. Leigh's The Wyvern, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.).
O. Madden 3
9 to 4 agst. Eager.

The Hardwicke Stakes of 2,000 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; Swinley Course (one mile and a half).

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Ninus, by Sheen—Nina, 4 yrs., 9st. 10lb.
C. Wood 1

Duke of Portland's Manners, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb.M. Cannon 2

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's St. Ia, 4 yrs., 9st. 7lb.Sloan 3
7 to 4 agst. Ninus.

The Alexandra Plate of 1,500 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each; start at the New Mile post and go once round (about three miles). 25 subs.

M. J. de Brémond's Le Sénateur, by Béranger—Farceaux, 4 yrs., 9st.E. Watkins 1

Sir J. Thursby's Grace Skelton, 6 yrs., 9st. 3lb.Mr. G. Thursby 2

Lord Farquhar's Nouveau Riche, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lb.Rickaby 3
Even on Le Sénateur.

CRICKET.

May 17th.—At the Oval, Australians v. Surrey, former won by an innings and 71 runs.

May 17th.—At Bristol, Gloucestershire v. Yorkshire, latter won by an innings and 193 runs.

May 19th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Derbyshire, latter won by 2 wickets.

May 20th.—At Leyton, Essex v. Sussex, former won by 1 wicket.

May 20th.—At Eastbourne, Australians v. An England XI., former won by 172 runs.

May 20th.—At Oxford, The University v. Somerset, former won by 83 runs.

May 20th.—At Cambridge, The University v. Yorkshire, latter won by an innings and 83 runs.

May 23rd.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Somerset, former won by an innings and 7 runs. Match completed in one day.

May 26th.—At Manchester, Lancashire v. Australians, latter won by an innings and 84 runs.

May 26th.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Gloucestershire, former won by 7 wickets.

May 26th.—At Leyton, Essex v. Yorkshire, latter won by 241 runs.

May 26th.—At Cambridge, The University v. Surrey, latter won by 171 runs.

May 27th.—At Oxford, The University v. Worcestershire, latter won by 7 wickets.

May 31st.—At the Oval, Surrey v. Somerset, former won by an innings and 379 runs.

May 31st.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Yorkshire, former won by an innings and 2 runs.

June 2nd.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Kent, former won by 2 wickets.

June 3rd.—At Nottingham, England v. Australia (first test match), drawn. Scores: Australia, 252 and 230 for 8 wickets (declared); England, 193 and 155 for seven wickets.

June 3rd.—At Manchester, Leicestershire v. Lancashire, former won by 79 runs.

June 6th.—At Chesterfield, Derbyshire v. Surrey, latter won by an innings and 164 runs.

June 7th.—At Sheffield, Yorkshire v. Essex, latter won by 9 wickets.

June 7th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Australians, latter won by 8 wickets.

June 7th.—At Tonbridge, Kent v. Sussex, latter won by 112 runs.

June 10th.—At Manchester, Lancashire v. Surrey, latter won by an innings and 9 runs.

June 10th.—At Cambridge, The University v. Australians, latter won by 10 wickets.

June 10th.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Sussex, former won by 5 wickets.

June 10th.—At Dewsbury, Yorkshire v. Derby, former won by 9 wickets.

June 14.—At Oxford, The University v. Surrey, latter won by 5 wickets.

June 14th.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Kent, former won by 118 runs.

June 14th.—At Manchester, Lancashire v. Derbyshire, former won by 8 wickets.

June 17th.—At Lord's, England v. Australia (test match), latter won by 10 wickets. Scores: England 206 and 240; Australia 421 and 28 for no wicket.

POLO.

June 10th.—At Hurlingham, 7th Hussars (Mr. J. Vaughan, Hon. J. G. Beresford, Major Carew and Major R. M. Poore) v. 13th Hussars (Messrs. J. Wigan, J. F. Church, F. H. Wise and Capt. McLaren), former won the game and the Inter-regimental Tournament by 2 goals to 1.

TENNIS.

June 3rd.—At Queen's Club, Sir Edward Grey (holder) v. Mr. E. H. Miles, for the Amateur Championship, latter won by 3 sets to 0.

S. & H. HARRIS.



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Cuthbert Cuthbert

A scatter plot showing the relationship between the number of children in a family (X-axis, 0 to 10) and the number of children who are in the family (Y-axis, 0 to 10). The data points are scattered, with a notable cluster of points at (0, 0) and (1, 1).

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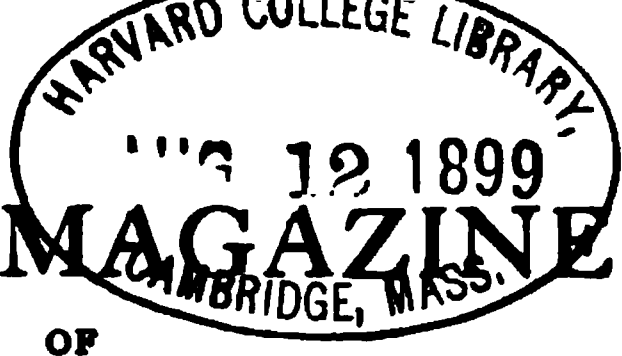
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WITH

Steel engraved portrait of SIR CUTHBERT QUILTER.
Engravings of THE FIERY ORDEAL and CHAMPION FOXHOUNDS at PETERBOROUGH.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter.

MEMBER of Parliament for the South or Sudbury Division of Suffolk, Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the County, Alderman of the West Suffolk County Council, President or Vice-President of several societies and associations for the promotion of agricultural and stock-breeding interests, it might well be that the owner of Bawdsey Manor, Woodbridge, could find little leisure for sport. In the world of sport, however, Sir Cuthbert is widely known as an

enthusiastic yachtsman. In May, 1875, he was elected Vice-Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, which office he has held ever since, much to the satisfaction of the members. Among the vessels he has owned, mention may be made of the schooner *Zoe*, 161 tons, and the famous 40-tonner *Britannia*. His steam yacht the *Firefly*, and more recently the 45-ton steam yacht *Peridot*, built by White & Sons, of Cowes, in 1894, are well known at the regattas during the yachting season. Sir

Cuthbert's latest prolonged yachting trip was that he made with Sir Nevile Chamberlain to the West Indies, to report to the Government on the condition and prospects of the sugar-planting industry.

A practical sailor, with wide knowledge of yachting affairs, Sir Cuthbert's annual address from the chair, at the dinner which follows the regatta of the Royal Harwich Club, is always anticipated with interest by the members. During the last quarter of a century he has on only two occasions missed the dinner. In 1893 he remained at Westminster to share the opposition to the Home Rule Bill, and this year his health would not allow him to be out. The Royal Harwich Yacht Club, which was founded in 1843, has prospered greatly during the long period of Sir Cuthbert's Vice-Commodoreship. It now numbers over three hundred members, and sends two representatives to the meetings of the Yacht Racing Association. The regatta, which is held early in the season, is an important fixture, for the prosperity of the club enables it to offer an attractive prize-list, which brings a large fleet of yachts of the first class to compete.

As owner of an estate extending to over 4,000 acres, in a county where agricultural depression was very keenly felt, Sir Cuthbert's interest in the farm and stock-yard has found ample scope for valuable exercise. He is President of the Suffolk Horse Society, and was one of the leaders in formulating and carrying out the scheme set on foot in 1897, to encourage the breeding of Suffolk horses. The "Suffolk Punch" was famous in days gone by, and it was the aim of Sir Cuthbert and his fellow-workers to restore the breed to the high position it

formerly held. The value of the Suffolk horse for crossing purposes has long been recognised, and many famous sires have been exported to countries, particularly to Russia, where their merits were appreciated. Chiefly at the instigation of their energetic President, the Suffolk Horse Society resolved to take power to purchase every year thirty nominations to approved sires, whose owners were required to give a guarantee that their services should be restricted to eighty mares in each season. Nominations for service by these sires are granted for approved mares, owned by tenant farmers, occupying not over 200 acres; the foal dropped by such a mare becomes the property of the Society on payment of £15 to the owner, who delivers it unweaned on a date appointed. On the day appointed a show and sale is held, prizes being awarded to the breeders of the best foals; the youngsters are afterwards put up for unreserved sale, and the breeders, if they please, may bid and buy on the same terms as the general public. In pursuance of, and contributory to the nomination scheme, Sir Cuthbert was mainly responsible for the establishment of an annual sale of pedigree Suffolks; the object of this is to afford breeders an opportunity of securing sound mares to send to the approved sires, and with this end in view only animals eligible for entry in the Suffolk Stud Book, and certified to be sound by a veterinary surgeon, are allowed a place on the catalogue. The whole system is well devised to assist and encourage the breeding of good sound horses by small farmers, and will, it cannot be doubted, achieve the success it promises in these, the first years of its working.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter is Pre-

sident of the well known Woodbridge Horse Show, at which he is a regular and successful exhibitor of Suffolks. At the show of 1898, in the yearling class, he took first prize with Bawdsey Star (2727), by Prince Wedgewood; at the Suffolk Show he took first and second in the yearling class with Bawdsey

Brownie (2732) and Bawdsey Willie (2725); his Bawdsey Pearl (4012), by Prince Wedgewood, a two-year-old filly, was adjudged the championship prize as the best mare in the show.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter is also President of the South Suffolk Colt and Foal Association, and of the Suffolk Sheep Society.

The Bibury Club.

THE exact date at which horseraces were first held on those flowery downs known as the Burford, half in Gloucestershire half in Oxfordshire, is wrapped in obscurity; but the most reasonable supposition concerning the foundation of these meetings, from which sprang the famous Bibury Club, is that they were instituted some time in the reign of Charles I., when the outbreak of the Civil War necessitated the removal of the Court and Royalist headquarters from Whitehall to Oxford. It is well known that the Cavaliers were sportsmen in the truest sense of the term, and many instances are on record of their having got up impromptu race meetings in the vicinity of their camps and places of refuge. Again, when the monarchy was overthrown such fixtures were sometimes utilised for combined sporting and political purposes; and Cromwell, realising this, once made a fine haul on what is now the Epsom course, the bag including, besides many gentlemen of quality "wanted" by the Parliament, four hundred horses. Whatever, though, may have been the date of the original Burford meeting, it is quite clear from the ex-

tant contemporary records of the period that, with the return of Charles II. to the possession of the throne of his fathers, Burford, as a place of sport, quickly established itself in regal and courtly favour. Sir William Coventry, in a letter to Pepys, dated Minister Lovell, June 25th, 1673, in which he solicits the interest of the diarist for a *protégé* anxious to enter the Navy, says:—"I am very unlikely ever to make you a return unless you have occasion to keep a running horse at Burford, in which case I offer you my diligence to overlook him." The idea of Pepys as an owner—what a nuisance the worthy gossip would have proved himself to his trainer; no stable secrets then!—opens up an entertaining vista of possibilities; but Sir William Coventry's offer shows that Burford must have already become a horse-racing centre of considerable importance, and one boasting many influential patrons.

In the spring of 1681, writes Mr. J. P. Hore in his "Annals of the Turf," "the races at Burford were held under novel circumstances. In those days the King was at issue with the members of the House of Commons on the

burning question of the Royal succession, the fears of popery, and arbitrary government. The Commons refused to vote the King supplies, whereupon a proclamation was published dissolving the Parliament, and calling another to meet at Oxford in the ensuing March, where, in order to draw attention from the political crisis, a race meeting at Burford was projected. The King, who is said to have conceived the idea, worked hard to make the races the most popular on record. To secure success at Burford, Newmarket Spring Meeting was boycotted. Under Court influence, all the principal Turfites in the country were induced to contribute to its success, by entering their horses, and personally attending with elaborate suites and large retinues. It was sought to make Burford a species of political Ascot, some fifty years before the Ascot of the future was dreamt of. All the best horses at the Royal racing establishment were brought from Newmarket, and the greatest difficulty was experienced in finding stabling for these and similar strings, which had arrived there early in March from all parts of the country."

Such is the story of the culminating circumstances which raised Burford races from what would now be termed a local hunt meeting into a racing fixture of the first importance, known both as Bibury and Burford, from the fact that the racecourse itself, in the shape of the figure 8, was located on the Burford Downs, exactly half-way between the Oxfordshire village of Burford, and the Gloucestershire hamlet of Bibury. During the remaining years of the reign of Charles II., as well as in those of his successors, James II. and William

III., Burford appears to have been the fashionable meeting *par excellence*. In a metrical itinerary by one Mathew Baskerville, a Gloucestershire squire, who mentions having attended the races about the year 1693, the praises of the fine company they attracted are sung as follows:—

"Next for the glory of this place
Here has been rode many a race.
King Charles the 2^d. I saw here,
But I've forgotten in what year.
The Duke of Monmouth here also
Made his horse to swet and blow;
Lovelace, Pembroke and other gallants,
And Nicholas Bainton on Black Sloven
Got silver plate, by labour and drudging.
Sutlers bring Ale, Tobacco, Wine,
And this present have a fair time."

An early peculiarity about these races is that, in the notices of the Plates to be contested for, as published in the *London Gazette*, the weights are fixed at 11 st., to allow of "all gentlemen to ride." On his return from Newmarket in 1695, William III. visited Burford, where he was presented by the Corporation with two hunting saddles, according to custom. The little Oxfordshire town was, indeed, famous for its trade in saddlery, an industry that flourished there till a much later date.

During the eighteenth century* no records are extant to demonstrate the continuation or prosperity of Burford races. It is believed, however, that meetings were more or less regularly held on these downs—so admirably adapted for the purpose; and it may also be presumed that a place which had once attracted Royal visitors and the cream of the racing world would not quickly relinquish its pristine glories. Certain it is that in

* It is worthy of note that in 1722 the Government received information that a Jacobite club, known as the Burford, was in existence. On instituting inquiries, however, it was found that the informers had absconded.

the exclusive character of the early Burford meetings, we have the germ of the members' enclosure.

The ancient and memorable traditions of the course must have been the reason for its selection when the Bibury Club proper was established there in 1798 by Colonel, afterwards Field-Marshal Thomas Grosvenor, one of the most staunch and honourable patrons of the British Turf during the first half of the present century.* This gallant officer, it should be noted, had only returned from the campaign in Flanders in 1796, and in 1799 he was again off to the wars, with the expedition to the Helder, where he was wounded in the affair at the lines of Zuype. At that period there was a great craze among fashionable young men for essaying the art of jockeyship; consequently, Colonel Grosvenor had no lack of support in his scheme for resuscitating the past glories of the Burford Downs; indeed, candidates for membership were so numerous that many had to be refused, for whose accommodation other clubs, notably the Maddington, sprang up in imitation. The Bibury Club started, therefore, as a most exclusive circle of aristocratic sportsmen, who attended the meetings in all the glory of the club uniform.* The first public mention of these races, however, occurs in the "Racing Calendar" for 1801, when the results for that year are given in full, together with a notice that the horses were all the property of, and rode by, members of the Bibury Club, no others being

allowed; also that, "having the permission of the Club to publish them in future, it is our intention to give an account of these races for the last three or four years in our next volume." Accordingly, at the very end of the "Calendar" for 1802 we find "an account of the sport at the Bibury Meetings in the years 1798, 1799 and 1800," from which it may be seen that the weights were never under 10st.

In addition, however, to the Club meeting held over the old Burford course in the middle of June, a Burford meeting proper, open to all, was also held in the month of September of each year. The most prominent *habitués* of these early fixtures were the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.; Lord Foley (Steward); Colonel Grosvenor; Lord Sackville; Lord Sherborne; Sir W. Wynne; Messrs. Cholmondeley, Vanneck, Talbot, Cavendish, Bradshaw, Butler, Danvers, Berkeley and Craven. In 1802 the Prince carried off the two big events of the meeting, viz.: the Craven Stakes with the four-year-old Pacificator, and a Weight-for-age Sweepstakes with the six-year-old Lucan. Strenuous efforts appear to have been made to keep the annual *réunion* as private as possible, and all racing reporters were tabooed. But when, however, these scribes did get a look in they revenged themselves by satirising the performances of the gentlemen jockeys, for justice compels us to admit that many of these enthusiasts, resplendent in the professional costume of the Club, were "'ossy men on fut, but fuddy men on 'oss." For instance, in 1801, Lord Charles Somerset, riding for Lord Oxford, cut an ignominious voluntary when winning in a canter; and there is a mysterious story about

* Field-Marshal Grosvenor died in 1851.

† Mr. Robert Black, in his work on the "Jockey Club and its Founders," speaks of the Prince of Wales, in 1784 or thereabout, calling on his old tutor at Christ Church, Oxford, in "full Bibury Club costume." The Prince may have attended Burford Races at that date, but certainly the Bibury Club was not yet in existence.

the Duke of Dorset, who, while riding one of the Prince of Wales's horses, broke a blood-vessel, a mishap that prevented him speaking again for a year. But the best gentlemen jockeys the Club could boast, namely, Mr. Delmé (father of Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, Master of the Hertfordshire Hunt) and Lord Sackville, were very good indeed, and proved their ability to beat such masters of the art as Sam Chiffney and Frank Buckle.

For twenty - nine successive summers the Bibury Club held their *al fresco* meetings on the Gloucestershire border, tents being erected for their temporary accommodation; but in 1826, a dispute having arisen as to cartage, a change of venue was announced, and Cheltenham selected as the new home. Accordingly, July 3rd, 1827, saw the Bibury fixture—curtailed from three days to one—decided on the Cheltenham course. In the following year the ordinary Cheltenham and Bibury Club meetings were amalgamated into a three-day fixture, one day devoted to the members of the Cheltenham Club and subscribers to the Gloucestershire Stakes, the remaining two to the visitors, who now guaranteed prize money to the total of £1,100. But the club's sojourn at Cheltenham only lasted four seasons; the races at this favourite inland watering place were a veritable "carnival of rascality"; and the course itself on Cleeve Hill not only a wretched one, but with its access so difficult and dangerous to carriages, that very few except those actually interested in the races attended. Accordingly, in the spring of 1831, on the motion of the Marquis of Worcester, the Club again shifted its quarters, this time to Stockbridge. Prior

to the first *réunion* there on the last Tuesday and Wednesday of June, a meeting of the club officials, held at the Clarendon Hotel, on March 31st, resolved that "in future no members shall try the horse of any other person than his declared confederate within twenty-five miles of Stockbridge without giving notice of the trial to Mr. Weatherby; and that all bets and engagements made between the time of the trial and the receipt of the notice shall be void."

The first meeting of the Bibury Club on the Stockbridge course went off with great *éclat*. The racing itself was altogether excellent, and the company of what *Bell's Life* termed the "first class." "Indeed," continues this journal, "from the anxious wish of so many gentlemen to become members of the Club, added to the beauty of the course, we predict that this fixture will in a short time rank with the first in the kingdom." It was here that Mr. Osbaldeston matched himself against Colonel Charité for one thousand guineas to ride two hundred miles in ten successive hours, with the use of as many horses as he might choose. This sensational match, which created a perfect *furor* in the sporting world, did not come off until the Saturday of the following Newmarket Houghton Meeting, when the squire accomplished his task in eight hours forty-two minutes. Mr. Osbaldeston was one of the most prominent members of the Bibury Club of his day, and it was due to this fact that Lord George Bentinck so long refused to join the famous confraternity. The haughty spirit of the great Turf reformer could not brook the idea that his ballot for election might mean blackballing at the hands of the far from scrupulous

Turfite whom he had accused of robbing him of £200, and with whom in consequence he had been out on Wormwood Scrubbs. Thanks to the good offices of Mr. John Day, however, a reconciliation was eventually effected between the old antagonists, and Lord George became a member.

It is wrong to suppose that the Stockbridge meeting by itself did not originate until the Bibury Club entered Hampshire. This fine old fixture dates back to 1769, when the very first volume of the "Racing Calendar" tells of racing being held on its rolling downs. Again, the Maddington Club, which we have already mentioned as the chief rival to the Bibury Association, had for some years brought off its sport on this course, moving thither from Winchester about 1812. The Maddington Club, however, had expired in the year 1823, and with the decease, at about the same period, of other clubs, limited to horses the property of, and ridden by, gentlemen riders, the Bibury clan was left to reign supreme. In 1832 the regular Stockbridge and Bibury Club meetings were amalgamated, and the combination immediately proved a great success, owing to the excellent arrangements made by Mr. John Day. The same season saw the inauguration of the famous "Danebury Red-Books," which until 1865 set forth, in full detail, the doings, triumphs, chances, gains, losses, and hopes entertained concerning the inmates of what was long the premier racing stable in England.

Within the limits of this paper it would be an impossible task to chronicle the sport of the combined meetings from the year 1831 to the last *réunion* held on the classic course in July, 1898. One feature, though, must be

noted, and that the delightfully impromptu and strictly workmanlike atmosphere which long continued to characterise the annual gatherings. On Burford Downs a few tents had served the purpose of weighing room and other offices, and this elementary state of affairs also prevailed at Stockbridge down to so late a period as 1866, when the Club erected its first permanent stand, which was built by subscription from a fund started by Sir John, then Colonel Astley. "The Mate," in fact, was an energetic officer of the Club, and seldom, if ever, missed a meeting. In 1879, the conviviality that attended the annual club dinner at the Grosvenor Arms Hotel led to his making three amusing wagers with his colleague, Lord Caledon, viz., to plough an acre of land for £200; to shoot fifty pigeons for £200; and to match his horse Drumhead, 6 yrs., against Lord Caledon's mare, Briglia, 5 yrs., owners up, over the Suffolk Stakes Course, at the ensuing Newmarket July Meeting, for a monkey. All these matches were written out and duly signed. The last-mentioned came off first, and Sir John, who went to scale at 16st. 6lbs., his opponent at 16st., won by three lengths. The ploughing match was never decided, but Lord Caledon won the pigeons at Brighton, the Saturday after Goodwood races.

Alas for the immutability of mundane affairs! When the Stockbridge arena seemed likely to serve the Bibury Club members' convenience for all futurity, there came the intelligence that owing to the expiry of a lease, which a new proprietor refused to renew, this ancient meeting would be compulsorily deleted from the fixture list. Accordingly, for the third time, the Bibury Club has had to seek a new home, their

choice falling upon Salisbury, which from being a natural course, situated upon commanding ground, and in the depths of the country, sufficiently preserves the time-honoured traditions of the *réunion* as initiated at Burford.

Needless to say, though, the final gathering at Stockbridge in July of last year was accompanied by many expressions of regret at leaving a rendezvous which, it is no exaggeration to state, had endeared itself to all, even to the youngest frequenters brought up in a far more luxurious school of racing surroundings than that to which their seniors had been

accustomed. Certainly as far as a picturesque *entourage* goes, the Salisbury course can vie with its predecessor, but where roominess and seeing races from natural points of vantage are concerned, no parallel can be drawn. However, all things considered, the move has been satisfactorily effected, and with it the names of the races preserved unchanged (though it does seem rather odd to read of Hampshire Stakes in Wiltshire); therefore, it only remains for us to wish the Club many years of unbroken prosperity at its new and fourth headquarters in its long and honourable history.

Anecdotes of an Old Turfite.

I DON'T suppose many people who go racing to-day remember Mr. Alder. He was a Scotch merchant, who made a fortune in indigo—clearing £15,000 in one year, I have been told. He was an odd character, and had some funny ideas; he would not bet on horse-racing, but did not mind joining others in a bit of smuggling; as an all-round speculator perhaps he thought it was legitimate business. One of the most successful undertakings of this kind was a big deal in French gloves, which he or his confederates arranged very cleverly. The gloves were packed in two distinct descriptions of bales, one containing only right hand gloves, the other only left hands; and the bales were shipped by different vessels, lest the preventive men should discover them. As it turned out, one lot of the bales was seized, and, in accordance with the rules of the Custom House, was put up for sale by auction; intending buyers of course

examined the goods before bidding, and found to their astonishment that the gloves—hundreds of dozens—were all for one hand. Naturally the whole parcel was knocked down for nothing to the wily smugglers, who had had this contingency in view when they devised their original method of packing.

Though, as before stated, he never bet, Mr. Alder was extremely fond of racing, and kept three or four horses, which Mr. D. D. Boyce trained for him and which ran in the name of Mr. Cooper, a friend of his. Mr. Alder's great delight was to watch horses at exercise. One morning, when Jem Edwards had some noted horses of Lord Jersey's in his stables, he went to look at them while the lads were leading them round in a circle after their gallop. Jem Edwards, always a hasty-tempered man, was annoyed by the old gentleman's curiosity; waddling up to him—Edwards was terribly bow-legged—he said,

in a very unpleasant tone and manner,

"You've had a good look at them, and I hope you're satisfied. What do *you* think?"

"*I* think, Mr. Edwards, that a pig might run between your legs without touching either of them," was the cool reply.

Upon Epsom Downs on one occasion Mr. Alder had his pocket picked, and everything in it, including his purse, stolen. Soon afterwards he felt a hand again at work in the same pocket; looking over his shoulder at the thief he remarked, drily, "Y'are just tae late; there's one been there before ye," and coolly turned his pockets inside out to show their emptiness and save himself further annoyance.

At the time Mr. Alder had his horses in Boyce's stable Lord George Henry Cavendish (afterwards Earl of Burlington) also trained with Boyce; in the year 1824 Lord George won the Ascot Cup with Bizarre, beating Lord Darlington's Barefoot, ridden by J. Chiffney, the odds being 7 to 4 on Barefoot. In the following year (1825) Bizarre was again engaged in the Ascot Cup, and Lord George consulted his jockey, Wm. Arnull, about the horse's chance. Arnull said that unless Bizarre had something to make the running for him at a good pace he feared Longwaist would beat him, Bizarre being a bad one to make play with. The son of Orville was, however, game to the very bottom, and would go any distance. Boyce, who was present at the interview, advised his lordship to ask Mr. Alder to lend him Streatham to make the pace for Bizarre. Lord George, not caring to ask the favour himself, desired Boyce to do it, charging him to say that he—Lord George—would pay the stake, jockey's fee, and all attendant expenses.

Mr. Alder was only too proud to grant the favour; Streatham made the pace a cracker, and enabled Bizarre to win; though the betting was 6 and 7 to 4 on Longwaist and 7 to 4 against Bizarre.

Lord George's delight at this triumph was unbounded, and he offered Mr. Alder a hundred guineas in return for the loan of his horse. Mr. Alder declined the money, saying he was only too pleased to have been the means of gratifying Lord George's wish for the success of his favourite horse, whose stoutness made him an ornament to the British Turf. Under pressure Mr. Alder at length accepted the hundred guineas, but he sent it to the clergyman of the parish in which Ascot racecourse lies, requesting him to distribute a certain portion of it among the aged and deserving poor every Christmas till the sum was exhausted; and expressing a hope that some one might then renew the gift upon the same conditions.

Mr. Alder, when he chose, could give as good as he got. He went once one day to consult the famous Dr. Abernethy, who, as is well known, was more skilful than courteous. He repeatedly informed the great doctor how he felt, &c., &c., and Dr. Abernethy as often replied,

"Hold your tongue, Mr. Alder. I know your complaint much better than you can explain it to me."

The consultation concluded, Mr. Alder put a guinea on the table and turned to leave.

"Stay," said the doctor, touching him on the shoulder, "another guinea, if you please."

"Hold your tongue, doctor. I know your fee better than ye can tell it me," rejoined Mr. Alder.

JOHN KENT.

The Teal and Green.

A DEE PROBLEM.

FOR one whole month there had not been as much rain as would colour the moss-burn that came tumbling down from Corrie Erine, and through the alders and birches at the foot of the narrow valley to the Dee. The noble stream was as clear as crystal, and shrank up almost into a thread, prattling away down among stones and rocks that had not felt the heat of a July sun bleaching them for forty years before. So at least I took care to mention, by way of apology, as I slung off my basket after an almost "blank" day's work, and stuck my fly-book into its accustomed corner in the "aumrie." I had come there to have a month's fishing, and therefore made a point of being at the river every day, and if I didn't get fish I had, at any-rate learnt to cast, and could lay a fly as neatly round the corner of the Kelpie Stane as the keeper, Andrew Flinganphail, himself.

It's all very well to argue when, say, you are seated comfortably round a fire in December, chatting over the achievements of last summer, with a select few of the piscatorial brotherhood, that you never enjoyed so fine a bit of sport as the day you captured three or four trout, when the water would have shown a threepenny bit on the bottom, and the sky above was as clear as a blazing summer sun could make it. Theoretically, perhaps, the doctrine should be sound, but I never yet saw the man who believes it practically. Stewart says somewhere that if the business of an angler is to catch fish, the more fish he catches the better sport he will have. Be that as it may. I felt that matters

were getting serious: as the river fell, my basket proportionately decreased, till for the last week, as far as fish contributed anything to its weight, it might be described with the closest approximation to accuracy as imponderable. The day before I had arranged to return to town, I had been at the river all forenoon, and about mid-day fell in with my friend Andrew. He came down almost every day, some time or another, but I had strong suspicions that for a week or two it was only a *pro forma* visitation. At any rate, he didn't seem to be busy to-day, and I had little difficulty in persuading him to "ease his shanks," as he expressed it, for a little. We accordingly retired to the shade of some birch bushes (ubiquitous on Upper Deeside), and had a refreshing siesta in the deep and fragrant heather. When we got our pipes set a-going, and a comfortable position selected, Andrew and I had a long discussion on the critical state of events. I had hoped to get some wrinkle or other from an old hand, but found him pessimistic and inclined to regard the position as hopeless from our common point of view. "Na, na," said he, in the sententious and judicial tone I have often noticed keepers adopt to us amateurs who may happen to consult them, "You'd better lay by your rod for a day or twa, till the weather changes. I'll be breakin' in some dogs for the 'Twelfth' the morn, and if ye care to see hoo the beasties work, we could tak' a turn round the Balbreg Moor the-gither."

"That's very kind, Andrew," said I, "but I'm sorry I have to

start for home to-morrow afternoon, and as I should like to take a trout or two in with me for my friends, I intend spending the forenoon here."

"Aweel, there'll be nae troots for them the morn, I'm sure; they'll just need to mak' oot wantin' them, as the goodwife of Dalrory said to the tinkler that spiered the loan of a table-cloth for his dinner."

"I'm afraid you're right," said I, with a laugh, "but I'll give them one other chance."

Next morning there was indeed a change, only I didn't know whether it was for the better or the worse. During the night the wind had been blowing strongly from the south-west, but when I woke I found it had gone completely round, and was coming up the valley from the east a moderate breeze, and that the air was a good deal colder. An east wind isn't an angler's wind, in spring, at any rate; but in summer, particularly after a spell of hot weather, it will generally be found beneficial. I was in a more hopeful mood as I got my fishing gear together, and set out about eight o'clock in the morning. The verse I found myself humming as I jumped over the wall of the garden, and proceeded to ascend the hillock as the nearest way to the river, was a *jeu d'esprit* on the Laird of Balmawhapple's song in "Waverley":—

"It's up Kilbarchan's brae I gaed,
And by the bents of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made,
To kittle the salmon's tail."

There was a slight inaccuracy in the last line, as my permission did not extend to the highest species of the *genus salmo*, but only to the common yellow or river trout; but the word suited the rhythm, and the idea my case exactly.

Arrived at the scene of action, I

put up my rod and began work with the very finest tackle I could get, and flies that did not seem capable of holding a minnow. And aren't the first five or ten minutes in some respects usually the best of a day's fishing? As you go down to the water it almost always looks attractive and in trim; and when you are getting out line don't you expect every moment to feel the delicate, delicious obstruction of the flies, and then to strike?

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You——"

fish half an hour, and find that the bottom of your basket is still uncovered, and that you are to have a commonplace day after all. To-day, however, I was agreeably surprised. I began in a listless sort of way, hardly expecting to do anything, and hadn't made half-a-dozen casts when I was busy with a nice quarter-pounder. Three or four of these followed in quick succession, and I passed on to the next pool, where a pretty similar experience awaited me. Thereafter, whatever was the reason, sport fell off, the time of the take was over, and I had to be contented with a trout or two in the course of an hour. However, by about eleven o'clock I had a very presentable basket, and that, too, though the water had not risen an inch overnight, and though the sky was as unclouded as it had been for these many days past. The improvement was clearly due to the change of temperature, the sense for which is keener, I fancy, in fish than for anything else. Most of them fell to a Black Spider, and a few to a dun-coloured fly.

When fishing on the particular stretch of water I am speaking of, I am always in the way of leaving my favourite pool to the last—not

that it is the best policy, but it is a delightful bit to fish, and lies nearest where I happen to stay. Perhaps it is just an ideal salmon cast; at any rate, as Andrew says, "I hinna seen ane up or doon Dee better yet, nor ane you're surer of a fish in." The beauty of it is that it is not a "linn"; the water does not come tumbling into a deep black hole, and die dead at the other end of the pool. It is a stream, properly so called, from head to foot, running at a nice moderate pace, and the surface has just as much roughness as gives it that peculiar appearance which none but an angler's eye can appreciate. The result is that however low the water falls it is "fishable," even when the other pools far and near are perfectly hopeless.

After so good a beginning in the morning, I hoped to put half a dozen to my credit here, and fished the little bit of backwater at the top (usually the best for trouting) very carefully, but without success. I had got pretty well down the pool, and was fishing in a listless and careless fashion, when I felt something, and struck sharply. Whatever it was it went off with a sharp run, and judging from the "feel" of it that it was a good-sized trout, I gave it plenty of liberty, my tackle being so fine. Then in a moment or two, intending to try its mettle, I put a little strain on, and away it went across and up stream, and to my utter surprise a beautiful silvery little grilse sprang two feet out of the water, and left my line floating loose down stream. I gazed helplessly for a minute or two where the fish disappeared, half expecting, as I have noticed many folks do, to see it again, then reeled up and sat down shaking with the excitement of the surprise I had got.

" 'Tis better to have *hooked* and lost,
Than never to have *hooked* at all,"

would probably be assented to by most anglers, but it's cold comfort, and apt to make most men desperate and bloodthirsty. I didn't for my part mean to let the fish off on such easy terms. (The fly the grilse had risen to was a very small, teal-winged, green-bodied fly.) Accordingly I changed my gossamer thread for an ordinary trout-casting line (conscience would not let me use anything stronger), and put on for a point hook a fly of exactly the same pattern, only two sizes larger—teal wing, green body with a touch of yellow at the tail, silver tinsel, and black hackle. I tried my gut with a pretty severe strain, found everything sound, and started at the head of the pool again. I had little difficulty in throwing right across, and the nice stream brought the line swinging round beautifully. Every cast was as carefully made as if my life and reputation had been at stake, and my hand was ready—too ready, in fact, for it wasn't steady enough—to send the barb home. I was pulling up my line and coiling some of it among my feet, preparatory to making another throw, when the stoppage came, and away went my line, cutting the water like the bows of a steamer. I stepped back from the stones, and on to the bank, my hand shaking for a little, but I soon steadied down to the "tuilzie" in earnest. I inferred from the heavy pull that the fish was a "fish" (*Scottice*) not a grilse or sea trout, and my chances of getting the better of it seemed precarious. The tackle was far too light to put any great dependance on, and my rod was only 10 or 11 feet long.

Fortunately I had plenty of line, and the bank on which I

stood was well above water's level, and consequently I could get well over the fish, and save having to let any of my line get "dead." One thing I feared would be fatal; if the fish were to take to jumping: but, poor fool, it didn't, and therefore—but you'll see presently.

After the first rush it turned, and came slowly down, then went away again, and so on, as all salmon do.

Presently it tried a new plan, stopped dead, and began to shake its head, making the point of the rod move ominously in a succession of jerks. This wouldn't do, so I stooped down and managed to get a few pebbles to stir it up with. After three or four attempts I succeeded in getting the "beast" on the move again, and back to its old tactics.

By and by, perhaps in ten minutes, I had managed to reduce the area of its evolutions considerably, but still had very little real command over it. However, I kept on all the strain I could, and waited patiently for signs of exhaustion.

In about a quarter of an hour from the beginning of the tussle they came. First the tip of the tail began to show itself occasionally, and the black back as it turned round to dart away again, and a white gleam of the silvery belly.

But as difficult a problem remained. How was I to land my victim? I had no gaff, and there was no sandy cove or beach up or down the pool, but only large-

rounded stones or "stanners," dipping into water a foot or two deep.

I was looking about for some suitable spot, when I noticed quite close to where I had the fish a stone with a smooth, flat top, which was just lapped by the water; I would land it here. Guiding it, therefore, towards this stone, and watching my opportunity, in one of its splashes I got its head and shoulders lifted on to the stone, caught hold of my line, lowered it close to the water, and with a gentle pull slid my quarry over the stone, and in among the dry pebbles and "stanners." In a moment I had grasped it by the "wrist" of the tail, and a beautiful 10 lb. salmon was lying on the green bank beside me.

Just one other question remained—what was I to do with it?—and a rather subtle question too. I had no liberty to take salmon, and therefore the fish was not properly mine. It was no use throwing it into the river again—that was absurd. The proper owner must be the great Andrew Flinganphail himself. But then, Andrew was miles away, and I had to go in a couple of hours to the railway station. And then the tempting thought—how nice it would be to be able to afford some concrete demonstration of one's skill in the art to your friends. Altogether it was a problem for a casuist—doubtful, difficult, and delicate. "Well, but what did you do?" "What did I do, courteous reader?" I did what you would have done in the circumstances.

The Measurement of Ponies.

A DIALOGUE.

[Time, 2 p.m. Smoking-room of the Vulpine Club. Present: WOODMAN and LAWSON, both keen polo players.]

"WHAT is the matter, Woodman? You seem out of sorts to-day."

"So I am. I have just been to Hurlingham to have my ponies measured."

"Oh, I suppose they didn't pass?"

"Yes, they did, all of 'em, easy enough, but what bothers me is that all the others passed too, and I declare one or two were over 15 hands."

"But how could they be if they walked under Rawlinson's patent measuring stand? It always seems to me that that is about the most perfect arrangement for measuring ponies that ever was invented."

"Yes, the measuring's all right. Besides, Sir Henry wouldn't stand any nonsense. It's the way ponies are prepared that is the mischief."

"But, my dear fellow, where have you been? Don't you know that most big ponies want a little training before they will measure? The fact is, most ponies have two or three different heights, according to circumstances. Look at my old mare Barbara. When she is tired or at rest I can measure her 14 hands easily, but in action and when she is pulled up by excitement, the standard goes over her wither with difficulty at 14.1½. Which is her real height? I don't quite see even now why you are so annoyed because another fellow's ponies measured."

"Why? Because I buy good ponies, and I will have 'em the right height, say rather over

14.1, and some other fellow buys a great hulking brute of 15 hands. You can't bring the two sizes together, for when it comes to racing for the ball or there is a bit of a hustle, where are you?"

"Yes, my dear boy, I know; but that's just where your toes turn in. It's the same with everybody. Everyone assumes, as a matter of course, that the bigger the pony the better he is for polo."

"And isn't it so?"

"No, I think not. In the first place, speed and size, in ponies, at all events, are not necessarily correlated at all. Did you ever do any pony racing in India? Yes? Well, then, did you never see the small ones beat the big ones? Look at Chorister, nearly 13.2, and Rex and Blitz, all of them little ones. Rex could beat horses a couple of hands higher than himself. So much for speed. Then I think there is no doubt that the handiest are those about 14.1. After that they become difficult to turn. These long raking ponies cannot come round."

"Exactly. I had not thought of that, but now you mention it, I see what you mean. Moreover, I have been watching ponies closely, and I think that while the smaller ponies turn, as it were, on all fours, the larger ones spin round on their hocks. I have seen a pony make a complete circle with its forelegs off the ground, drop them, and go off on the line of the ball."

"Yes. Then I believe at present that ponies are at their

best height for all practical purposes at about 14.1."

"That's all very well, but there are so few of them."

"Of course there are not enough to go round, there never is of anything good, and the small boys and the poor men must go without. Then what we have to consider is how to encourage people to raise ponies for the market, and in order to do that, as wide a latitude in measurement as possible is desirable."

"That is true; but what I have been trying to say all this time is that something ought to be done to stop 'faking.'"

"There I agree with you; but I should like you to define what you mean by faking. There is such a thing as teaching a pony to measure—er—shall we say at his best?"

"Well, I should call it all faking; but give me your idea."

"Look here, then. Suppose you have a pony 14.2½. If you take that pony in his raw state, he won't come under the standard. You must teach him to measure by making him stand quietly under the standard; give him an apple or bit of sugar off the ground, and you will find he will keep trying to lower his head, which in some cases will materially assist the measure. After some practice the height will come off every time you try him, and you will find that, as a rule, he will measure smaller in cold weather than in warm, and less after a sharp gallop than before. All this, including a careful, but not excessive lowering of his heels, is legitimate preparation. In this, too, I would include the removal of superfluous hair from the wither."

"So far, good. Now what do you call faking?"

"I will tell you. If, when the

pony goes under your standard he finds the business end of a tin tack or a broken steel pen at that point of the standard where his withers come, so that he shrinks together, as it were, directly he finds himself under it. Or again, if the withers have been gently bumped with a stocking full of wet sand till they swell up and the swelling is reduced with an ice poultice before measuring, this plan will take off three-quarters of an inch at once."

"But those are not all, I am sure, for I saw a couple of ponies that could hardly crawl, and seemed half asleep."

"Ah! those are methods quite indefensible, inasmuch as they are cruel, and for the most part defeat their own ends. It is true that you can generally make the pony measure, but the process often renders him useless afterwards. I remember a bay mare of great beauty and promise, which I saw in a dealer's yard. I wanted to buy her badly, and made every effort to bring her under the standard. But it was all to no purpose, 14.3 was the very lowest she would measure, so I reluctantly left her. The next thing I heard was that some one else had bought the mare, and that she had measured. My man was there when she came up, and he told me that the boy who brought her told him she had been kept walking all night, and then had had a dose of chloral. Her feet had been lowered till they were so tender she could hardly walk—but she measured."

"Surely the pony would be no good again?"

"Very likely not, but then, on the other hand, she might come round, and she certainly was no use to her owner if she would not measure."

"Ah! I see, it was a choice of

ills, and the owner took the least—for himself. But now, before we go, I should like to know if you have any remedy to suggest. Can such things be prevented?"

"Yes, I think they can. I should like to oblige ponies to be measured in shoes. Then, too, I would add to the certificate that the pony bore no evidence of having been prepared in any improper manner. Lastly, ponies playing in first-class tournaments

might be liable to re-measurement within a week of the date fixed."

"Very good, my dear fellow, but how about the tin-tack?"

"Well, I don't know that you can prevent that; but then it doesn't matter. It's not cruel, and it's the same for all. But time's up, and I must be off. I have to play at Hurlingham at four."

(Exeunt.)

White Heather.

THE TRAGEDY OF AN ENGLISH MOOR.

SCEPTICS and matter-of-fact people do make light of ghosts, but those who remember the story of the tragedy that happened some years ago on a Yorkshire grouse moor, give some licence to such thoughts. It was on the eve of the 12th, and R—— Station gave the travelling public the intimation that they were in the neighbourhood of grouse-land, for from the luggage vans and lock-ups came notes of game dogs, who so heartily hate the discomfort of travel. A party of gunners was assembled on the platform to catch the special saloon carriage which was to take them up the loop line which runs to the valley junction.

"Look here!" exclaimed one young man, who had already got a sprig of heather in his button-hole; "that is a pretty woman! I wish I were going her way!"

"By her costume I shouldn't wonder if she is bound for the moors," remarked his companion, "but I am afraid she's not

for our shoot, for you know our billet is the village inn, and our host a confirmed woman hater."

In spite of the fact that the lady was the cynosure of two pairs of eyes belonging to young Englishmen who were the pride of their respective regiments, there was not the least appearance of embarrassment or even consciousness of the sensation she created. Her face reminded one of a beautiful picture, such as a painter might dream of in his most ecstatic moments. Nothing could have been in better taste than her travelling costume and the soft brown hat, just relieved by two blue feathers, sat jauntily over a captivating pair of brown eyes.

"Take your seats, please," said the guard to the gunners, as he bustled down the train, after stowing away the valets, loaders, and general paraphernalia of grouse warfare in the front carriages.

The first-class compartment

THE FIERY ORDEAL.

had been reserved for the gunners, the train being only a short one, made up of a few carriages and many goods trucks. There being no seat for the lady, the guard, just before starting, asked permission for her to travel with the party. The old white-whiskered gentleman, who preferred strong tobacco to ladies' petticoats, shrugged his shoulders and grumbled about the wretched accommodation on these side lines, but the young man with the sprig of heather in his button-hole, who was George Trevor of the Buffs, just home from India on furlough, left any further argument out of the question by alighting from the carriage to help the lady in. She was profuse with thanks, and quickly settled in the most comfortable corner.

"Thank you so much, it is such a difficult matter travelling on an unknown route," was the answer in a musical voice, which was just what one expected to hear.

The evening beauties of heather-clad hills, as the train slowly wound its way up the valley of the river, did not prevent the *vis-a-vis* of the fair lady from studying his companion, giving an opportunity for conversation, as the whole journey was over familiar ground. The imposing masses of hills stood out in purple and azure blue against the setting sun. Every mile brought variety of scenery in hill and dale, in moor and stream. Angry torrents rushed through lonely dells, eating slowly deeper their rocky beds, falling in entrancing loveliness over boulders and crags. Wherever the river wound its way, the country was rich and green, abounding in trees and woodland. Nature appeared to have exhausted her paint-box in fantastic colouring on the

heather-clad hills, and as the train sped through the rocky cutting, with yellow gorse relieving the cold grey of the boulders, grouse, scared by the whistle, flew down to the valley. One even of a less romantic temperament than George Trevor's must have admitted that such a setting was worthy of the beautiful figure that sat watching the scene as it glided by. As for the old white-whiskered gentleman, he button-holed the other soldier gunner, and much against his inclinations began a long argument about the merits of the newest things in gunpowder, oblivious of the passing scene.

The whole party in the carriage were bound for the same destination, an isolated little village, whose solitary retirement from the sights and sounds of the outside world was once a year relieved by the invasion of the grouse-driving party and a few stray fishermen. It was, in fact, an undiscovered sportsman's paradise, for in this county there are hills of peace and dales of joy, with scenery to rival Switzerland.

We all have our ideals in life, and at the most unexpected moments we meet our fate, which proves a rock on which we anchor or split. George Trevor, when he alighted from the train at the little wayside station, and helped his fair companion to collect her wraps, realised that life for him at least had new interests.

* * * *

The three gunners were glad of the excuse to stretch their legs by walking up the steep road with its loose stones winding up the hillside to the village, for the evening air was laden with the invigorating scent of heather. The keeper was at the station full of bustle and

importance, awaiting the next train, which was timed some ten minutes later, bringing the Colonel, who was the host of the party, and annually established himself at the village inn with his guests to shoot the moor on the opening day. The forward reports of the abundance of birds was reassuring.

"There be a sight of birds and never remember them so strong on the wing—only one pack of cheepers on the hill. It will be a famous day, sir!" said the man of leathers, as the party waited on the platform for the arrival of their host.

"Who is the lady who has just driven off in the conveyance from the inn?" was asked of the keeper, who replied:—

"I could not well say, sir, for there will be no lady in the Colonel's party, and we don't see many in these parts during the course of a year."

"Quite right too, they are only in the way, and quite out of place in a shooting party!" snapped the old gentleman, who was making up for lost time by lighting his much-loved pipe.

"Hope the tobacco is strong enough to blow your head off," muttered George under his breath; "it would be a poor world without the ladies, God bless them!"

"Well, thank goodness, sir, we are here to shoot grouse not make love!" said the old gentleman with emphasis, for he was one of the most zealous of shots.

The arrival of the Colonel was the signal for much hand-shaking and congratulations before the party made their way up the hill to the village built of solid grey stone. Scrupulous cleanliness characterises these hill-side villages, the inhabitants being remarkable for their love of soap, water and whitewash. From the windows of the inn glittered the

light of a fire on the hearth, and very welcome and comfortable it looked after a hard day's travelling. The landlord stood on the threshold to meet the party, and bustled about to attend to the wants of his guests by relieving them of their coats and wraps. To the Colonel he had important information to impart, to the effect that a strange lady had arrived unexpectedly at the inn, but in no way should the shooting party be disturbed by the additional guest.

"I hope not, Turner," said the Colonel, "it will be as much as your place is worth if you let me even set eyes on her during my stay here."

And the landlord humbly bowed his apologies, inwardly wishing he could put his lady guest under lock and key in the two rooms which she occupied upstairs. Over love affairs the Colonel had not been fortunate, and there was a story that he had tied a knot with his tongue which he could not undo with his teeth late in life; but the lady was unknown.

Certainly the shooting party dinners at the wayside inn were very cheery gatherings, and many a good story of the gun, of wonderful shots, inexplicable misses, and gigantic coveys were told round the old oak table in the panelled room. The village brass band, which had been practising together for weeks in anticipation of the grouse party's visit, honoured the company with a performance outside during dinner, playing such lively airs as "Oh for the roast beef of old England," "The blue hills of Scotland," "He's a jolly good fellow," varied with selections from "Pinafore." Dinner concluded, the first important step for the grouse campaign took place, and the position of butts for the morrow's shoot were

drawn for. The butts numbered one to seven, each gunner drawing a corresponding number, moving up one for each drive during the day; a fair distribution of chances by so doing being meted to all the party.

Early hours and an early start in the morning were the rule, for a man must be in good condition to go through a day's grouse shooting without feeling undue fatigue.

The bed-rooms at the inn opened out of a wainscotted corridor, and George Trevor found his at the far end, having dark-stained walls with old oak rafters across the ceiling. Pure air which has swept over acres of heather is conducive to sound sleep, not rivalled by hop pillows or persuasive draughts, and the present occupant of the inn room was an old campaigner who could take his rest, in no way disturbed by new surroundings. Opening the lattice window to have one look at the hills, the scene of to-morrow's action, perhaps his thoughts led him to look towards the stars, which conjured up the memory of a pair of bright eyes. Being a man of action rather than sentiment, he wasted little time in thought, and before returning to rest, made preparation of shooting kit for the morrow. The number of the butt drawn after dinner was placed in the corner of the mirror lit by wax candles on either side, and then soothed by the accompaniment of distant music from the game dogs kennelled in the yard, he glided unconsciously into refreshing sleep.

What dreams of anticipation the old gunner has on the eve of the twelfth! The fat-faced cherubs that hover around his pillow have wings which suspiciously resemble those of grouse.

The little cherub whispers in willing ears that all cartridges are loaded with straight powder, making his listener feel in good feather with himself. But George Trevor's dream was of fair women, for his heart beat elsewhere than down a gun-barrel after the events of the day. He could not have slept long, for the candles were still alight on the mirror, and waking suddenly with a start he caught a reflection in the glass which set his heart beating wildly. It was but a momentary picture of a fair oval face with lustrous brown eyes which met George's bewildered gaze. Before he could collect scattered thoughts or realise whether he was dreaming or waking, a faint rustle as of a light garment, passed out of the room and he was alone. The strange part about it was that when George Trevor roused himself to action, it was to find that the number of the butt which he had drawn for the morrow had vanished from the looking-glass, and a sprig of white heather was there in its place.

* * * * *

On the feast of St. Grouse the whole village is astir before day-break, a flock of geese being the first to move, and these birds, like those of the ancient Roman Capitol, go gabbling up the street to wash at the mountain stream before gleaning on the wastes and steepes. There was no further chance of sleep after the army of beaters and drivers, numbering about thirty, gathered from the neighbouring villages, came trooping in to take their orders from the head keeper. Soon the scent of heather gave way to the savoury smell of home-fed bacon and eggs—which told all those at the inn that it was time to get up.

Airy dreams over night are not always realised with the awakening morn, for as often as not in these hilly districts the report in the morning is that the hills are wreathed in mist and drifting rain-clouds, though the valley is lit up with sunshine. Such a prospect for the glorious twelfth is a damper for the most buoyant spirits, and the anticipation of spending the day in the frousty atmosphere of an hotel billiard room, instead of up in the clouds amongst the heather, too dreadful to contemplate. It is under such trying circumstances that a shooting party experiences the blank caused by the absence of cheering lady society, proving how helpless a creature poor man is without his better half.

Early reports reached the Colonel's bedroom from the head keeper that the morning looked "verra unpromising," for nothing could be seen of the hill-tops and such a state of things was known to last sometimes for a week. The party of gunners spent a miserable hour after breakfast in debate, those under forty declaring that the weather would lift, those showing the grey hairs of experience opinioning that it was not fit to fire a cartridge. The toss of a crooked sixpence decided that the traditions of the glorious twelfth must be carried out weather or no. An hour after the appointed time the keepers and loaders were on their way up the hill-side, the drivers and flagmen who knew every inch of the moor having preceded them. The rough roadway winds its way up the hill-side, bounded on either side by stone walls, with here and there patches of trees, which grow less frequent as the ascent is made. The gunning party bestrode village ponies to save their energies, for the distance to the

top is the best part of a mile and a half until the table land of the moor is reached, which is two thousand feet above sea level. By the time half the ascent had been made the atmosphere changed, becoming moist and getting more dense, until the tobacco in the pipe fizzled with the fine penetrating rain. The wind, which was hardly perceptible in the sheltered valley, whistled and whirled as soon as the cloud-capped top was reached, and the Colonel, as he pulled his shooting-cape closely around him, remarked, "it was a morning not fit to turn a dog out of doors."

"She'll lift yet, Colonel!" reassuringly remarked the weather-wise prophet of the party, as the gateway on to the moor was reached, and the party of loaders and dog-boys awaited the guns.

"What's the betting on it?" grunted the Colonel, "I'll lay odds we don't see which way a grouse flies to-day."

"Grouse or no grouse, Colonel, I've seen a fair lady cross the moor this morning, which ought to bring good luck if nothing else could."

"The deuce you have!" grunted the Colonel, "what's she want here on the 12th, I wonder? Which way did she go?"

"She took the road across the moor, Colonel, and asked me to tell her the most likely spot to find a bunch of white heather."

"And surely, man, you were not fool enough to let her go disturbing the moor?" inquired the Colonel.

"No, Colonel, no; I just said, 'sure, lady, it's to your own fair brow as we should look to see white heather blooming,' " which reply from the old hillsman greatly tickled the Colonel, who laughed immoderately, declaring that a drive should at once be attempted,

even if the day's shooting had to begin and end with it.

George Trevor's vein of thought took quite another turn from the rest of the party. The story of the lady's early appearance on the moor wildly excited his imagination, and the veil of drifting fog, which made it impossible to see farther than a few yards, maddened him beyond measure. At once he felt convinced that it was none other than the fair lady whose chance meeting the day previous had left so great an impression on his mind. What cruel luck that he had not known her intention to walk up to the moor. What was the pleasure of shooting grouse in the fog, compared to a search for white heather with so fair a companion. He chafed impatiently as he groped through the wet heather to take his stand in the butt made of peat-sods, which was next to that occupied by the Colonel. The moment the drive was over, Trevor was resolved to search the moor and never leave it until the fair owner of the brown eyes was discovered, and his undying passion declared.

Bad weather takes half the pleasure out of shooting and walking, but then, is not life made up of hopes and fears? teaching us to accept the rough with the smooth. Grouse in a fog fly as if they were lost, hugging the wind and coming low. Crack, crack, rang out the artillery all along the line, announcing the fiery ordeal had begun in earnest, though the deceptive light and drifting mist saved many a bird's life. Their sharp note was heard as they called to one another, swishing by at express speed, and the loaders were hard at work in each butt ramming in the cartridges

for each gunner, directly he smelt powder, rose to the occasion.

The changes of atmosphere on a mountain top are very rapid and unexpected, a floating veil of mist perceptibly thins and lifts with startling rapidity. As if by magic eyesight was restored to the little party on the hill, who looked right and left down the line of butts that had opened into view. In front and behind were great rolling banks of heather, whilst far away down in valley were emerald streaks of field and wood, stretching away into blue distance, making a scene of entrancing loveliness.

The figures of the beaters with their red flags, splashing through the wet heather, were drawing up to the guns, whose fusilade had silenced. One of the beaters stopped suddenly, and taking his hat off, pointed in fear to something he had stumbled across in the bed of heather. Others joined him, midway between the two butts in which the Colonel and George Trevor had taken their stand. The younger man was with the terror-stricken party first, and in a moment recognised the lifeless form of the girl, who was shot through the heart. Bending down he gently raised her head, but the beautiful brown eyes were closed for ever, and the fair hand in death grasped a bunch of white heather wet with the dew. Stupefied for the moment by the sudden tragedy, his mind wandered into spirit land with the fair form that lay motionless in his arms. A touch on the shoulder as the Colonel bent down to gaze at the upturned face with the exclamation, "Merciful heavens! my poor wife!" brought George Trevor back to life and its stern realities.

CUTHBERT BRADLEY.

A Race Meeting in China.

IN earlier days all the big English firms in China used to maintain racing stables, but now more is left to private enterprise, and owners appear in the most unlikely persons, from the apparently penniless clerk to the rich Jew stockbroker who does not know one end of a pony from the other. In Shanghai many of the best ponies are owned by Chinamen.

The pure Mongolian pony averaging about 13.1 in height is the Chinese racehorse; grey is the commonest colour, but chesnuts, browns, duns and blacks are also common. The ponies are bred in the north, and the usual way of obtaining them is for a number of men to subscribe and buy a drove of about twenty from a dealer: they cost about 150 Mexican dollars, or roughly £15 per head, delivered at Hong Kong: in the northern ports they are cheaper, the breeding grounds being nearer. Immense droves of ponies run on the plains 300 or 400 miles north of Peking, and if luck lead you to that district you may take your pick for seven or eight taels, a tael being about 3s., but there are the risks of the journey down, including the passage of narrow stone bridges, and the contingent expenses at inns to be considered.

On their first arrival the ponies are very sorry looking specimens, all bones, hair and sores; but they pick up wonderfully fast under good management. The age of the ponies sent to the Treaty Ports averages about six years: their "form" seldom improves on that shown in their first season, and by consequence the Turf career of any pony does not often extend beyond two seasons. Ponies that have won good races

are sometimes run for three or four seasons, but these, of course, are the exceptions. As the jockeys are all amateurs, the scale of weight for inches is high, 10 st. for a 12-hand pony and 3 lbs. for every additional inch.

The Hong Kong annual meeting—three days and an off day, takes place in February, when the weather is not too hot, and the course is, or ought to be, in good order. The race-week is a holiday: men come down from up-country for it, nearly all business is at a standstill, the banks close early in the morning, and all flock to the racecourse every morning, where the ponies are galloped between six and eight o'clock. The Hong Kong course lies about a mile and a half from the town: it is prettily situated in a dip in the hills called the Happy Valley.

Starting for the course early on a race-day, you find the Queen's Road literally packed with Chinamen moving eastward. The races are nominally the attraction, but really it is the prospect of unlimited gambling which draws the crowd; for a quarter of a mile before you reach the course the road on either side is lined with Chinamen begging the custom of passers-by at the gambling boards they have before them on light trestles. The space round the course is covered with booths and temporary stands, some of the latter, built of pine poles and bamboos, being three stories high. Inside the ropes the Chinese crowd again to eat or gamble at the countless booths, while here and there his brilliant uniform and turban singles out a Sikh policeman.

The saddling bell ringing for

the first race, I returned to the paddock in time to see four ponies face the starter. The winner turned up in a rank outsider, who seemed to enjoy churning through the mud into which a week's unwelcome rain had converted the course. Then the second race, for which several of last season's ponies ran, and which the favourite won by a length. Little interest attached to this event, as the form of the several ponies was pretty well known. After the third race, won by a smart little yellow pony 12.3 in height, carrying 10st. 9lb., the Governor, his family and staff arrived in a long procession of chairs, and were received by the Clerk of the Course arrayed in scarlet coat, boots and breeches. An hour's interval for lunch followed the fourth event—a race for subscription "griffins," or maiden ponies, and there remained five more races for the afternoon's sport.

The great events of the meeting,

the Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, and the Championship, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, a forced entry for all winners, came off on the third day. Both were won by a 13.2 Shanghai pony, which had won the former event in the previous year, and according to the conditions of the race, made his fortunate owner the absolute possessor of the Cup. After winning his second race he was led in by a Shanghai lady amid a scene of the wildest enthusiasm.

Perhaps a few of the official timings taken at last year's meeting may be of interest. It must be mentioned that the course includes a steep hill. Half-mile race run in 59 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.; three-quarter mile, 1 min. 32 sec.; mile, 2 min. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, 2 min. 38 sec.; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 3 min. 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec., and 2 mile race, 4 min. 23 sec. These, for ponies averaging 13.1, and carrying the weights mentioned, I think not at all bad.

A. N. O.

The Chances of the Game.*

SOME TALES OF PLAY.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Author of "My Grandfather's Journals," &c., &c.

IV.—HAMMER HUME.

CAPTAIN RALPH HUME, D.S.O., of H.M. Scarlet Guards, was stone broke: shattered, completely smashed, stock, lock, and barrel.

It was no uncommon story. He had been launched on London life some ten years previously with everything in his favour. He had an independent fortune,

small relatively, but what many would call affluence, a couple of thousands a year and no encumbrances. He was "his own father," as the saying goes, the head of his house, with no near relations, and luckily for him, no landed estates; good-looking, a fair-haired, blue-eyed, kindly young giant, who speedily made troops of friends. Great ladies

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smiled on him ; he was welcomed at every house in town or country, and everything was *couleur de rose*.

He was a fine specimen of the English gentleman, strongly imbued with the creed of his class—the best and most honourable in the world. To tell the truth and do the right thing was his gospel ; you could see it in his honest face and open fearless eyes. His tastes were simple, and he was without vice, he neither gambled nor indulged in the pleasures of the tables, nor did Circe enslave him in her debasing net. A keen sportsman, his worst extravagance was a set of new guns, a share in a moor or salmon river, a couple of hunters up to his weight two days a week in the shires, a full price, any price almost, for a polo pony that filled his eye. He was an athlete in his way, too, a cricketer, and a mountaineer, gentle as a big Newfoundland puppy, with no boastfulness about the strength he could use on occasion, and the skill he had gained at school with the gloves. They called him “ Hammer ” because once a cabman who had been swindling a weak woman about her fare took his interference in bad part, and challenged him to fight. Ralph Hume hammered him to pulp, and was called “ Hammer Hume ” ever afterwards.

So with “ youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm ” he sailed on his prosperous voyage, making straight for the haven of married life when his smaller peccadilloes ended. He would grow gradually into the portly paterfamilias, bringing up stalwart sons and blameless daughters to carry on the traditions of his race. Kind fate still stood by, as he thought, when his choice fell upon Lady Betty Dinton, whom he met one autumn, when he was shooting at her father's house.

It was love at first sight with both of them. Betty, a frail, fragile little creature, with deep dark eyes, surrendered on the spot to the great, good-humoured Guardsman, and he was at her feet, so to speak, the moment she entered the room. There was no tedious courtship ; it was all over as soon as it was begun.

Lady Betty might have looked higher than Captain Hume. That was her mother's view ; but Betty was staunch—for a time. Who shall say what turned her ? The continual dropping poison instilled into her ears by her more mercenary folk or her own willingness to believe that she was throwing herself away on a poor soldier with only a modest competence and no expectations ? Either or both decided her. She behaved badly, as girls have done, and will do again. Hume was jilted, heartlessly, cruelly. Lady Betty threw him over for a man thirty years her senior, many times a millionaire, with a town house, a country castle, a shooting lodge, and all those fine possessions that unlimited wealth can command. Yet there are some things that money will not buy : a clear conscience, for example, freedom from self-reproach after an evil deed. Nor did Betty's marriage bring her happiness ; millions were no set-off against the burthen of a sickly, querulous, old husband whom she had never loved, and whose fortune when it came to her at his death was but a poor compensation for years of wretchedness.

Hume had taken his disappointment greatly to heart. In a way he was a changed man. His faith in human nature was shipwrecked, and he cared little what happened to him. He retired from the Service. Nowadays he would have gone to Central

Africa, Uganda, the Niger, the Soudan, seeking an anodyne in hard knocks; but this was before such time, and for want of a better panacea he took to play. He began to gamble, not merely in the belief that to be crossed in love brings good luck, but because he found pleasure and distraction in the chances of the game. He tried speculation of all kinds; at cards, on the money market, the Turf. Not strangely, he burnt his fingers badly, and lost heavily all round. He was one of those "run in" by the police when they raided that notorious West End club, the Adventure, and found himself in the dock with many scions of our highest aristocracy; he was caught in a "slump" in copper, and the payment of his differences nearly landed him in Queer Street; he made several indifferent books on the great events, and was very hard hit when Centurion sold the gentlemen so badly on the Leger; he was "left," with many more, by the shameless "in and out" running of a certain sportsman's stable, which had ruined his backers and his own reputation.

They said that Hammer was pretty well at the end of his tether when a good old friend, knowing he was likely to get the "knock," gave him a tip that seemed likely, on the face of it, to restore his fortunes. Lord Weymouth was a pillar of the British Turf, upright, clean-handed, straight as a die. He betted very little himself, but when he knew of a really good thing he was no curmudgeon, and passed it on to one or two chosen intimates. In this way Hammer came to know quite early that the Silverdale colt would go very near winning the next Derby, and he got on at a highly profitable figure. He increased his venture as time passed,

and the colt's fine performances sent him well up in the betting. Within a few weeks of the race the horse became a hot favourite, and as near a "moral certainty" as anything can be counted in a game full of risks.

Hammer's luck, nevertheless, was dead against him. Here he had piled up so many long shots, that he stood well to win a "pot," an amount to put him altogether on his legs. All at once the colt broke down. It was an old story. A lot of careless picnicing 'Arries on the Downs hard by where Mr. Manver's string took their gallops, had thrown down an empty bottle, which broke, and a jagged, razor-edged fragment remained upright in the grass. A deep wound in the fetlock injured the Silverdale colt irretrievably, and he had to be scratched on the very eve of victory.

How did Hammer take it? Bravely, to all outward seeming, and yet it spelt ruin, absolute collapse. If he paid up—and indeed it was doubted whether he could meet all his engagements—there would not be enough left to keep him from the street. Some provision might perhaps be found for him—a vice-consulate at the back of beyond, a station-master's billet in Manitoba, or a police appointment at the Cape—but he did not cotton to exile, still less did he approve of the idea of starvation at home. There was only one way out of the dilemma he told himself, when the outlook was blackest. It was never more so than when he let himself into his lodgings one afternoon with his latchkey, and putting his hand into the pigeon hole over the hall table with the initial H., and appropriated to his use, he gathered together the letters lying waiting. He hurriedly looked through them, seeking one in

particular. This quickly caught his eye, and crushing the others into a side pocket, without further examination he tore open the one that so evidently deeply interested him.

It was a heavy parcel, and inside was a book—a betting book, and a written communication from his sporting commissioners conveying the news he so feverishly expected. It was ominous indeed.

“DEAR SIR,

“We have gone very carefully into your liabilities, and regret to find that the balance is heavily against you. The scratching of the Silverdale colt has made it impossible for you to retrieve your position by hedging, and the net result will be that you will have to produce a sum of £11,000 to meet your engagements.

“HALL & HORNSEA.”

“It’s just what I anticipated, only a little worse perhaps,” said Hammer Hume, as he went up to his rooms with a listless step and a hopeless weight on his heart. “Anyhow I’m broke, clean stoney broke, that is the long and short of it. Nothing can save me, short of a miracle. £11,000; I haven’t 11,000 pence. There is no way out of it but one—I’m not afraid of it; but it is a mean cowardly way, at best, Ralph Hume.”

He hurried upstairs to his little bachelor den, and walking straight to a cupboard took from it a flat polished case—an unmistakable revolver case, from which he extracted the weapon. It was a six-shooter, all the chambers loaded, as he verified easily, balancing the revolver in his hand long and thoughtfully—still talking to himself.

“A mean way, yes. The very

worst, because to give me present ease I shirk my responsibilities and entail loss on others for ever. I cannot settle now; that is clear. But why should I not do so by-and-bye, if I turn my hand to some honest business and earn enough to do it? At least I’ll stand the racket. I will not disgrace my name irretrievably.” And he tossed the revolver aside.

“Well said, Hammer Hume,” cried a woman in a voice full of emotion, who came from behind the curtains. “I should have stopped you, somehow, at any risk. But I am proud to think your better nature triumphed. Do you still refuse my aid?”

“I do not understand you, Lady Betty Tingcombe; nor why you are here!” said Hammer.

“You have had my letter? You did not come to me as I begged of you. So, so—I had still arguments as I thought, and I came here to use them. Will you not listen? Are you quite implacable, Ralph Hume?”

“Letter? Letter? I had none from you. What is this?”

He had put his hand almost mechanically into his pocket, and drew forth another letter, one that he had overlooked. It was in the familiar, once-loved hand, and again as of old his heart thrilled with emotion, when he looked upon her writing, or upon anything that belonged to her, or came from her.

“May I read it?”

It was brief and to the point.

“Is this really true,” asked Lady Betty, “that you are all but ruined, that—Ralph, darling Ralph, will you not in your sore need let me try to make amends and help you now? I am yours now, as I have always been. Will you not forget and forgive, and take me back into your heart?”

May I not be permitted to bring back a little brightness into your life after all you have suffered—mainly at my hands? All I possess, my poor self included, is entirely yours whenever you choose to claim it.

“BETTY.

“I shall be at home all the afternoon. Come and give me your answer in person.”

“I waited,” now said Lady Betty Tingcombe, “and as time passed and you did not appear I blamed myself for being so bold.

And yet I could not think you had received my letter, and that you would turn your back on me—so I came humbly, hopefully here. I have ventured thus far, and it will prove to you that I am in earnest. What is your answer?”

Hammer Hume put out his hands and took Lady Betty's into his without another word.

“I will never make another bet, dear, and if you will take me now at the eleventh hour, I will try to prove myself worthy of your great kindness.”

A 12th of August in the Irish Midlands.

A FEW ominous drops of rain which showed themselves on the handlebar of the bicycle made one fear that the first day of the grouse would not be a favourable one. How often has it happened in this part of the world that the 12th has turned out a soaking wet day, and all the expected enjoyment dashed in a moment! Some of your readers will wonder at the bicycle being used as a means of conveyance when going to shoot grouse, and will want to know where the guns, cartridges, dogs, the lunch, and other paraphernalia inseparably connected with shooting have got to! This is easily explained; the keeper, with his assistant, a sharp, though somewhat lazy boy, has arranged all these matters beforehand, and has started in good time with the game cart and all the accessories stowed carefully therein. To me it always seems that it is not merely the actual day's shooting which is enjoyable, but the preparations beforehand have their attractions, and so many matters

have to be discussed, whereabouts the keeper is to be met, which end of the bog is the most likely to begin on in view of the generally prevailing wind at this time of year—south-west, and often laden with rain—which of the dogs ought to be used first, and which of them kept up for the afternoon. All these, and innumerable other small details, every shooting man who is a sportsman at heart will sympathise with, and take an interest in.

But to go back to the writer, whom we left on his bicycle, steadily making his way along the ten miles of road which separate him from his shooting ground—often and often have I wished that this was shorter. There is something peculiarly attractive in having a big bog near one's residence, from a sporting point of view it always must afford opportunities: it is easier to preserve, and that curse to shooting in Ireland, the poacher, does not dare to show himself when the keeper is, or may be, at any

moment "near handy." And is there not something bracing, something healthy, in having a big stretch of bog close to one's doors? To many it may seem a dreary waste, but to me, and to others I feel sure, who know Ireland well, it has its good points and its attractive features; there is always some wild life to be found on it; even in the depths of winter do we not find numberless wild fowl and plover, together with plenty of snipe? Many places do I know in these Irish Midlands having these advantages, but in my own case the bicycle or dog cart, or some other means of conveyance (perhaps ere long it will be the motor car) must be brought into requisition to reach the desired place. In spite, then, of the drive or ride, however, perhaps I am more fortunate than one of my neighbours who, having a grouse shooting in the fastnesses of the Leitrim Mountains, is obliged to stay at a village for a night or two when the 12th comes round; the accommodation is not all that can be desired, judging by the fact that one of the guns forming the party last year, killed two and a half brace—not of grouse—but of a somewhat smaller type, an insect indigenous to Irish hotels, and this, as my friend said, on the night of the 11th, and without any license!

I remember once, with a party of shooters on a wet day, the sky covered with dismal clouds, waiting as we were, and bored to distraction, one of the party infused new life into the hearts of his friends by a brilliant suggestion that we should all go out to see if it was raining; an all too patent fact from the interior of our shelter—to such lengths are disappointed shooters driven! And now at last we commence, soon after ten o'clock, because

there is a great deal of ground to cover, and an early start is essential. The keeper and his satellite await us at the place arranged, and after a few preliminary regulations the three guns get on the move. How is it that in Ireland so often the local wit attaches himself to a party of shooters, or at any rate some man or boy is sure to drift in during the day and walk the bog with one? If the shooting is good no exception is taken to this, but if bad, or if the dogs are wild, and sport indifferent, even the most complacent amongst us is inclined to be "brittle" in the temper, and to anathematise these volunteers. Discussions on grammar would seem out of place on such occasions, but when one of these was asked to what part of speech the word "not" belonged, the ready answer came, "an eggative adverb."

In spite, then, of the rain which had threatened, the day gradually cleared up, and remained fine and warm throughout.

The first dogs to get to work are a pair of steady old Pointers, "Spot," and a younger one, "Grouse" by name. Some of your readers would suppose that on a bog Irish Setters should be used, but after many years' experience I candidly confess that, as a rule, they are too wild for the purpose, unless exceptionally well trained, and how seldom is this the case! There always seems to me the danger of ranging too far, and do not all of us know how terribly aggravating it is to see birds, by no means too plentiful, put up well out of shot? For choice, therefore, where birds are not too numerous, Pointers are, on the whole, safest. But there is "Spot" come to a set, and how pretty to see "Grouse" backing, and how it makes one's heart beat

to walk rapidly up to them! The next moment up gets a covey of eight or nine birds, three of which are accounted for by the four barrels fired at them, and we enjoy the proud feeling that the first grouse of the year has been bagged! One of the volunteers who was close by was exuberant in his praise, saying, "Why Mr. — could put a shot through the eye of a needle!"

A long interval now before "Spot" comes to a standstill again, and many of your readers may know what trudging an Irish bog, and a wet one too, on a hot August day means; there is no harder test of the fitness of a man, and those amongst shooters who have been living too well, and are in bad training, will soon be brought to a stop. The writer has seen Englishmen and Scotchmen tired out, and almost unable to move, although well able to do a long day's work at home; and so it seems as if the power of tramping over a bog must be inherent in the Irish nature.

When lunch hour comes round the three guns have accounted for a fair share of game, and, together with the keeper, and no less than three volunteers, are very glad to see the signs of refreshment, and not less because several ladies of the house party have come out to minister to the creature comforts of the sportsmen. One of the drawbacks to shooting on Irish bogs as contrasted with a moor in Scotland, is the want of drinking water; there are no burns at every few yards, giving a grand supply of what is so often wanted.

Our facetious companion, after a nip from more than one flask offered to him, becomes loquacious, and tells of his exploits with poachers, and the experiences he has had when trying

to safeguard "Your Honours'" interests.

One expression he made use of was quite unknown to all of us, *i.e.*, the "Skyline boys," and until he explained that by these he meant the men who, on a shooting day, may be seen at times standing right away on the skyline, perhaps at the far mearing or march of the estate, either as lookers-on or watching for a chance at a driven bird, none of us could understand it. When referring to a murder or rather manslaughter case which had occurred lately in the mountainous district of the county, the prisoner having been tried and lightly sentenced at the Assizes, our friend said, "And he only got twelve months for it? Why, I know a dozen men that I would be willing to serve that length of time for." There is nothing like shooting for bringing one amongst strange companions. The writer was amused at an incident during a grouse drive some short time ago; the birds were coming across the road, and a farmer who was busy filling his crate cart with turf on the roadside, thereby being in a position to scare the birds, was at once assisted to get his load filled, and started away by an ex-High Sheriff, and ex-A.D.C. to a Colonial Governor, who happened to be the nearest gun, and right well he did his work too.

On seeing one of the guns (a big man) take a "baby" soda and a little whisky at his lunch, our volunteer said, "What good is that in such a great big wilderness of a man?"

As an example of delicate Irish satire, let me quote his criticism of a dog. "That pointer," said he, "was a well-bred one *long ago*."

He detailed to us how, on a famous occasion, he had fairly scored off the shooters (who, tired

after a hard and hot walk, had taken a few moments' sleep under the shelter of the turf bank) by opening and drinking the three last bottles of soda which had been carefully reserved by them for their evening's refreshment. Even the sound of the corks going off did not arouse them from their dreams.

And now we make ready to start again for three or four hours' more tramp on the bog, the ladies having kindly volunteered to see the *débris* of the lunch disposed of, which the car boy (a man of about sixty, who has been known on occasions to get "speechless," but never when driving ladies) will easily succeed in doing, and also attend to the packing, &c.

Very soon the gun on the left gets two birds—one with each barrel, although they rose "contrairey," *i.e.*, to the right hand. Our casual friend, in ecstasies at witnessing such prowess, says, "That whips them now of all the work ever I seen in hill or hollow." By degrees the afternoon grows cooler, a pleasant change for all of us, and as often happens towards evening, the stock of birds seems to increase, and we got some nice sport, varied, because it consists of snipe, grouse, hares, some wild fowl and plover. By the time we reach the farmer's house in the evening, where we change our things and are refreshed by some excellent tea, we consider that we have had a really nice day, even if our total bag does not tot up to over thirty-two head, yet we are satisfied, and after all is not this the great test?

The great curse in Ireland is the poacher, one who shoots and traps all for the benefit of his pocket, and who has no idea of sport.

"'Tis impossible hard to nail sich a poacher," was the pithy reference made by our friend, as we started for our drive home. And this aptly illustrates the difficulties which game preservers in this country have to contend with.

Not perhaps so impossible to "nail" the man, as, when caught, to get a conviction; no one will voluntarily give evidence; no farmer, no matter how pleased he may be to welcome his landlord out shooting, or how delighted to see the "quality" come for lunch (which in most cases, except where the blight of the agitator has struck deep, is generally the case), will take upon himself the odium incurred by appearing before a Court to give evidence. It is this sad want of moral courage on the part of the occupiers that is the greatest bar to successful game preserving in Ireland, and yet is it not a short-sighted policy? Would not the country as a whole be the richer, the temperament of the people the healthier and brighter if, as in Scotland, the country was looked upon by strangers as well as resident sportsmen, as a field for their sporting proclivities, and for spending their spare cash? Perhaps, fostered by the Game Protection Association, and by those interested in the tourist development of Ireland, a brighter day may be in store for those who, in fair weather or foul, are always ready, and always love to spend an August day on an Irish Bog, returning home each time more than ever filled with the conviction that a healthier or more enjoyable employment, when a fair share of sport offers, cannot be experienced.

J. MACKAY WILSON.

A Century's Coach-building.

AT a time when the attention of the whole country is arrested by the varied forms of locomotion that seem daily to be developed, it may not be altogether out of place to offer a few remarks upon a beautiful and useful art. Of the new discovery whereby oil and electricity are to take the place of horses, and this not upon rails constructed exclusively for them, but on the ordinary lanes and highways, we can say but little. The idea is, of course, only in its infancy, but the fact that the difficulty of guidance seems in a great measure to have been overcome, must make sanguine the experts and developers of the work. None but these are, I think, competent to pronounce upon the possibilities or the future completeness of the new vehicle; it is perhaps our part to call attention to another branch, and a by no means unimportant factor in the new trade which must hope to follow.

In the pictures already submitted to the public of these motor carriages, the types of conveyance are many and various; there are the waggonette, the omnibus, the phaeton of various kinds; and it is not difficult to predict that any sort of known carriage will be capable of being so fitted. But it is here that we, the lovers of the road, would ask to be allowed to express, if not advice, at any rate our opinion. The drawings present the types of the vehicles, but the carriages are not those of the coach-builder. They lack the elegance, the fine lines, the classic style, the finish: in a word they are crude and undeveloped. Before the motor can be altogether a success, be the mechanism ever so perfect, the

carriage upon it must be, as ever, the work of a master in his craft. It is this fact, so apt to be overlooked in the craze for a new invention, that we think should claim our comment at such a critical stage in its career. We would desire to put on record the necessity that if motor locomotion be generally adopted the beautiful art of coach-building should in nowise suffer.

But let us leave the new invention and say a word about carriages generally. Coach-building would seem ever to have been a beautiful and dainty art, but as the great roads began to grow and multiply at the beginning of the present century it came to the front with rapidity. Then as "the Road" becomes almost a national pastime, we see the style, the strength, the lightness, which in the mail coach has never been excelled. Slight improvements there have, of course, been from time to time, but the model is still there, never displaced, standing as it were a monument of strength, and speed and smartness.

The improvements in the art of coach-building would seem to have had their first impetus in the numerous forms of carriage which in the earlier decade of this century sprang suddenly into life. Developed from the ponderous state coaches of the last century there came the town coach and the chariot, each with its hammer-cloth and cee-springs, the latter finding its commonplace counterpart in the post-chaise once so universal on the road; then a little later came the barouche, the clarence, and last of closed carriages, the brougham, now fined down into such a model of smart-

ness that its progenitors could scarcely acknowledge the family likeness. The landau should not be forgotten in this enumeration it is undoubtedly the most useful of all carriages for the country, and in it more perhaps than in any other, except the beautiful victoria, has the fashion of turning the round into the square and again the square into the round, been thoroughly exemplified. The canoe-shape is unquestionably the most elegant and probably the most comfortable. The victoria, following on the cab-phaeton, is of all carriages the most popular; whether of the severe square cut or of the classic sweep with cee-springs, it is in all respects worthy of its great and honoured name.

Remarkable among carriage fashions is the recent alteration of the victoria; when it first came in some five-and-twenty years ago, one of its chief characteristics, in contra-distinction to the cab-phaeton, was the angularity of its shape, and indeed so rigid did this at last become, that the grace and beauty of real carriage lines seemed in danger of being lost in the skeleton form it had begun to assume. Now all this is rapidly changing; it began with a slight return to the old "chair back," and though this is still seen, the pronounced fashion is now the thick, and we may almost say clumsy, body of the phaeton of the French Empire. Colour, too, is not to be unnoticed; there was a time when a carriage could not be too plain and dark, and indeed it had seemed as if it was all painted the same shade. Now, however, the brilliant yellow and canary are re-appearing on the old-fashioned bodies, though the old French delicate drab lining is as yet rare. I am inclined to approve

of this development, provided it go not to extremes; the fuller body, following the lines of the old Roman chariot, is undoubtedly noble and graceful, but when robbed of its sweep, as is sometimes now the case, and its curve accentuated almost to a crescent, it may assume a form not far short of grotesque. It is in this, as in all else, that extremes should be avoided.

I cannot but welcome this new departure for another reason. This was undoubtedly the carriage built first of all without a box, to be used as a ladies' dress carriage and driven by a postilion, and I am not without the hope that this revival will be the means of bringing in once more this most elegant and finished form of charioteering. Unquestionably for a smart woman who does not drive herself, the postilion carriage is by far the most stylish. The graceful and well-hung body, the easy cee-springs, the ample leather dash, the accurately trotting and well-matched horses, and the faultlessly turned-out post-boy, go far to make a perfect equipage.

In the matter of utility, certainly for country use, comes the waggonette, invented about 1860. It is difficult to make these pretty, but undoubtedly they have been improved almost to a pitch of nativeness, and when well set up, and with an upstanding pair of horses, they will hold their own on a country road.

From the mail coach was evolved the mail phaeton, by far the most perfect pair-horse carriage for a man's own driving; for the park, for town, and above all for a driving tour, it has never been equalled. But it must be a real one; it must have the mail springs, the perch, the hind boot shaped like that of a coach, the

mail lamps and the "whip springs"; if it can have the old "chair" or "britzka" back so much the more perfect will it be.

And what of two-wheeled carriages? There were phaetons in the last century, but it must have been with the classic curricule that the taste for elegant two-wheeled carriages came in; rare are these now, if not altogether gone. Some of us must remember Mr. Tolle-mache's curricule with the high-stepping chesnuts and the silver bar over their backs, only a survival then of a long departed fashion.

A carriage which came into vogue, I think, with Count d'Orsay, and of which, even now, one at least is generally seen in a season, was the cabriolet, by far the daintiest and most elegant town carriage that has ever been known. That these have almost entirely disappeared is to me a matter of marvel; the classic sweep of the body, the easy and graceful swing of the cee-springs, the high-stepping horse with his back bending like whalebone, the head half up, the little "tiger" on the spring-board behind, his hat put on to a hair's-breadth, and his boots and breeches fitting to perfection, made up an equipage of indescribable charm.

Few young women would be found to scorn the offer of a drive in such a stylish vehicle as this; apart from its own appearance, the head half thrown back forms the most becoming background, and to those of shapely figure and neat ankles, to say nothing of high boots, the piquant possibilities were undeniably attractive. It is not easy to believe that the cabriolet has gone for ever, and though season after season we may look in vain for

its resuscitation, I believe the whirligig of time will bring it in again.

It was but last season I saw a well-known leader of fashion driving herself in a high "buggy" with her groom beside her, and I could not help feeling how much better she would like a real cabriolet, did she only try one. It would certainly be a striking fashion to set.

That the times have changed is an undoubted fact. The fashionable hours of the park are known no more; the craze for new things, the scorn of many old ones, must perforce occupy the minds of men and women a little longer; no more do we see the smart riding habits with the tall hats of, say at least, 1880, but for all the boots are smarter and the skirts shorter, the ugly and coat-shaped habits will easily degenerate into dowdiness and clumsiness. The liveries are suggestive of the "Stores" and the horses of the job-master; hard times have fostered cheap imitations, and we may almost cry with Macbeth, "Nothing is but what is not."

But we have strayed a little from our subject. Other two-wheeled carriages besides the "cab" have come to us in the present century. The high break-neck phaetons of which the prints of Georgian times are with us still, some elegant and some almost over-balanced in their height, have passed into the tilbury, the gig, and the dog-cart, with their latter-day developments of the "buggy," the car, and the pony-cart. In many of these lightness and smartness rule, but they are carriages essentially for the country and not for town.

Among the lighter vehicles on four wheels which seem to have reached their acme of perfection, must be placed the four-wheeled

dog-cart, the stanhope, and the lady's driving phaeton, the last of these brought to the greatest perfection probably but a few years since; it is now set higher, and with the wheels closer, without losing its graceful body or its highly feminine cachet, and it is a matter of regret that so ladylike a carriage and one so eminently suitable for town driving, has been put aside too often for the buggy, which is sometimes but one remove from the tradesman's cart. The servant, boy or man, does not look well beside his master or mistress, but to see him nearly doubled up at the

back of a small dog-cart produces an effect which it is impossible to describe.

Perhaps, after all, the happiest development of the old-fashioned handsome carriage into the very smart modern one is found in the translation of the massive chariot into the single-seated cee-spring brougham; and with the hope that this neatest and most elegant of *fin-de-siècle* vehicles may never be displaced from its well-earned favour, I will take leave of a subject which, to its lovers and patrons, would seem to be of never-ending interest.

JOHN BLUETT.

Peterborough.

WEATHER of the most glorious description favoured Peterborough this year, the popular show taking place on Tuesday, July 4th, and the two following days, under the Presidency of Sir Gilbert Greenall, the Master of the Belvoir Hounds. Some of the best known Show hunters and harness horses had gone to Edinburgh, which was rather a relief than otherwise, and as it was we had several horses which had been seen out at Wembley Park, Windsor, the Crystal Palace, and Richmond; but thanks to the fact that one set of judges reverse the findings of another set there is always an element of novelty about Horse Shows, even when the same animals appear. Both the brood mare classes at Peterborough were far in advance, as regards numbers and quality, of those at the Royal, and there were some more than useful matrons in the class for mares between 12st. and 14st. It was pretty well impossible for the judges to get away from the power and quality of Mr.

Wilkinson's Lady Grosvenor, but we should very much have liked to see Mr. Custrance's thoroughbred mare Silver Roan, by Philammon, in the prize list. This mare runs back to Rapid Rhone and Voltigeur; speaking by the eye she must have eight inches or eight inches and a half of bone below the knee, and mated with a strong horse (her foal is by Grammont) she ought to breed a good hunter. Mr. Cory's Circus Girl made a very good second, but we certainly were sorry for Silver Roan's absence.

In the weight-carrying class it must have been rather a near thing between Mr. Graham Cooper's Blue Blood, by Blood Royal, and Mr. Swallow's Beatrice, by Horizon. It is true that they are mares of a different stamp, and no one could say that the judges were wrong in preferring Beatrice, a mare of immense power. She, by the way, carried Will Dale for four seasons when he was huntsman to Lord Yarborough, so if

her hunting ability be hereditary her stock ought to do well. The foals and the other young hunters were, with the exception of the two-year-olds (which were poor), just about up to the average, but so far as one could see there was nothing of extraordinary merit, though Mr. Bradley's three-year-old filly Roseberry, by Downy Bird, which gained the Hunters' Improvement Society's medal, though not in the prize list in her class, must be regarded as a very promising brood mare.

In the weight-carrying class up to not less than 15 stone, several well-known hunters came before the judges—Mr. P. A. Muntz and Mr. T. H. Hutchinson. A big bay horse of Mr. Stokes's, which came to Wembley Park without a name, but was afterwards called Delay, now figured as Flyer, and he gained first prize. He once belonged to Mr. Muntz, who is said to have regarded him as one of the best hunters he ever rode. He is certainly a big strong horse and moved freely. Those who came next to him were Sir Humphrey de Trafford's The Peer and Mr. Stokes's great chestnut Sandow, who the other day gained champion honours at a show. Mr. John's horses were among those which had gone to Edinburgh, otherwise it is just possible that we might have seen, in the light-weight class, one of his and Mr. Arthur Brocklehurst's Sir Richard, by Merry Go Round—Wishful Jane, by Wisdom, in competition. He is a beautiful blood horse with splendid shoulders, and the best galloper seen in the ring for a very long time, while as Mr. Brocklehurst himself was in the saddle it is needless to say that that consummate horseman and once well-known steeplechase rider handled him so as to do him full justice. Sir Richard, of course, won in the

medium weight class for horses up to between 13½st. and 15st., and was afterwards awarded championship honours, while in the light weight class and the class for four-year-olds Mr. Stokes was successful with Gold Flake, a very nicely turned horse by Warpath.

As the great Hackney breeding places are within easy distance of Peterborough one always expects to see a good show of Hackneys, and no one was disappointed, though some of the classes were not very strong in point of numbers. The one class for polo ponies attracted but five entries, and of these the Messrs. Grainger's Serf Belle was put first, she also receiving the Polo Pony Society's gold medal. The harness classes presented no particular features. Mr. Mosley's well-known roan Amaze-ment and the same owner's Country Gentleman won in their respective classes, while Country Gentleman and County Gentleman were first in tandems. The ponies were pretty strong, in fact the growth of these classes sufficiently indicates how much ponies are growing in popular estimation. The bulk of them, however, were decidedly harness ponies, there being very few which fulfilled all the requirements for riding purposes.

Wednesday, the second day of the Show, saw the place alive with Masters of Hounds, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and very uncomfortable the latter appeared in their scarlet coats, breeches and boots. It was a day when flannels and straw hats were the most comfortable wear, and one could not help pitying the wearers of that dress of which most of us are so fond. It is just forty years ago since Mr. Thomas Parrington organised the Hound Show at Redcar, of which "The Druid" has given such a graphic description. Five years ago Mr. Par-

rington was present at Peterborough, when he was President, and on that occasion presented the Cup for the best three couples of dog-hounds. This year he was again present, while another old Master of Hounds was Colonel Anstruther Thomson, as upright as a dart, and apparently as keen on hunting as the day on which he rode the Waterloo run, and turned up in the ballroom late at night.

Among the goodly company present were Earl Bathurst, the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Enniskillen, Lord Chesham, Lord Lonsdale, the Hon. C. Brand, Sir Gilbert Greenall, Major Aikman, Mr. T. Merthyr Guest, Mr. Whar-ton, Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Rawnsley, the Hon. G. C. Fitzwilliam, Mr. C. B. E. Wright, Col. Jago, Capt. Kemble, R.N., Mr. Heywood Lonsdale, Sir H. H. Langham, Mr. John Watson, Mr. Coryton, Mr. Preston, Mr. F. Ames, Mr. W. H. Dunn, Mr. G. P. E. Evans, Mr. Fernie, Mr. John Hargreaves, Mr. T. B. Miller, Mr. J. Ashton Radcliffe, Mr. J. R. Rawlence, Mr. F. W. Slingsby, Mr. C. W. Wicksted, Mr. Selby Lowndes, &c.

It frequently falls to the lot of some particular pack to take the lion's share of the prizes, and of recent years it has been the Warwickshire which—under the able guidance of Lord Willoughby de Broke, now unhappily in bad health—has figured so prominently, but on this occasion it was the Duke of Beaufort's pack which carried nearly everything before it, Will Dale's coat telling of no fewer than seven first prizes, while to that worthy huntsman accrued the useful sum of something like twenty-three sovereigns. The dog hounds which brought success to the Badminton were among those purchased by the Duke of Beaufort from Mr. Austin

Mackenzie when he decided to give up the Woodland Pytchley country, which he has hunted with such signal success, while the bitches went to Mr. Wroughton, of the Pytchley. Mr. Mackenzie was a singularly successful and painstaking hound breeder, and managed, as soon as he first made his bow as a Master of Foxhounds, to get together a really splendid pack. Mr. Mackenzie himself has shown at Peterborough, where his hounds were always greatly admired, and those which have passed to the Badminton Kennels as seen at Peterborough were certainly models of what foxhounds should be.

It would perhaps be difficult to find two better couples of entered hounds than Victor, Raglan, Ringwood, and Woldsman, all by Belvoir sires, and they gained first prize from the Pytchley representatives, these being Potentate, Marksman, Miner, and Pageant, the first-named of the four being also by a Belvoir hound—Gordon, the dam being the Oakley Dancer, a strain much appreciated in other kennels besides. Mr. Mackenzie's judgment in breeding was again shown when Vaulter, by the Belvoir Vaulter, out of Mr. Mackenzie's Lightning, won the prize for stallion hounds for the Duke of Beaufort. He has all the strength and substance one looks for in a stallion hound, while his feet are as close and as round as anyone could wish to see, and his shoulders are quite irreproachable. The Pytchley Potentate came next to him, and it is doing Mr. Wroughton's hound no injustice to say that the verdict could not have been reversed. There were some other very well shaped hounds, notably the North Cotswold's Paleface and the Ledbury Comet,

but they had hardly bone enough to please the judges.

The third of the Badminton victories was in the three couple class, when in addition to the winning couple mentioned above, Valiant and Spartan were added, making up three couples which would be hard to beat. It was encouraging to see so many Masters coming from a distance, the Scottish packs including the Dumfriesshire and the Lanark and Renfrewshire, while the Ledbury, both divisions of the V.W.H., the Pytchley, the Warwickshire, the Woodland Pytchley, the Oakley, and the Brocklesby were among the twenty-one packs represented, the number being the same as last year, though not quite so many couples were found in the yard. The unentered hounds made up a very good class numerically, no fewer than nine packs entering, but the majority of critics thought the quality was hardly up to the usual standard. Mr. Butt Miller's and the Lanark and Renfrewshire's were the two who had to fight out the issue for the first prize, and the judges—Lord Enniskillen and Mr. Austin MacKenzie—gave preference to the Scottish pack, who were by the Belvoir Resolute, a hound regarded as certainly one of the best Gillard ever had. He stood, however, a little over at the knees, and Rival, one of the Lanark and Renfrewshire, does the same, but that was no drawback in the eyes of the judges. His partner was Resolute, while the V.W.H. couple were Hercules and Haughty, the former by Pytchley Potentate, the latter by Warwickshire Hermit. Pytchley Marquis carried off the prize for the best single unentered hound, and if his companion, Monarch, had been as good as he they might have won. All the same,

there were some people who would not care particularly about Marquis's feet; many thought them just a trifle open, but as they passed the judges there could not have been much the matter with them.

The judges for the bitches were Mr. Cecil Legard (the Editor of the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book) and Mr. John Williams, and in the first class that came before them—the unentered bitches—thirteen packs competed. The Badminton again came to the fore with their home-bred Rapture and Lusty, who had excellent feet, shoulders, and loins, and were about as smart a couple as one is likely to see at the covert side. Rapture then took the prize for the best single hound, but when the two couples of entered hounds came in success lay with the Warwickshire, whose Tragedy, Foresail, Heiress, and Timorous left nothing to be desired. The second prize went to Mr. Wroughton's (the Woodland Pytchley) Daylight, Delta, Wildfire and Trusty. Sentiment, from the Warwickshire kennels, was the best of the brood bitches, while Rapture scored another success for the Duke of Beaufort, as the best unentered bitch coming from a pack which had not won a first prize at Peterborough for three years, and some idea of her quality may be gained from the fact that she was afterwards chosen as the best bitch in the Show. The Warwickshire won the three-couple prize, which they have taken so often. The judging lasted till pretty late in the afternoon, for the merits of some of the candidates were so evenly balanced that it was difficult to give precedence to one over another.

The Harriers and Beagles were judged on Wednesday, when there was quite a long catalogue, Mr.

Wharton and Mr. Barthropp taking the Harriers, and Mr. Rowland Hunt, one of the masters of the Shropshire, and Mr. Faber judging the Beagles. Save for one or two specimens this was really another Foxhound Show, for all the best and the straightest specimens were nothing more than dwarf foxhounds. There were, of course, some exceptions, and notably one of the Boddington, of which Mr. Gibbons is master. It was a little blue ticked hound, and Mr. Gibbons stated that there was not one drop of foxhound blood in him. The most successful packs were Major Aikman's, Mrs. Pryce Rice's, the Bentley, and Mr. Quare's, the former having a particularly strong kennel from which to choose. The Aspull and the

Hamilton also showed some nice hounds, as also did Lord Hope-toun. The Harriers, of course, as usual, were shown according to size, from sixteen to nineteen inches being the one limit, and from nineteen to twenty-one inches the other, while in two classes they were not to exceed twenty-two inches, that being enough for a harrier in all conscience.

There was a very fair display of Beagles, but they, like the Harriers, are being altered in character. They, too, are getting something of the foxhound head, and in the main are growing more like harriers, just as the latter have all the appearance of foxhounds, which indeed they are, though with perhaps one exception, all the harriers shown were bred at harrier kennels.

The Poisoning of Vermin and its Results.

It would be well indeed if all householders and all sportsmen were to make it a law, so far as their servants are concerned, that no poison should be used in or about their premises for any purpose whatever without their employers' express consent. In so speaking one is of course quite aware that several substances in common use might be pointed at which would infringe the suggested regulation. Oxalic acid, for instance, enters largely into top-boot liquids, and there are substances which are at least deleterious to health, if not quick poisons. We all know what a favourite black antimony is with grooms, who use it for the purpose of giving horses under their charge a glossy coat, but the stableman not being a trained chemist, frequently goes upon the plan that the more you give the

greater the gloss, with the result that some of the horses in his care fall victims to the poison. Criticism may at this point be disarmed by admitting that the Poisons' Act can in spirit be at least easily violated, for there is nothing to stop man, woman or child from going to buy carbolic acid at an oil shop; but without going into the law of poisons in detail, it is sufficient to express a hope that a sportsman will, as far as possible, strictly forbid the use of poisons.

A very sad case, which forms the basis of these remarks, happened not long ago on the Debden Hall estate. It would appear that rats had made an onslaught among some young pheasants, so the head-keeper determined to poison them, and as they carried on their depredations in the open it is perfectly obvious that laying

the poison in any drain or house would have been of no use. The keeper, therefore, purchased a quantity of strychnine, which he kept on a shelf in a hut which adjoined the ground on which the young pheasants were reared. The under-keeper had some of the poison served out to him for the purpose of rat-killing, and to assist him in various duties was a lad of about fourteen years of age, who had access to the hut and knew where the strychnine was kept. For some reason or other, which we shall never know, the lad one day called to the under-keeper and informed him that he had taken some of the poison. He had put some of the strychnine in water and had drunk it. Whether he knew that he was taking poison, or whether he was merely trying an experiment, or whether a lad of his tender years contemplated suicide does not appear to be known. The under-keeper and his chief did all that they could in the way of first-aid to administer an emetic, but owing to the quantity of poison swallowed their efforts were of no avail, and the case, which was hopeless from the first, ended fatally, a result which will necessarily cast a shadow of sadness over the next season's shooting. The suggestion at the inquest was that the boy thought he would test the poison for what was grimly designated as "fun." There was no suggestion of any harsh treatment on the part of the keepers; it was not even hinted that the boy was not perfectly in his right mind; on the contrary, he appears to have been an active country lad, who took rather more delight than usual in the duties he was called upon to perform.

As most householders know, they are perfectly at liberty to

lay rat-poison in their houses, at the mouths of drains and sculleries where the rats come for water, under the slates, or in fact, anywhere inside the place, out of reach of dogs and cats, but as was said before, it is clear that this permission would not have availed in the present case, as the rats were out of doors. Without full knowledge of the facts, we must not of course venture to hint that the keepers elected to lay the poison in the rat runs which led to and from the coops, but the fact remains that if they did they would be acting illegally. That, however, is a matter of no consequence, because even if the law were infringed, it need not necessarily have led to the boy's death, and the mere fact of the poison being kept in the hut is also of no moment, because had it been kept in the house it might equally have been taken by him or some other boy, or by any domestic servant.

In well-conducted chemists' shops there is usually a poison cupboard, or some special part of the dispensary set apart for the reception of poisons, while in more than one establishment the poison cupboard is acted upon by an electric bell, so that no assistant can take any poison without the bell informing the whole establishment of the fact. In face, therefore, of the extreme care taken by chemists in the use of poisons, it does appear rash in the extreme that the gamekeeper should have at his disposal so deadly a poison as strychnine, which could easily be taken by anybody who knew where it was kept. Vermin, one knows, are a great plague to many country houses, and it is frequently necessary to use poison to exterminate them, but certainly no *employé* should be permitted to go to a

shop and lay in what store he pleased in order to bring about the desired results, for having obtained it for one purpose, it would be a very easy step to use it, and often with disastrous consequences, against what he considered the enemies of his master's game out of doors.

Scarcely a season passes but hounds fall victims to strychnine or arsenic. In their over-zeal to do away with every foe to fur and feather, keepers are in the habit of surreptitiously laying poisoned meat about the place, and some of the best hounds in England have fallen a victim to this pernicious practice. It was only at the close of last season that a couple of hounds belonging to the Old Berkeley West met their death through taking strychnine, and within a very few days several vixen foxes were picked up dead in the same district, apparently from the same cause. At the first blush it is commonly thought that the poison has been laid for the express purpose of killing hounds, and in the first place inquiries are made concerning the movements of certain loafers or others who may have been heard to express opinions antagonistic to fox-hunting; but when the matter comes to be sifted it is more often than not discovered that the poison has been laid not to kill foxes or hounds, but simply vermin in shooting preserves. This, therefore, shows how inexpedient it is that even the most trusted keeper should be allowed to have poison in his possession for any purpose whatever.

The same remark applies to stablemen, because in nineteen cases out of twenty every person about the premises has access to it, and the fatal results which happened to the lad on the Debden Hall estate may easily overtake

anyone else. Heretofore disinfecting fluids have been mistaken for fluid magnesia, while the mistaking of one bottle for another has caused many fatalities, and narrow escapes innumerable. It must, of course, be admitted that it is by no means an easy task to get gamekeepers and stablemen to obey the directions given. For them the possession of poison appears to have some extraordinary charm, but it is a weakness which all employers of labour should do their best to sternly root out. Nor must it be forgotten that many a murder has been committed by the administration of poison which would never have been dreamed of had not the drug been bought for other purposes and been found ready to hand.

That poison is frequently laid in the open to protect young birds is a fact so well known that no attempt need be made to emphasise it, but it would be well if the rigours of the law were fully exercised in every case which could be detected. The last thing that the keepers in the case above mentioned dreamed about was probably that anyone should suffer, yet an inquisitive boy found no difficulty in giving himself a dose which proved fatal. That is, of course, the worst side of the matter, that human beings should suffer, but the practice of laying poison is undoubtedly too common. Foxhounds, foxes, sporting dogs, and even trespassing dogs frequently meet their death by eating poisoned flesh, and all sporting men owe it to themselves as well as to their neighbours to do all that in them lies to prevent their servants from making secret use of any poisonous drug for what they may rightly or wrongly conceive to be their masters' interests.

Shades of Henley.

A REVERIE BY AN OLD OARSMAN.

LIKE as the midnight Hellene wanderer on plains of Marathon was wont to hear the clash of ghostly arms, blended with wraith-sung war-cries, so on Henley Bridge, in a solitude of midsummer moonlight, may a flood of recollections thrill the fancy of one who, more than a generation ago, accepted his *rudis*. They call up dream-pictures of *thranitai* of the past, of brethren of the oar who now survive only in well cherished memories.

As the senses are lulled to the spell, the moonbeams seem to dilate to a sunlight of quondam genial Junes; and the chill north breeze to warm to a tropical heat, such as of Henley, 1859. The last lights die out of Leander and Red Lion windows, and gradually long-lost pictures fill the reach below.

The old and vanished Lombardy poplars, that the "Visitors' Cup" depicts in silver for posterity, sway once more in sunlight, and sunbeams dance on ripples at the Point. From the reach below there sweeps round the corner and up to the old winning post, a dream-land procession of the past.

At head of the ghostly line comes Tom Staniforth, stroking the first winners of a University match (1829), and with him—some as colleagues, some as rivals of the day—Wordsworth and Selwyn, of the subsequent episcopate, and Merivale, Freemantle, and Garnier, deans in the then future. Then an interval, and see Leander with Bishop Pelham toiling for Oxford in their wake (1831). Behind them Queen's College, Oxon, defeating St. John's, Cambridge (1838), and

then arrive the spirits of Henley Regatta itself, vision upon vision, line upon line.

"Beauty Brett" (Lord Esher) and George Denman in victorious Cantab crews, (robed in flannels, not in ermine) and Shadwell and Egan as rival dark and light blue *Palinuri*. Then George Hughes and his immortal "seven-oar" (1843), three of them shades, and four still hale in the flesh. The murdered and *unavenged* Bagshawe, stalwart at Putney but never starting at Henley, cheering the efforts of Cantab colleagues that are handicapped by the station in 1849. Then Joe Chitty (Lord Justice), stroking Oxonians in early fifties, and Philip Nind, perfection of style, in the same decade. "Argonauts" then appear, and their later development, "London." The "iron soul" of Herbert Playford (as Egan penned it), struggling against sunstroke in the Diamonds; or he with Casamajor—the invincible sculler—leading London to victory, and simultaneously the standard "war shriek" of Casamajor echoing to call a spurt to capture some opponent's water. The huge George Morrison, winning a Ladies' Plate for Balliol in 1858, or losing a Grand the next year. "Bob" Risley, stroking in turn losing and winning crews for the Grand; A. P. Lonsdale, with the Head of Eton for partner, *facile principes* in pair-oars of their day. "Jack" Hall (Cantab) stealing the Grand with a spurt *sui generis*, 1858; Weldon Champneys, of Brasenose; and George Cardale leading Kingston for their first win of the Grand in 1864.

Then follows a "record breaking" Third Trinty four: only thirty-four years past, and yet, alas! the two forward oars, John Chambers and Billy Selwyn—second generation of family episcopacy—are shades and not substance. So is J. H. D. Goldie, stroking the first winning Grand of revived Leander (1875), and Jack Dale, contemporary with him in Putney victories. Also Jack Bunbury, stroking Eton boys (1870), or winning the Grand for Oxford Etonians (1871). Another winning Leander—1880—steals past, and the chief of it, the paragon No. 7. "Cottie" Edwards-Moss, seems to come back to life in style unsurpassed, or to figure yet again in his Diamonds' win by a yard (on the "outside") against the American professional, Lee. Poor Lowndes, who could win the Diamonds again and again when Edwards-Moss was not against him, and could stroke crack Hertford fours to victory, follows in his wake.

On the bank are time-honoured London veterans as of old; genial Frank Playford the elder, and cheery Tom Nickalls, with Layton, their first president, and George Ryan, who landed many a Henley medal for his club. Then E. H. Fairrie, C.U.B.C., sometimes oarsman and sometimes judge in the box; Charlton Lane, the Admirable Crichton of his day: cricketer for England's gentlemen, blue oarsman, artist, and Apollo.

Then comes the first Thames winning Grand crew of 1876, with the shades of Jemmy Hastie and genial Otter. Still the procession sweeps by. These all have passed away: some in ripe old age, some in midday prime; but there are younger brethren to join them; whose sun set even before its noon.

Lo! Leander sends up her later victors of the current decade, and the moonbeams stream transparently and pitilessly through two consecutive No.'s 5, Theodore Stretch and "Luny" Balfour, each too magnificent to be spared: "lost, . . . like summer-dried fountains, when need was the sorest;" and the moralist muses, why are some taken and others left?

At the very moment, though the dreamer knows it not, the incomparable and all-popular coxswain, G. L. Davis, of Clare, "The Great Mr. D.," as N. B. C. *intimes* styled him, lies on a death-bed that will lower Leander's flag to half-mast on July 9th.

The wood-tressed slopes of Remenham seem once more to awaken to echoes of audiences long since mouldering, as when of old

"Plausu fremituque virûm, studiisque
faventum

consonat omne nemus

. . . . pulsati colles clamore resultant."

There might be the old-fashioned Henley midsummer thunderstorm gathering behind Phyllis Court, the blaze of afternoon sun-rays on the water; the kaleidoscope of toilettes, and the church bells "firing" to wind up the day's sport. Fifty and more regattas concentrated into one Elysian dream! Old friends and old faces beaming; old hands outstretched for victorious congratulations. A magic lantern of a lifetime, and more, fleeting past in a five-minute phantasy, while night winds sigh a symphony, and aspens whisper a coronach till the spell is broken by the dreamy chant of Henley belfry, telling one a.m. and of rest for all but the step of Time.

W. B. WOODGATE.

My Mayfly Diary.

I LOOKED from my railway-carriage window deep down into a gorge at the bottom of which babbled a clear flowing stream, and presently, coming to a still pool, there suddenly appeared on the surface of the water a central point of movement round which rings expanded. It was the first rise of a Derbyshire trout which I saw in this year of grace, and I longed to be out of the stuffy, hot carriage, and down among those moss-covered rocks, with alders and silver birches lining the banks, and great limestone cliffs rising above me, making ineffectual attempts to get a nicely cocked fly over this rising fish. Then came a change at a little station among the dales, where four events of more or less importance took place. I obtained lunch, I lost a hat-box, a mayfly flew in at the carriage window, and a damsel floated down the platform, with a blue ribbon round her hat, the ends of which fluttered in the breeze.

The blue ribbon carried my thoughts back to that past pleasant mayfly day by the Dove, when my kind host, while wandering up the river to meet me, allowed a zephyr of evening to carry his mayfly some eight feet above the centre of the king's highway at the very moment a beauteous damsel was being driven by. How that mayfly, either by the skill of my friend, who is one of the most dexterous wielders of the fly-rod, or by happy chance, or by interposition of Puck, who may have been joining the grey-drakes in their gambols among the birch trees—how that mayfly, I say, caught in the blue ribbon round the damsel's neck, immediately beneath her

chin, and how the damsel blushed and the youth driving her scowled while the successful fly fisherman, with unusual clumsiness, for some minutes vainly endeavoured to extract the hook without injuring the ribbon—how this little idyll occurred, how these things took place: are they not recorded in the ninth number of BAILY'S MAGAZINE of that year of bad mayfly fishing, 1898? Should we, I wondered, see the damsel again? Who was she? Whence had she come? Whither had she gone?

While I still reflected on this pleasant subject, the train stopped definitely at Buxton, and after much telephoning for a conveyance, behold me in a veritable gig driving over hill and dale to the valley of the Manifold. As we turned the corner by the old mine, now long disused, and came in sight of my friend's house, I saw standing on the hillside, on the opposite side of the valley, a square tower surmounted by a flag; and of this tower and of its connection with the Lady of the Blue Ribbon more anon. It was early evening, and I found that my host, with a friend, had gone down the river—or I should say, the bed of the river—to look after some remarkable works he was carrying on. I was to join him, and bring my fly-rod.

Just after passing Swainsley, the Manifold, in summer time, gradually disappears through crevices called, in Staffordshire, sink-holes. As each of these takes more and more of the water, the river becomes small by degrees and unbeautifully less, dwindling to a mere thread. Finally there is no river, only dry, dusty looking stones showing the

course of the stream in winter time. The absence of water is a serious matter for both agriculturist and angler, and is also to be deplored by the lover of the picturesque. Some years ago a local clergyman filled up the crevices, so far as the surface was concerned, and for a while the river flowed above ground. But this did not suit the poachers, who took out the stoppings and, as the river fell through its sieve-bed, stole the trout.

My friend had, for over a year, been battling with the limestone strata, having made up his mind to no longer condone the shy and retiring peculiarities of this river of many folds or turns. With much cement, and more labour, he had gradually worked down the bed, filling up the cracks wherever they could be found. It was a colossal task, on which some hundreds of pounds had already been spent. Just below Thor's Cave, the entrance to which is in a huge bluff of rock, halfway up the hillside, I came upon him standing at the mouth of a deep hole. He had been endeavouring to quarry right down to the underground channel; for if that could once be stopped, the water would rise, and the labour would be far less than cementing over the surface of the river bed. I climbed down the hole for twenty feet, and then by means of string and a stone plumbd the fissure below me to a measured distance of thirty-two feet. This took the stone down fifty feet below ground level, and though it struck a soft, oozy bottom, it did not touch water. The river was evidently flowing at still greater depths, and that portion of the project would have to be given up.

After this *decensus averni* we walked up the river bed, reached

the water, and I began fishing in the pretty pool below Wetton Mill. There was no mayfly on the Manifold, and few trout rising. But as the shadows grew long the gnats began to dance over the surface of the pools, the sedges came out for their evening flight, and the quiet waters became dimpled with feeding fish. A quick eye might detect occasional rises in the sharp runs at the tails and heads of pools. Before I reached the house I had three and a half brace of nice trout in my creel. All were taken by a sad-coloured brown fly, far more like the natural insect than the alder of commerce.

Next morning opened smilingly, too smilingly, indeed, for the fly-fisher. A brisk, invigorating north-east wind was caressing the hawthorn bushes on the hillside, and from out a clear blue sky the sun beat down pitilessly. The first thing I noticed from my bedroom window was the square stone tower rising high above me on the opposite side of the valley, and then there flashed across my mind the meaning of certain mysterious verses written by a certain professor, who had been made acquainted with the *Idyll of the Lady of the Blue Ribbon*. Here are three of them, at any rate:—

“Where Manifold steals amid caverns
darksome,
Till he rises again in the arms of
Dove,
On the mountain's brow, like a falcon's
eyrie,
Behold the bower of a ladye love !

Oh ! a hazel nut in the autumn season,
A blue-ribbon'd damsel of Beresford
Dale—
When a gallant Knight hooks a dainty
maiden,
I think you can reckon how runs the
tale.

So pass on your way with eyes averted,
For it is not fitting a Knight to cross :

And let him beware of a vengeful
dagger,
That ventures too near to the lonely
schloss."

That day my host had magisterial duties requiring his attention. I went by myself to Mill Dale. On the shallow, calm, spreading mill-head two broods of young ducks were cruising from side to side, gobbling up the mayflies as they arose; and quantities of grey drakes flitted about the bushes. I wasted an hour here trying to tempt a trout, but all in vain. Even those few natural flies which escaped the attention of the ducks were left unharmed by the fish which seemed frightened of them, rising indeed again and again, but hardly ever taking them; and when a trout is shy of a natural drake of what use the angler's lure? Truly one fish did come and inspect my fly, even pushing it once or twice with his nose. But there the matter ended.

Passing up the river, I devoted all my attention now to the sharp-running streams, fishing carefully with a hackled fly kept as dry as possible. And here let me say that on the Dove a hackled mayfly will, as a rule, kill far more fish than the preposterous parachute with huge, outcurved wings, which does not in the slightest degree resemble a mayfly, but, none the less, kills well enough in southern streams. There is no prettier portion of the Dove than the half-mile of river between Mill Dale and Lode Mills. For a portion of the way the road runs by the river, and as here both water and highway are overhung by trees, fly-fishing is difficult, but often successful, for the leafy background and shade is of much service in obscuring the movements of the angler from the eyes of the fish. At the bridge by

Lode Mills I might have lingered in hopes of again seeing the "blue-ribbon'd damsel of Beresford Dale," but what use to linger there so long as "the lonely schloss still stands on the mountain's brow like a falcon's eyrie?"

Here, however, I had what pleased me more than a thousand blue ribbons; for, sending my fly down under the willows by Lock's cottage I rose and hooked a fish which leapt three times, showing a silvery flash as the sunlight struck its sides. Only sea-trout or rainbow trout could fight like that, I said to myself. Could it be possible that a migratory fish had by any chance found its way up from the sea? As to rainbows, I dismissed the idea instantly, for I had not heard of any being placed in the river. And yet, as I drew it to the bank, there was the graceful form, the silvery scales, and the pale rosy blush down its sides which declared it instantly to be a *Salmo irideus*. A few minutes later Heaton, the keeper, who had been having a chat with Lock who looks after the river on the other side, came up and told me it was one of some 200 two-year-old fish which had been turned into the river by my host the previous autumn, not twenty yards away from where I caught this specimen.

I regard this experiment with rainbow trout as one of the highest importance. These fish are superior in every respect to our ordinary brown trout: they rise more freely, they keep in better condition, they play more vigorously, and they are better on the table. The one great question which is now troubling fish-culturists and owners of fisheries is, will rainbow trout stop in English trout streams? In the Dove, so far, they have stopped, notwithstanding the fact that there was a

very terrible flood a few weeks after they were placed in the river last October. Some sixty have been taken this spring, and of course returned to the water ; but only one of these had gone any distance down stream, while several had been taken upstream above the point where they were introduced. One thing is fairly certain about these fish. They are most voracious feeders, which accounts for their strength and condition. Being voracious feeders, they require much food, and, like all other fish, will not stop in any piece of water where food is scarce, but travel until they can find a sufficient supply. In years to come we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that rainbow trout are a success where there is sufficient food for them, and that to obtain good results with these fish it will be found necessary to supplement the natural food supply if it is insufficient.

I rose two other rainbow trout, and saw others rising, throwing themselves out of the water. There was no difficulty in distinguishing them from the ordinary Dove trout, they were so bright and silvery. Higher up the river I came upon a farmer, one of my host's tenants, who had been given a two or three days' permission to fish. He was using the natural mayfly. It may seem a paradox to say that he was a skilful angler and a good sportsman. The mere mention of the natural fly used as bait on such a river as the Dove is enough to send the hair bristling of the orthodox fly-fisher, who even looks askance at dapping with the green-drake as practised on the big Irish lakes. But Mr. N.'s fishing was infinitely more difficult than dapping, more skilful even than casting the natural fly. He used a very small double hook, a cast

of fine-drawn gut, and, after impaling a mayfly, would with great dexterity and lightness of hand cast it in front of a rising fish. Several times I saw him send the natural fly right across the river ; and never once did he whip off his fly by an awkward cast. It was certainly an exhibition of skill of a very high order. The only objection I had to make to it was its deadliness ; for the farmer was able with his natural fly to kill quite three fish for every one the best of us could catch with the artificial fly. He was an angler of the generous type one loves to meet—very different to the unpleasant persons one all too often comes across, who carry their business-like habits to the water's edge, even to the extent of closing up their mouths, fearing lest any information they should give as to fly or locality would result in their capturing a fish or two less than the angler desiring information. Mr. N., on the other hand, showed me his methods, and generously gave me some most useful advice about the water, by which I materially profited.

In the afternoon both mayfly and trout began to rise merrily, but never have I seen trout rise so short, either to the natural or the artificial fly. I tried the experiment of counting the number of rises I had, and at the end of an hour found that I had risen twenty-seven trout, and in that time captured two brace. Altogether that day I took five brace of trout, several of which were about a pound each. Some smaller fish I returned. About seven o'clock the rise was all over, and I drove back to the valley of the Manifold, my host greeting me with, " Well, did you see the Lady of the Blue Ribbon ? " I glanced through the window at the square stone tower

on the mountain's brow. It was a sufficient answer. No more was said.

On Thursday we again journeyed to the Dove, but by way of Wetton, having to pay a hasty visit to the sink-holes, where the men reported that they kept finding new crevices, through which the water trickled away. "Then fill them up!" was the order. And by this time, doubtless, a babbling trout stream is running where, on that sunny June morning, were dry, powdery boulders, with no water—no, not even a drop sufficient to support an aquatic microbe.

There was a Sabbath-day look about the little stone village of Wetton. Work seemed suspended, and all the good people of the place were in their Sunday clothes. It was the Duke's rent day; so we stopped to see the agent and tell him of the great work being carried on in the Manifold valley. Then, from the tops of the hills, where a north-east wind blew keenly, the good horse took us down the slippery limestone roads into the valley of the Dove, to Mill Dale, where on the mill-head the ducks were as busy as ever skirmishing after mayflies.

I had not yet seen the dale below the mill, so I sauntered down stream, picking up a brace of trout by the way on a tiny hackled mayfly, tied by Foster, of Ashbourne, which had served me in good stead on the previous day. The sun shone brightly, the mayflies appeared to be almost absent from this part of the river, and the fish were anything but numerous. Coming, firstly, upon be vies of tourists, comprising young women who had white parasols, and all strolling close to the river, and later on three followers of Cotton, diligently flailing a quiet unfishable pool, I abruptly

turned on my heel and hastened back to Mill Dale. I only saw one rising fish on the way. It was in an open, exposed, shallow pool, so I crouched down, and was just preparing to send the little hackled mayfly in front of his troutship when three quacking ducks and a drake came swimming towards the place I was about to cast over. So I sent my line in front of the leading duck to turn them if possible. Instead of being alarmed the duck made an attempt to gobble my fly. I struck hastily, and somehow the hook caught in the tough skin of its yellow leg.

I played the bird for ten minutes or more, when the cast cut on a rock. Then ensued a mighty duck chase, and eventually the White Lady of the Dove was secured and the fly recovered. I had no other of that pattern—a small hackled mayfly—and valued it. Passing up the river I caught a trout from the bridge at Mill Dale, and in the afternoon, by diligently fishing the runs, added materially to my bag. To-day I visited the little trout hatchery on the other side of the river, where Lock, the keeper, has many thousands of vigorous trout fry, which are being reared in Dove water.

Friday, until evening was, piscatorially speaking, a melancholy time. The valley of the Dove was an oven-like, midge-haunted gorge; the water was low, the sun poured down, and the fish resolutely declined to rise. We fled from sheer hopelessness, dined early, and in the evening caught many fish in that wonderful pool of Sir Thomas Wardle's, near Swainsley, which I have already described in BAILY'S. A pool full of rainbows, Loch Levens, fontinalis, fario, and hybrids; all thriving. Every three or four casts I hooked a fish, and caught

specimens of every variety of trout in the pool.

On Saturday I was leaving, but before lunch had a delightful three hours on the Manifold. This little stream was low, and the sun was bright, but by wading up-stream, and fishing with a single fly (the same fly, by the way, which I had rescued from the duck) I caught nine and a half brace of trout, of which the larger portion was sizeable. In the afternoon I drove over the moorlands to Leek, and after dinner spent a couple of hours upon a huge compensation reservoir which, thanks to the distant mountains, the solitude of the

place, and its sylvan surroundings, might very well pass for one of Scotland's most charming lochs. But the water was calm, a mist came stealing out over its surface, and neither rainbow nor fario were rising. Very soon we hastened home, chilled and troutless. The following day, as I travelled southward by a cross-country route with many changes, the downwardness of the fish was explained, for big black clouds gathered and burst. The rain had come at last, but too late for the fly-fisher, whose brief visit to the hills and dales of Derbyshire and Staffordshire had come to an end all too soon.

JOHN BICKERDYKE.

Anecdotal Sport.

BY "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

PLUTARCH tells us that Anthony and Cleopatra were both extremely fond of angling, and pursued the pastime together. How did they do it, I wonder? Did they sit side by side in a punt, watching their bobbing floats with rapt gaze and absorbed attention? Fly-fishing was unknown, so they could not have indulged in that form of the sport. And yet who can picture to himself the fiery warrior and the "Serpent of Old Nile" engaging in what old Izaak calls that "calm, quiet innocent recreation?" A world too tame, surley, was such a sport for two such wild spirits! But one may safely infer that if it were Cleopatra's whim to "go-a-angling" Anthony would have promptly followed suit. And, indeed, I

know of some modern instances where a wife has inoculated her husband with a taste for angling and *vice versa* with mutual benefit. I won't go so far as to say that there are no happier husbands and wives than those who have some favourite sport which they can enjoy in common. But such a community of interest certainly tends to domestic happiness, and I know of no sport which a husband and wife can more satisfactorily enjoy together than angling. By which I mean, primarily, fly-fishing, in which there is nothing to shock feminine delicacy, whilst a woman with a good figure can display it to excellent advantage in the graceful wielding of the fly-rod. Let anglers' wives take the hint, and

act upon it—*experto crede*—trust one who has tried—and they may rest assured that they will never regret the experiment.

I am not going to enter upon a rhapsody of fly-fishing—rhapsodies are wearisome unless one has some sympathetic enthusiast to victimise—but I will frankly admit that from a piscatorial point of view Charles Cotton, as one of the Fathers of Fly-fishing, seems to me a greater man than his more-renowned friend, Izaak Walton, who was for the most part a bottom-fisher. I will only add that the man who has never hooked and landed a 20lb. salmon does not know what the real joy of fishing is. Whilst, personally, I consider a single pound trout, taken fairly with the fly, worth a dozen pounds of bream or barbel or roach. That, however, is merely individual taste. "Angling," said old Izaak, "is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so." But there be various kinds of angler—and there be fish to suit all. Heaven forbid that I should claim for myself or others who, like me, are votaries of the fly, a superiority over those who worship the worm—though it is not without a quiet chuckle of satisfaction that I feel my withers unwrung by the great Lexicographer's definition of angling as "a rod with a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

The fly-fisher's noblest quarry is, of course, the salmon, and I believe the record salmon taken with the rod in these islands is 54½lbs., though Sir Hyde Parker eclipsed that in Sweden with a fish of 60lbs., and the Earl of Home landed one of 70lbs. in Norway. But to few mortals have such catches been granted, and the man who can boast (vera-

ciously) of having taken a 25lb. salmon with the rod is a person to be envied. Even so good and successful a fisherman as Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell has never had the good fortune to take one of more than 23lbs., and he is a veritable king among fishermen. The largest salmon that has ever come to hand in the nets weighed 83lbs., and was exhibited in a London fishmonger's shop in the summer of the year 1821.

The Thames can boast of the largest trout, though they are as rare as they are large. Fish of 23½lbs., 21lbs. and 16½lbs. have been taken in the "silver streaming Temmes" within the last ten years. Other rivers, however, though unable to show anything like such an average of large trout as the Thames, have beaten it in individual instances. For example, in 1889, a trout weighing 27lbs. was taken in the Hampshire Avon, and another of 25lbs. two years previously. But whether these were taken with the rod I have not been able to ascertain. A 21lb. trout was taken twenty years ago from the Trent, and in the preserves of Sir Home Popham, near Hungerford, where the trout are artificially fed on chopped liver, fish of 23lbs. 7ozs. and 18lbs. respectively have been taken.

Colonel Peter Hawker, the famous wild-fowl shooter, killed some 20,000 trout in a score of seasons, but I daresay that record has been beaten by others. Not so, however, the following, which I, at least, have never heard of anyone even rivalling, much less surpassing. The *New Sporting Magazine* for July, 1834, says that a Dr. R. Robertson, supposed to be one of the best fishers in the county, took in August, 1833, at

Ballater, in one day, in a small loch adjoining the stream, thirty-six dozen of trout, and a friend killed, on the same day, twenty-five dozen; these were all about the size of a herring, the trout will seldom exceed this size in the small mountain streams.

Among the curiosities of salmon-fishing I submit the following from the *Sporting Magazine* of July, 1835. The Rev. Mr. Waring, of Isleworth, having tired and brought to the top of the water a fine salmon, and being on the point of taking it into the punt, another large fish was observed to be following close after it, and apparently attached to it, but so intent upon the pursuit of the hooked one was he, that they procured a landing hook, and without any resistance he allowed the hook to be inserted under his gill, and was thus securely taken. Upon examination it was found the first was a female, and the second a male fish, and doubtless, as this happened during the spawning season, the female was about to deposit her eggs, and the male fish was following to ensure the propagation of the species.

In illustration of the queer things which salmon will bolt, and particularly their love for anything bright, the following anecdote is told. A gentleman of Uleaborg, going by sea to Stockholm, dropped a silver spoon into the water, which was swallowed by a salmon, carried in his belly to Uleaborg, where the fish was accidentally bought by the gentleman's wife, who immediately concluded, on seeing the spoon, that her husband was shipwrecked; he returned, however, in time to prevent any ill consequences. A somewhat similar incident occurred in Eng-

land not long ago. A large pike, weighing 28lbs., was taken in the Ouse, and sold for a guinea to a gentleman in Littleport. When the cook came to clean the fish she found inside of it a watch, with black riband and keys, which were subsequently identified as having belonged to the same gentleman's valet, who had been accidentally drowned in the river some months before.

Human sportsmen do not, however, have all the fun of fishing to themselves. They have no mean rivals among the feathered bipeds. Mr. Maxwell, in his "Wild Sports of the West," says that eagles are constantly discovered watching the fords in the spawning time, and are seen to seize and carry off the fish. Some years ago a herdsman, on a very sultry day in July, observed an eagle posted on a bank which overhung a pool; presently the bird stooped and seized a salmon, and a violent struggle ensued; when the herdsman reached the spot he found the eagle pulled under water by the salmon, and his plumage so drenched that he was disabled from extricating himself. With a stone the peasant broke the pinion of the eagle, and actually secured the spoiler and his victim, for he found the salmon dying in his grasp.

But far more remarkable than that was the case of a duck which hooked a trout under the following extraordinary circumstances, as related in vol. xlviii. of the *Sporting Magazine*. As a gentleman was angling in the Mill Dam below Winchester, he accidentally threw his line across a strong white duck, which, suddenly turning round, twisted the gut about her own neck and fixed the hook of the dropper fly in her own breast. Thus entangled and

hooked, she soon broke off the gut above the dropper, and sailed down the stream with the end of the other fly trailing behind her. She had not proceeded far before a trout of about a pound-and-a-half took the fly effectually. Then commenced a struggle as extraordinary as was ever witnessed. Whenever the trout exerted itself the terrors of the duck were very conspicuous; it fluttered its wings and dragged the fish along. When the trout was more quiet the duck evidently gave way, and suffered herself to be drawn under some bushes, where the shortness of the gut did not allow the trout to shelter himself. The duck's head was frequently drawn under water. By chance, however, the gut got across a branch which hung downwards into the water, and the duck taking advantage of the purchase which this gave her, dragged her opponent from his hole, and obliged him to show his head above water. Then it became a contest of life and death; the trout was in its last agonies, and the duck evidently in a very weak state, when the gut broke and suffered them to depart their own way.

Remarkable, however, as that incident is, it is capped by the performance of a gander who was the hero of the annexed phenomenal feat. Some years ago a farmer living near Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, kept a gander, who not only had the trick of wandering himself, but also delighted in leading his cackling harem to circumnavigate their native lake, or to stray amidst the fields on the opposite shore. Wishing to check this habit, he one day seized the gander just as he was about to spring into his favourite element,

and tying a large fish-hook to his leg, to which was attached part of a dead frog, he suffered him to proceed on his voyage of discovery. As had been anticipated, this bait soon caught the eye of a greedy pike, which, swallowing the deadly hook, not only arrested the progress of the astonished gander, but forced him to perform half-a-dozen somersaults on the surface of the water! For some time the struggle was most amusing—the fish pulling, and the bird struggling with all its might; the one attempting to fly, the other to swim from the invisible enemy, the gander for one moment losing, the next regaining his centre of gravity, and casting, between times, many a rueful look at his snow-white fleet of geese and goslings, who cackled out their sympathy for their afflicted commodore. At length victory declared in favour of the feathered angler, who, bearing away for the nearest shore, landed on the smooth green one of the largest pikes ever caught in the castle loch. The adventure is said to have cured the gander of his propensity for wandering.

In the reservoir near Glasgow the country people were reported to be in the habit of employing ducks in this novel mode of fishing. Whether that be a fact or not I am unable to say, but Thomas Barker, author of the "Art of Angling," published in 1651, a writer of some note in his day, gravely assures us that "the principal way to take a pike in Shropshire is to procure a goose, take one of the pike lines, bait it, tie the line under the left wing and over the right wing of the goose, turn it into a pond where pike are, and you are sure to have some sport."

But after all, that mode of catching fish is not so remarkable as the method which a Mr. Darcy, of Oxford, adopted for taking barbel. "Darcy," says a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, "kept a music shop at Oxford, and though very lusty, was an excellent swimmer. He used to dive after barbel into a deep hole near the Four Streams, a bathing-place well known to the Oxonians, and having remained under water a minute he returned with a brace of barbel, one in each hand. The report that Darcy made was that many of these fish lay with their heads against the bank, in parallel lines, like horses in their stalls. They were not disturbed at his approach, but allowed him to come quite close to them, and select the finest."

Most Midland anglers knew Mr. "Jim" Gregory, of Birmingham, the manufacturer of artificial spinning bait, one of the most genial of Waltonians, and as clever as any who handle the rod and line. He was said to have found out that fish do not object to certain impurities in the water they swim in, for being one day at Burton-on-Trent, and near to Bass's Brewery, he discovered that a large sewer was discharging its contents into the River Trent. His olfactory nerves being rather sensitive, he was about to fly from the spot, when he observed a brother Waltonian working away in the middle of the odour with rod and line. Curiosity caused him to stay, despite the fragrance; so covering his nose with his pocket handkerchief, he called out, "Codt anything?" The fisherman replied, "Rather! this is the best spot on the river." Jim, still keeping his nose plugged, "Well, I ab surprised. Do you

bead to tell be that ady fish will live id this stig?" Fisherman: "Live! I should just think so! Look here," holding up a dozen of fine perch. "That is rebarkable," said Jim, still behind his handkerchief; "how cad you stad the stedtch?" Fisherman: "Stand it! why it's healthy. That's what it is. Come and chuck your line in, and see how the fish stand it!" Jim: "No, thag you, I'b off. I'll fish id the Birbigad sewers whed I got hobe. Good bording." And then he fled from the banks of the River Trent; but on reflection he concluded that there must be something salubrious, from a fishy point of view, in what emanates from a big brewery, and with his nose plugged with cotton wool, he ventured to try that unsavoury swim for himself. The experiment was a success, and many a fine perch did Jim pull out of those tainted waters.

A few years since, a well-known daily newspaper commenced a furious crusade against the senseless slaughter of game which characterised the modern battue and "drive." Unfortunately, the editor's zeal outran his discretion, and, being lamentably ignorant of the subject on which he thundered forth his oracular utterances, he was led into a trap into which he fell only to come out covered with ridicule. A correspondent sent him what purported to be a full, true and particular account of a great grouse shoot by electric light. The moors were lit up with the brilliant artificial light. The bewildered birds, dazed and only half awake, flew almost into the muzzles of the guns, and many were even knocked down with sticks. The editor accepted the extraordinary statement without inquiry, and published it with some scathing comments on "this

so-called sport." Then came the inevitable exposure. He was compelled to own that he had been made the victim of a humiliating hoax; but his absolute ignorance of anything connected with shooting was exposed, and from that moment his diatribes ceased. It was not, however, the first time such a hoax had been perpetrated, nor had shooting by night been unknown as an actual fact.

In one of his novels ("Harry Lorrequer," I think), Charles Lever introduces a verdant Englishman who has crossed St. George's Channel in order to make himself perfectly acquainted with the manners and customs of the wild Irish. Landing at night "on the Shannon shore," he is taken charge of by one of the hospitable Burkes or Blakes in the County Clare, and when his mission has been ascertained he

is soon told more about the Paddies than could be found in any of the histories or guide-books of the period. By the help of powerful doses of potheen he is kept asleep all day, and being up all night, is easily made to believe that the sun is only seen for an hour or two, about Christmas each year. Into the programme of sport arranged for his benefit, pheasant shooting entered largely, at which, although he could not see an inch in front of his nose, the Saxon was assured he was wonderfully proficient. But a fortnight of darkness and whisky unlimited was enough for the stranger who, in spite of strong invitations to remain, would depart, saying, however, as he left, that "though Ireland was a lovely country, and its sons and daughters brave and beautiful, he fancied they would be all the better for a little more light."

"Our Van."

The Newmarket July Meetings.

—The two summer meetings that are held "behind the ditch" on the July Course, are regarded with great favour by the few really enthusiastic aristocratic followers of racing who are generally to be seen wherever anything called racing is going on.

On the third day of the First July Meeting there was the customary increase of spectators to witness the decision of the Princess of Wales's Stakes, though there were not so many as when Velasquez beat Persimmon two years ago. It was Flying Fox's race, and yet those wonderful people, the bookmakers, stood there ready to take 6 to 4 from all and sundry that the Duke of Westminster's colt did not defeat

Ninus and Co. It was the Two Thousand Guineas over again, Flying Fox holding his field from the very start, and winning in a common canter. He had his old place out on the right, but it was noticed that Cannon brought him across close to the left hand rails, where he would be sure of some company to race with. As has been before explained, Flying Fox is a sociable beast, and hates running alone; and no one who has taken part in athletic competition requires to be told of the effect of company. Ninus was giving Flying Fox 6lbs., but it was clear that the result would have been the same at even weights. After that of Flying Fox, the running of Royal Emblem, by Royal Hampton out of

Thistle, was the most noticeable. He was making a first appearance, and whilst only just escaping being common, still has a useful look about him. He, of course, had a pull in the weights, carrying 8st. 2lbs. to the 9st. 5lbs. of Flying Fox, and whilst this was of no use to him against the winner, it enabled him to beat all the others, and first and second money went to the same stable.

It was with some surprise that one saw an astute man like Darling put Sloan up on Birkenhead since, to our thinking, a more inappropriate combination could not be devised. The result was appalling, for Sloan could do absolutely nothing with the swerving colt, who was all over the course. The consequences of this were serious, for he lost the third money of 1,000 sovs. by a head only. In the very next race, the July Cup, Sloan gave another glaring instance of his lack of horsemanship on Knight of the Thistle, who swerved about with him just as Birkenhead had done. As Eager was in the race, giving 6lbs., there was not much opportunity for vagarious running if the winning post was to be reached first and, of course, Eager, who would no doubt have won in any case, had a very easy victory.

The tide has been unmistakably setting strongly from America of late, thanks to the success of Lord William Beresford with his American horses and trainer. More than one owner has put himself in possession of American stock, and the movement was so evident that a prominent Californian breeder was induced to send as many as eighty-seven youngsters for sale. They were put up at the Second July Meeting, and whilst prices varied very much, the total amount realised

is considered to have been highly satisfactory. No better advertisement for America could have been supplied than the racing results at this meeting, for American horses were successful all along the line. On the first day they won three races, a fourth being lost by a head only, and Caiman won the Zetland Plate and Dominie II. the Midsummer Stakes. It is very noticeable how often Lord William Beresford has been able to pick up a nice little stake this season whilst having only the slenderest opposition to meet, and both Caiman and Dominie II. had but a single opponent to dispose of. Caiman was certainly meeting Damocles, second in the Derby, and giving him 5lbs., but they betted 11 to 4 on his ability to do so, and it looked more like 100 to 4 from the distance. That Sloan does not necessarily ride a pushing race he showed this time, for the first quarter of a mile was run at a hack canter. In the Midsummer Stakes the odds were 100 to 4 that Dominie II. beat Morgante, and there was no semblance of a race. The Chesterfield Stakes, the most valuable race of the meeting, looked all right for The Gorgon, but Hayhoe had done wonders with Atbara, who won easily, and so turned Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's stream of ill-luck.

The Bibury Club.—The stuff of which the Bibury Club is made has enabled it to survive the hard knocks of fortune, and I have no doubt that it will come up smiling after even such a blow as that it received at Salisbury. The number of young men who elect to devote their energies and their purses to the maintenance of clubs on the Bibury lines is not large, and it is likely to become further attenuated by the superior

attractions of a game like polo, where the man who pays gets most of the fun, which is far from being the rule at racing. As a survival of the past one would not like to see a club like the Bibury die out, and I have not heard anyone suggest such a contingency, but it is clear enough that there is not nowadays the same scope for the exercise of its whilom functions. As an institution for the practice of racing amongst its members the Bibury is no concern of others, but when it assumes the attitude of a holder of a public three days' meeting it throws itself open to criticism, and of the three days' racing that took place at Salisbury under its auspices on the 4th, 5th, and 6th ult., there is nothing to chronicle but failure deep and dire. The races that, at Stockbridge, at one time attracted good horses, even to the recent times of Galtee More, were the most pronounced failures of all; and it was difficult to gather from the details of the races restricted to members as jockeys, that the enthusiasm is very widespread in the club. It does not seem probable that the meeting will be accorded three days next year (I doubt their being applied for); but, whatever its duration, the local public will have to be relied upon, for few, except the "regulars," will go from London.

Salisbury has earned an awful reputation for the depredations committed at it, and in this direction the Bibury Club meeting was useful in supplying an object lesson in what can be done if one is but determined that it shall be done. So well was the ring kept that the ring-keeper was presented with a sum subscribed by the bookmakers and others. I like to see merit rewarded; but what a comment on ring-keeping in general.

Rumours have been freely printed to the effect that the landowner who was directly responsible for the break-up of the Stockbridge meeting by refusing to renew the lease of her portion of the course, had relented in deference to the piteous lamentations of the villagers, who are represented as having earned their year's rent during the three days' racing. I have reason for saying that doubt may be cast upon the authenticity of this rumour, and, moreover, I do not believe that the more staid inhabitants of Stockbridge yearn to have the meeting back. Rents cannot be high there if they were paid by the few shillings earned by the letting of bedrooms for three nights, whatever a few tenants of outside cottages may have done.

Lingfield.—The Lingfield executive deserve encouragement in their attempts to introduce races of class into their programme. This year they added one of 3,000 sovs. to their July meeting, this being the Lingfield Park Stakes of a mile, the Imperial Stakes of 1,200 sovs. having been shifted to the June meeting to make room for it. For a wonder the race did not fall a prey to the American division, but it came perilously near doing so, for nothing but an unexpected revelation of his best form on the part of Harrow prevented Sibola from winning. A fortnight previously Harrow had shown the white feather in the Sandringham Foal Stakes at Sandown, where Sinopi beat him at 10lbs. But there is a wide difference between the two courses, and Harrow evidently prefers the Lingfield gradient, for it was there that he last year beat Victoria May. After his display in the Princess of Wales's Stakes Royal Emblem was a very strong order, 6 to 4 being laid on, but he ran a tired sort of race, and

sweated profusely, and finished fourth, though getting weight from Harrow, Sibola, and Sinopi, who, meeting Harrow at even weights, was this time not in it. Another great upset on the following day was that of Elopement in the Great Foal Plate, Jouvence winning by a head. For Elopement it was reasonably pleaded that he had spent nine hours consecutively in a horse-box on the railway on the previous day, in the tropical heat. Nothing will make us believe that a horse, especially a young horse, can be subjected to such treatment and not suffer. As might have been expected, there was no dash in his finish, though he stuck to his work pluckily enough.

The Sandown Eclipse Meeting.—It is the stress of journalistic competition, I suppose, that leads to the spreading of manifestly absurd rumours which are rendered all the more possible by the class of ignoramus that seems to find favour with the average editor for the manufacture and dissemination of alleged sporting news. To these people it came easy enough to believe that the Duke of Westminster would rely upon Frontier to win the Eclipse Stakes and reserve Flying Fox for something else—what, was not clear. Had a glance been taken at the conditions of the race it would have been seen that 500 sovs. attached to the second place; and was not Good Luck sent from Kingsclere to Sandown in June to win a plate of 101 sovs.? Why assume, then, that 500 sovs. would be thrown away? The Eclipse Stakes is a race of about one mile and a quarter, and the course does not at all resemble those at Newmarket in which Flying Fox has gained his easiest victories. The two features of the Sandown

course are the long up-hill finish and the sharp turn before commencing the same. Each I take to be an important factor in the results of races. The long climb favours horses strongly built behind, but I do not subscribe to the contention that it is also in favour of stamina, for nothing can try that quality so much as a galloping course with something to take the field along at its best pace. Severe gradients, either ascending or descending, favour physical conformation, but there can be no question of fast galloping up a steep incline. The sharp turn from the railway entrance to the straight materially affects the running, because it is impossible for horses to race round it at top speed. In a mile race at Sandown, therefore, the race is run in three sections, the first being a matter of three furlongs at top speed till the turn has to be eased for, steady going round the turn and then a fresh start for the half mile climb home. The Cambridgeshire, if run at Sandown, would be a totally different race to that decided on the last mile and a distance Across the Flat at Newmarket. The muscles on Flying Fox's rump show that he has the propelling power that is so useful in hill climbing; but hill-climbing, I shall venture to assert, is not the true test of the thoroughbred who, however much we may appreciate stamina, must have speed as well. For what is staying power if not allied to speed? The cab-horse stays—at its own pace.

The Eclipse Stakes is a race of ten furlongs with a distinct break in the middle due to the sharp turn that is inimical to the interests of the free striding, speedier horse. If the turn makes no difference why is it that we rarely, if ever, see one horse gain upon

another on making it, and why should we regard the jockey who tried to make up his ground there anything but an idiot? As was the case at Epsom, Flying Fox, though a winner, was thought not to have done his work in the style he showed at Newmarket. That the addition of a quarter of a mile to the distance run should make so much difference I regard as unreasonable, and it would be a very pretty thing to see the Eclipse Stakes runners brought together again Across the Flat. I do not know whether Flying Fox would be more affected than any other runner by the circumstance that, on the July course, the going was of the best, dry weather notwithstanding, whereas at Sandown it was very hard, but it may be mentioned. One expects a good horse to show to greater advantage on a perfect course than on one like a pavement. When we have considered all these things we may look at the facts of the race. At Newmarket, over the Bunbury Mile, Ninus was giving Flying Fox 5lbs., and was never in the hunt; at Sandown he was giving 9lbs., and was beaten a length and a-half, having made up some lengths in the last quarter of a mile. Frontier, with 3lbs. from Flying Fox, was beaten a length.

On the second day American stock went up still higher, for Democrat won the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, the most valuable two-year-old race of the year, the sum of 4,357 sovs. net accruing to the winner. There may have been a spice of luck in the victory, though I should be sorry to be regarded as trying to depreciate it, the highly-tried and much fancied Forfarshire being so hampered in the early portions of the race that Democrat was able to get a long

lead of him, and this the most strenuous efforts on his part could not reduce to less than a neck.

Whilst Democrat secured the spoils, to Forfarshire a large meed of credit undoubtedly belongs, and the next meeting between the two must be highly interesting. This might well occur in the Kempton Park Imperial Stakes on October 6th. Forfarshire, unfortunately, is not entered for the Middle Park Plate or Dewhurst Plate. Forfarshire was bred by Mr. R. A. Brice, and sold to a well-known owner, who returned him on suspicion of unsoundness. Mr. Dewar then became the purchaser, and probably no one has a sounder colt in training, or one more likely to turn out well. With Blacksmith winning the great Kingston two-year-old race the day before, Haggin's winning total was materially increased, and the scramble for American-bred ones should be more pronounced than ever. Personally, were I an owner, I should go in search of a second Haggin, though with small hope of finding one. The success this trainer has had with all sorts of horses has been surprising, and I cannot see that Sloan has done for him anything that his horses were not capable of on their own merits, whilst an important race like the Oaks was absolutely thrown away. The appearance next year of a number of American-bred ones will be very interesting, for then we shall see to whom the credit really belongs, horse or trainer.

Polo—Ranelagh Open Challenge Cup.—Marred though it was by the accident to Mr. E. D. Miller, the series of matches for this Cup were certainly next in interest to the County Cup and superior to it in point of play. The conditions of this Tournament almost ensure that there

shall be two good games at least, since those teams that have entered play together for the right of challenging the holders of the Cup. It was thought, and rightly, that the chance of doing this lay between the Old Cantabs and Rugby. The latter team, playing without Mr. E. D. Miller, were beaten, and the final therefore remained between:—

| OLD CANTABS. | FREEBOOTERS. |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Mr. Godfrey Heseltine. | Mr. Vaughan. |
| „ F. Freake. | „ G. K. Ansell. |
| „ W. Buckmaster. | „ A. Rawlinson. |
| „ L. McCreery. | Captain Beiesford. |

This is the first appearance of the Freebooters in an important match this season. It will be noted that their team was entirely made of soldiers. Although practically playing together for the first time, the good training of the soldiers enabled them to play together well, and Mr. Rawlinson can of course fit into any team. The writer saw the first part of the match only, being anxious to have a look at the final of the County Cup. Shortly after half-time the Old Cantabs went ahead, and seemed likely to win. But the Freebooters had not a weak place in their team, and held on, improving as the game got more even. Although the match was so even to the last, I am told that the Freebooters evidently had the better chance in the fifth and sixth ten minutes. True, the winning goal was hit by Mr. Vaughan after the ball had placed itself by a ricochet off a pony, but the Freebooters were pressing at the time. It was satisfactory to see the famous old club win a tournament. No doubt we shall see them again at Rugby.

The Novices' Cup.—Sixteen teams must be considered a good entry for this popular tournament, even though it was a little short of last year's total of twenty-

two. Of these teams the survivors were:—

| TREKKERS. | EDEN PARK. |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Captain Schofield. | Mr. L. Bucknill. |
| Mr. F. Menzies. | „ P. Bucknill. |
| Captain L. Jenner. | „ A. de Lascarus. |
| Mr. O. Thynne. | „ J. C. de Lascarus. |

Eden Park had many well-wishers. The game was very fast and even till half-time, when the Trekkers began to press hard, and it must be confessed they played with better combination than Eden Park, and won by six goals to three.

Hurlingham.—The Champion Cup was a great success this year, with the exception of the confusion about the final, which was no one's fault. Two very fine games marked the progress of the tournament. Of these no doubt the most exciting was:—

| RUGBY. | OLD CANTABS. |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| Mr. Walter Jones. | Mr. Godfrey Heseltine. |
| „ G. A. Miller. | „ F. Freake. |
| „ E. D. Miller. | „ W. Buckmaster. |
| „ W. J. Drybrough. | „ L. McCreery. |

The game was a very good and close one all through, and both sides played as though it was the final tie. But the training of the Rugby ponies and the schooling of the Rugby men enabled them to win. It was said that some of the champion team were not in their best form on the day, but I failed to notice any falling off. Good polo was played throughout, and sound tactics and perfect combination in exactly the points which render a team independent of the variations in form of individual members thereof. There is no game in which men do not vary a good deal from day to day, but there is none in which the variations are so remarkable as at polo. There is not the least doubt that on the Saturday Rugby felt the effects of the severe struggle on the previous Wednesday, and were hardly up to the form they had shown then. Perhaps, too,

the youth of the students was in their favour. At all events, this was their finest performance this season, in which this young team has showed such good form. The sides were :—

| RUGBY. | STUDENTS. |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Mr. Walter Jones. | Mr. Cecil Nickalls. |
| " G. A. Miller. | " Maurice Nickalls. |
| " E. D. Miller. | Captain de Lisle. |
| " W. J. Drybrough. | Mr. P. W. Nickalls. |

The features of the match were the way in which the two brothers Miller played for each other and the dash and control of the ball shown by Captain de Lisle, which helped us to understand the secret of the successes of the Durham Light Infantry teams. This game was played on June 24th, in the presence of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York, but the final came on the following Tuesday between Rugby and the Royal Horse Guards. The latter team were beautifully mounted and played individually well, but they were hardly as well in their places, and Rugby playing steadily, had no difficulty in winning the Cup for the third time. May they keep it till a better team arises.

The County Cup.—The wisdom of the rules which the County Polo Association laid down for this contest have been abundantly approved by the entries for the Cup. It is difficult to estimate now the effect on the future of polo which the conditions of this contest will have; but it must be considerable. Practically the preliminary series of games at leading centres will lead to a greater interest in the games. For example, the South-Eastern Division matches at Eden Park drew as many people almost as the tournament itself last year. No doubt in the near future clubs will come to look on the right to play in the semi-finals at Hurlingham as in itself an honour to be coveted. That the County

Cup brings out good players is established by the fact that of last year's winners three were found this year playing against Rugby in the semi-final of the Champion Cup, and at one part of the game holding their own against that famous team. The County Cup has thus in its first year given to polo three first-class players in the Messrs. Nickalls. In its second it has provided a series of most interesting contests for the honour of playing in the semi-finals at Hurlingham, and it will give new life to county clubs by creating a healthy rivalry among members for the distinction of representing their club in the County Cup. That the contest creates much interest is evidenced by the fact that although Ranelagh had a particularly attractive programme more than three thousand people passed the gates at Hurlingham.

The match itself was in many respects a satisfactory one, for it was won by a team which showed in practice all the best principles of sound polo. It was careful and steady play that enabled Stansted to win their second County Cup. In all they played five matches and made a total of fifty goals. The teams were :—

| STANSTED. | LIVERPOOL. |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| Mr. Philip Gold. | Mr. G. Melly. |
| Captain Bennett Gosling. | " Pilkington. |
| Mr. Tresham Gilbey. | " Tyrer. |
| " Gerald Gold. | " Wignall. |

Liverpool are also past winners of the Cup, and they galloped and hit hard, but never seemed to play together. The arrangement of the Stansted team was very good, each man was in his right place, and Captain Bennett Gosling as No. 2 was very brilliant and yet steady, and is probably one of the best No. 2's ever seen in County polo.

The Cup was presented by Lady Harrington. The writer

shared too in the generally-expressed pleasure at the return of the County Cup to its original home, and under conditions which seem likely to give the tournament its right place among our annual polo contests.

The Beresford Cup, Simla.—Once more this trophy, played for on the Annandale Ground by teams of three, has fallen to a Patiala team. These players are undoubtedly the champion team of India. The Durham Light Infantry and the 18th Hussars are the only English teams that have beaten them. It is a pity we have never been able to see them in England, but for political reasons it has not been possible for the Maharaja to leave his state. Yet even if the team came over we could not see them at their best, since they could not bring their ponies, and it is in the perfection of the training of these that some of the excellence of the team consists. Three members of the team, the Maharaja, Gurdit Singh, and Hira Singh, have played together now for many years, and have the same perfect accord with, and trust in, each other's play which we note in such famous teams as Rugby and the 13th Hussars.

Polo Pony Society.—This Society has had a very active time since the last BAILY appeared. After having been received somewhat coldly by the Polo world, the Society, under the guidance of practical men who knew what they wanted, has grown into importance step by step, and promises to be not the least successful of the Horse-breeding Associations which have their headquarters at 12, Hanover Square. The foundations of the Society were laid by such men as Lord Harrington, Sir Humphrey de Trafford (still a warm and liberal supporter) and Mr. John Hill.

On these the last three Presidents, Sir Walter Gilbey, Lord Arthur Cecil, and Mr. Norris Midwood have built up the fortunes and influence of this Society, well supported by a strong and business like council. With an addition of 102 new members and the strengthening of the Council by the addition of Lieut.-Col. Henriquez, R.A., Mr. John Barker, and Mr. Charles Basset, of Watermouth Castle, the Society has started well on the new year. It was perhaps too much to expect that the new Society should receive much support from polo players at first. But now that it must be evident to all men that its success is certain, it may hope for more help from those who are interested in the game.

The various shows of the past month, from Hurlingham and the Royal at Maidstone to the Crystal Palace, have brought out good mares and likely stallions, besides showing to the breeders the type to aim at in such ponies as Matchbox and Silver Star. The judging at Hurlingham and the Crystal Palace was very good, but at the Royal some ponies found favour in the polo classes which certainly showed more than a suspicion of Hackney blood. The writer is a great admirer of the Hackney pony, which is a beautiful animal and a splendid harness pony, but which could never make a really useful polo pony. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that the Polo Pony Society feel themselves strong enough once more to hold a show of their own, and that this exhibition will be in connection with that of the Hunters' Improvement Society at Islington. Sir Walter Gilbey has offered two gold Challenge Cups, and Mr. John Barker has placed a sum of £50 at the disposal of the Show Committee.

This is a breeders' Society, but is well worthy of the support of those whose interest in polo is somewhat wider and more unselfish than the mere personal enjoyment of a glorious game.

The London Polo Club. — Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the County Polo Association may take some credit to themselves that Major Herbert has been able to bring off a kind of secondary county cup at the Crystal Palace. The Provincial Clubs' Tournament was, in fact, an excellent idea, and gave the chance of some good matches to the county teams which the greater tournament had brought to town. To add to the interest, the winning club, Tiverton, has not appeared before in London, and they succeeded in defeating a strong Wimbledon team. Another remarkable feature of the tournament was that the winners were four brothers, the Messrs. de Las Casas, two of whom are well known in the West of England as whippers-in to Sir John Amory's Staghounds. The Provincial Clubs' Tournament also brought out a new club, the Holborough, the headquarters of which are near Chatham. Polo by lime-light is another novelty which, however, does not greatly commend itself to the writer, who is disposed to take the game seriously. At the same time Major Herbert has historic authority for polo by artificial light, for Mr. Moray Brown tells of polo in the sixteenth century in the East being played with balls which were made of wood which, being set on fire, burnt for some time. The idea did not catch on even in India, where the heat by day might make polo by night, in any form, attractive.

Wimbledon Park Polo Club. — The management has taken time

by the forelock in issuing a circular detailing the arrangements for season 1900. Two efficiently-watered grounds are promised, so that there will be play every day of the week. Both grounds are to be open on Saturdays, one being chiefly reserved for members' games. During the present season matches have been restricted to Saturdays, so as to give young players who only perform in members' games better opportunities of practice. Next season matches will be booked for any day of the week and, by arrangement, two visiting teams may play against each other. Outside the principal fixtures to be arranged by the executive, it will now be with members themselves to get together balanced teams for friendly private matches. That the fine old turf can stand the test of severe extremes of weather has been proved by the fact that while, with only temporary watering arrangements, it has never been objectionably hard, it has only been necessary to close the ground on one Saturday owing to rain. On that occasion, early in April, the nursing was rather a case of expediency than of necessity. As regards recent play, the conditions of the Age-Limit Tournament, permitting only players whose ages fall within a cycle of five years to play in the same team, have been found effectual in breaking down existing powerful combinations, some of which have grown so strong as to prevent other teams entering against them. This year "35 to 39" won, beating "45 and over" in the final. The Visiting Teams' Tournament for the Auld Langsyne Challenge Cup, presented by Mr. T. B. Drybrough, the first captain of the club, was won by the 7th Hussars (Subalterns). The

date clashing with the autumn manoeuvres unfortunately prevented several military teams from competing. This tournament will grow in interest year by year as more clubs become eligible to compete. The cup, a beautiful silver-gilt vase of Greek design, with plinth bearing a polo trophy subject, was supplied by Messrs. Watherston & Son, Pall Mall. Four souvenir cups were also given by the club. Beginning play on April 1st, and continuing till the end of August, Wimbledon is the earliest to open and latest to close of the London clubs. Arrangements have been made for wintering polo ponies in the park.

The Autumn Season.—Polo has now a regular autumn season, and some first-rate tournaments are to be seen in August. Not even Cowes or Goodwood can draw away players or spectators from polo. Rugby, Leamington, and Cirencester are all regular August fixtures, and this year Portsmouth intends to have a tournament, and no doubt there will be others in due course. These annual tournaments, with their accompaniments of pony shows and gymkhanas, do much to popularise polo.

Colonial and Foreign.—The latest addition to the list of Polo Clubs is Singapore, where the game is now being regularly played, though the players have hardly yet attained to tournament. But the most important tournament was that at Sydney for the Burdekin Challenge Cup. There were four entries in all, Tamarang, Camden, Sydney, and Camperdown, the last named being the holders of the Cup. In the first ties Tamarang defeated Camden, and Camperdown Sydney. There was a general expectation of a fine game in the final. Tamarang—Messrs. A. Hall, R.

Turnbull, J. M'Master and Duncan M'Master. Camperdown—Messrs. W., T., and E. Manifold and Mr. R. S. Murray. The match was divided into six tens, but it is the practice in Australia to count the hits behind against the side whose boundary line is crossed. These would, however, only affect the result if the goals won were equal at the call of time. English players will notice that family teams are as successful at the Antipodes as they are with us. Tamarang played with tremendous dash, and made two goals at the start. This advantage they held all through, their forward player having more dash than that of Camperdown, and their defence being quite as good. Nevertheless, at the call of time they were equal. In the additional time, however, Mr. Turnbull, extracting the ball from a smart scrimmage, raced away for goal and scored. Tamarang won by a single goal only after a splendid match. In Colombo polo flourishes well, and there are regular games on the beautiful grounds on Galle Face.

The Stage Coaches at Ranelagh.—An assemblage of thirty-six coaches, of which sixteen were working road coaches, for a driving competition, was a novelty which drew a large number of people to Barn Elms. It was the most interesting, and to the amateur coachman certainly the most instructive, exhibition of the kind ever seen. The way in which the professionals' horses were put together, and the ease and certainty with which they were handled, both in the parade and before the judges (Lords Lonsdale and Ancaster) shows that coachmanship of a high order is still existent among us. Captains Spicer and Hamilton, who won the challenge cup for the best

turned-out coach, showed us four horses which for substance and quality would have been remarkable anywhere. These horses the V.D. had looked over in their stalls, and "Wait till you see them going" had said another proprietor and an excellent judge. The Nimrod (Brighton) four moved like one horse. Nor were they show horses, but are doing their daily stages. E. K. Fownes drove them, and nothing more need be said. Very workmanlike was the Shamrock (Reigate), driven by another Fownes, and with a very coachinglike team and very smart drag. T. Hally won the driving competition, and the way he handled his team round the by no means simple course was a good bit of real coachmanship. His time was good, and he did not upset a single obstacle. Captain Steed's team (Brighton) were a grand lot of horses, but looked at least as much like crossing a country as drawing a coach. They were almost too good for their place. As a spectacle the whole was a magnificent show, and the attendance of critical spectators shows what a strong interest coaching is.

The Crystal Palace Pony Show.—As might have been expected, the strength of this show lay in the direction of the polo pony classes, which contained many fine animals, in spite of the fact that several well-known players could not be spared by their owners, who required them for work. In the thoroughbred stallions, Sir Walter Gilbey's charming brown Rosewater, beyond all doubt by far the best little horse of his inches living, had no difficulty in beating his two opponents; whilst in the other than thoroughbred class, the Elsenham Stud was again to the fore by the assistance of

Lord Polo by Rosewater, a really fine stamp of sire, but scarcely so good in shoulders as the second prize, Sandiway, another clinking fine pony exhibited by Mr. John Barker. So far as the Arab stallions were concerned, there was some surprise expressed at the relegating of the Rev. D. B. Montefiere's Mootrub to the reserve position, as he is better in expression and bone than the winner, Mr. Cecil's grey Ben Azrell. Only one Barb stallion was exhibited, this being the London Polo Club's Aziz, but he was a power of strength in himself, being the most admired horse in the show, and certainly it is impossible to conceive a more lively pony. The thoroughbred brood mares, headed by Mr. John Barker's Lightning and Messrs. Grainger's Serf Belle, two nice blood-like ponies with substance, were a fair class of eight; whilst no doubt the best of the new-comers in the polo brood mare class was the Keynsham Stud Company's Oh My, a tremendously powerful mare for her inches, and a well-known winner and dam of winners. Premier honours in the barren polo mares, which numbered twenty-one, went properly enough to Mr. J. Gouldsmith's Silver Star, the Hurlingham winner, but Mr. Tresham Gilbey's Early Dawn made a good second and settled down better in the ring. The Keynsham Stud Company were to the fore in both the three and two-year-old classes, with the own brothers St. Moritz and Birmingham Royal, a pair of very stylish breedy-looking youngsters. In the made polo pony classes the judges can scarcely be congratulated upon their decisions, as the position of Mr. Gouldsmith's Silver Star in the light-weight class, when beaten by Captain

Renton's Nip-cat, was scarcely compatible with the views of the majority of the spectators. Captain Renton's well-known Matchbox took first for heavy weights, first prize in the unmade class falling to Mr. Guy Gilbey's clean bred Bright Pearl, by that good little horse, the expatriated Pearl Diver. In the riding class, Mr. J. Barker was to the fore with Meddlesome, a very powerfully-built bay, with the stylish Early Dawn second, and another heavy-weight, Lord Harrington's Acorn, third; the weight carriers being headed by Miss Hawkins' All Fours, a good specimen of his type, and the under 13 hands riding ponies by the very stylish Wonder, exhibited by Miss Gilbey. The classes for Argentine ponies and Welsh were moderately well filled, but those for harness animals were by no means good; the Hackneys, moreover, being a very moderate collection.

Cricket.—Such a dose of test matches has never been known in this country before, and that too at a time when it would appear that our Australian visitors are perhaps a side more difficult to beat than at any time in the history of international cricket. At Nottingham disaster was only just averted by our representatives, and then at Lord's England suffered a crushing defeat by ten wickets. The third match of the series played at Leeds went better for the Old Country, who appeared to have a chance of winning, when a deluge of rain on the last day of the match rendered further play impossible and left the game drawn. J. T. Hearne achieved the distinction of the "hat trick" by dismissing three of the best Australian batsmen in three consecutive balls, both Noble and Gregory obtaining the unwelcome pair of spec-

tacles. Perhaps, however, the best English bowler was Young, of Essex, whose left-handed deliveries always had the batsmen in difficulties, whilst with the worst luck imaginable he time after time missed the wicket by the proverbial coat of paint.

There is only time to say as regards the fourth test match at Manchester that it resulted in a draw. Noble made a fine stand for Australia, and Hayward contributed 130 runs to the English total. The bowling of Young and Bradley was very successful in the first innings.

Gentlemen and Players was this year overshadowed by all this test cricket to a marked degree, and the match at Lord's was played by fine teams with an absence of quite the usual amount of enthusiasm on the part of the crowd.

Dr. W. G. Grace captained a powerful eleven of amateurs, in which Major R. M. Poore, on the strength of his string of centuries for Hampshire, found a place for the first time; and winning the toss the amateurs settled down on a splendid wicket to pile up the large score of 480 runs; whilst almost everybody made a fair score of over thirty or so. Mr. Charles Fry was top scorer with 104, an innings which followed immediately upon his great effort of 162 not out made on the previous Saturday for his county against Yorkshire. Ranjitsinhji played in his most delightful fashion for 38 when he was caught at third man off a miss hit, and it is worthy of note that this great batsman has this season to leave the wicket for the first mistake he makes; in 1896, when his large scores were the talk of the cricket world, the Indian Prince was frequently favoured by fortune, and could make a mistake without

suffering for it. During this season, however, his innings has generally been closed by his first indiscretion; however, even under these harsh terms he has proved himself a most prolific scorer. W. G. Grace, who contented himself with going in number seven, played a fine innings of 76 and bitterly must Mr. J. R. Mason regret the indiscretion which led to his running W. G. out when the great cricketer looked all the way like scoring his century. It was an impossible run to mid-off for which the Kent captain called his partner and W. G. was cut off in the prime of his innings when he was doing as he liked with the Players' bowling. Mr. Mason made a good score, and Messrs. Townsend and Jackson each made close upon 50 runs, the former gentleman completing in this match his aggregate of one thousand runs this season.

Abel, who was only selected for the Players' team in the absence of Shrewsbury and Quaife, led off the batting for the Players, but failed before the fast bowling of Mr. W. M. Bradley, who has this season bowled so successfully for Kent that on July 10th he actually headed the bowling averages with some 76 wickets at a cost of 14 runs each. In the second innings Abel was out for a duck's egg to the same bowler, thereby emphasising the theory that away from the Oval he is more likely to fail to fast bowling than to slow, as Mr. C. Heseltine and his Hampshire colleagues confidently assert. Hayward played a very fine innings, and the Players were holding their own fairly well until Mr. Jephson, coming on with his lobs, turned the whole game in the course of an hour. In some 18 overs he captured six wickets at the small cost of 26 runs, and it is inter-

esting to note that during the whole time he was only once hit to the boundary. The Players followed on and were beaten by an innings and 59 runs.

It was in this match that W. G. Grace achieved the extraordinary feat of scoring his 50,000 runs in first-class cricket after a career of 35 years. It is stated that of those taking part with him in this Gentlemen and Players' match of 1899 only one man was born when W. G. played his first Gentlemen and Players' match, and that is Robert Abel, who at that time was five years old! Some comment was invited by the action of the M.C.C. Committee, who, in selecting the Players' team, left out Young, whose place in the England eleven is assured, and it is a strange anomaly that a man who plays for the first eleven of England should fail to gain a place in the twenty-two, which is practically the position of Young. J. T. Hearne, also fresh from his hat-trick at Leeds, was left out, as was Tyldesley, who has been amongst the men selected for each of the test matches, and who amused himself during the days of the Gentlemen and Players' match by scoring 249 runs for his county against Leicestershire. The ways of Selection Committees are indeed strange.

The Inter-University Match of 1899 was not very interesting, and ended in a draw. Probably Oxford were fancied a shade more than their opponents before the match, but by winning the toss it is probable that the Dark Blues got rather the worst of the wicket, which at the start of the match was on the soft side. Oxford led off with 192, subscribed chiefly by Messrs. Knox (37), Eccles (32), and Martyn (27). Cambridge replied with 241, although at one time there were

seven wickets down with but 89 runs on the board. It was an invaluable stand by Messrs. S. H. Day (62) and Hind (52) which saved the Light Blues, and Mr. Hind, who was actually the eleventh choice for Cambridge, is to be congratulated upon his success also with the ball, for he secured in the match five wickets for 62 runs. In the second innings Mr. Pilkington, who had been dismissed for a duck's egg in the first innings, showed more of his true form, and when time was called on Tuesday night had 93 runs to his credit out of the 174 scored by Oxford: he was unfortunately out next morning to the first ball without increasing his score, and after some very quiet play six men were out for 206. At this juncture Oxford were driven to play for safety, and Messrs. Knox and Montmorency with 73 not out and 62, were the chief scorers. The slow play prevented Mr. Champain from declaring his innings closed until half-past three o'clock, when nine wickets had fallen for 347 runs, and Cambridge were thus set 299 runs to make in two hours and forty minutes. Mr. Jessop himself came in at the fall of the first wicket, and set about winning the match for his side, but when he had scored 48 runs in twenty-five minutes he was well caught by the Oxford captain at long-off, and then a drawn game was inevitable, and Messrs. Taylor (52) and Day (50) quietly played out time, Cambridge at the finish requiring 70 runs to win and having six wickets in hand. Mr. Bosanquet was the most successful of the Oxford bowlers, and Mr. Hind did best for Cambridge. Mr. Jessop was far from well, and although he worked like a hero his efforts were not attended with much

success. Mr. Hawkins, of Cambridge, required much apparent exertion, and a run of quite 20 yards to produce a medium paced ball of no great apparent merit, and we must protest against the practice growing amongst indifferent bowlers of indulging in exaggerated and fanciful runs. The waste of time involved in these manoeuvres is considerable, and the average time consumed by Mr. Hawkins between the receipt by him of the ball and the subsequent delivery was somewhere about nineteen seconds. As the laws stand at present any bowler who was desirous of wasting time would apparently be quite within his rights if he were to commence his run from the Pavilion steps every ball, or even run round the entire ground previous to the delivery. The Marylebone Club Committee might well consider whether it might not be expedient to limit the run of bowlers to say 10 yards or some such useful distance, and so abolish these absurd and irritating preliminaries. Mr. Stocks, of Oxford, who failed to get a wicket in the match, is another bowler with a prolonged and grotesque run up to the wicket; and the other day we played with a man whose practice it was to throw the ball in the air and catch it three times as he started to bowl many yards away from the wicket.

Salmon for the Thames.—A good deal of interest has been aroused in the scheme of the newly formed Thames Salmon Association, as propounded at the recent meeting at the Mansion House. Whether the experiment will be successful or not, time alone can show, though Mr. R. B. Marston, who may in a way be said to have represented the opposition, did not think the time was yet ripe for the com-

mencement of operations. However, a resolution was carried to the effect that steps should be taken to re-introduce salmon into the Thames, and eyed ova are to be procured from foreign sources, which will be hatched under an arrangement with the owners of fish hatcheries in the neighbourhood of the Thames, and turned into the river when ready to go down to sea. These experiments are expected to cover a period of some seven years, and as the sinews of war are of course a primary essential in matters of this kind, cheques may be made out to the Thames Salmon Association, Capital and Counties Bank, Piccadilly Branch, London, W.

By a curious coincidence the oldest and one of the youngest of angling bodies connected with the Thames held more or less important meetings during the same week, but while the Thames Salmon Association was dealing entirely with the re-introduction of a fish that has now become wholly extinct in the Thames, the Thames Angling Preservation Society was taking steps to preserve and keep up the stock that exists at the present day. Thames angling bodies are always faced by the ever-present question of funds, and the old T.A.P.S. is no exception to the rule, but they still go on watching and preserving, and seeing that the rules and regulations existent in their part of the water are strictly observed. The chief event of their past year, as stated in their annual report, was the removal of the barren swans during the coarse fish spawning season, as well as the ducks at Hampton Court. Their limited funds prevent them aiding in the proposed scheme for erecting a general fish hatchery near the Thames.

The Proposed Naval Tournament.—Newspaper paragraphs have been going the rounds during the past few weeks regarding the organising of a Naval Tournament to be held in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, on lines similar to those which have made the Military Tournament the established success it now is. Up to the present no definite or official step appears to have been taken, but should the Naval Tournament become an established fact, there is no doubt that it will at once "catch on," as the phrase now goes. Anyone who has visited the Military Tournament and witnessed the smart gun display given by the naval detachment, and heard the hearty applause which always greets their entry into the ring, must feel sorry that the programme cannot be extended so as to allow those visitors who are more or less ignorant of naval life and ways to become better acquainted with them, and this probably can never be adequately done till a friendly separation takes place, and our soldiers and sailors each fight (?) for their own hand.

Aquatics.—Retrospect, to be palatable to the medium, and *caviare* to the general, should be altogether unclouded, even sunny. Happily, nothing but honeyed words can be spoken of Henley Regatta this year. "Royal" in every sense of the word was the far-famed festival—even Queen's weather prevailed throughout—whilst enormous crowds were *en evidence* every succeeding day. House-boats, &c., were fewer than usual, but this meant more enclosure space—a far more attractive feature in our opinion. It would require the pen of a Virgil and the fervour of a Macaulay to fittingly describe the panorama of ever-shifting boats, the polyglotic

crowd on the banks, the thousand types of faces, the stalwart oarsmen and fair English girls reclining in graceful *abandon* in varied craft. Let us briefly remark that—despite all sorts of pessimistic predictions to the contrary—the social side of the Royal Meeting was more pronounced than ever. The racing was quite worthy the occasion. Anything finer than the general exposition and sensational finishes of many of the races has rarely been witnessed. Competitors from Canada, Holland, France, and Germany threw down the gauntlet to native oarsmen, but in no single instance did they carry off a trophy. Perhaps the most exciting race of the week was that between the Canadians and Dutchmen in Heat I. of the “Grand.” It was a tussle of the Greek *v.* Greek order from pillar to post, and egad! the shout that rose among the hills when Canada won by two feet!

Certainly the echo, image of the Berkshire hills, made itself heard on this occasion; and applause that fills a valley is something to remember for all time. The events were hardly equitably distributed, for the University crews (including Leander) once again ruled the roost. No purely Metropolitan crew caught Judge Fenner's eye this year, albeit the London combination for the “Grand” made a bold bid for victory. For future reference, we append a list of actual results:—

| | | |
|------------|----|----------------------------|
| “Grand” | .. | Leander R.C. |
| “Ladies” | .. | Eton College. |
| “Thames” | .. | First Trinity (Cambridge). |
| “Stewards” | .. | Magdalen College (Oxford). |
| “Wyfolds” | .. | Trinity Hall (Cambridge). |
| “Visitors” | .. | Balliol College (Oxford). |
| “Goblets” | .. | Leander R.C. |
| “Diamonds” | .. | B. H. Howell (Thames R.C.) |

Altogether, however, the outcome was highly satisfactory, from a national point of view. The Canadians, Dutchmen, and

Germans were crews much above the ordinary accredited champions in their own countries, and all rowed splendidly. That they should return defeated affords distinct testimony to the high excellence of English rowing in 1899. The Henley stewards certainly put their detractors to confusion *re* the much-discussed booming of the course. Not only was a clear course provided this year, but the vast traffic was controlled in fashion almost mechanical. The boom has come to stay! They also deserve high praise for their indefatigable efforts to please everybody; from Mr. Secretary Cooper upwards, they were as courteous and ubiquitous as ever. No records were made this year in actual racing, and no one crew showed vast superiority over another—as in 1898. By common consent, however, Mr. Harcourt Gold (Leander R.C.) can justly claim to be one of the very finest strokes who ever wielded oar over the famous course.

Just as the Inter-'Varsity Boat Race inaugurates the river season, so Henley strikes the keynote of regatta fray all down the line. Capital entries and some fair racing was seen at the Metropolitan Regatta, next after Henley, but the attendance was very poor. The fact is, scope for concomitant festivities—beloved of Society—is not so much to the fore at Putney as at strictly riparian meetings. Say what you will, a modern regatta is nothing (from a spectator's point of view) without a strong social side. The rowing results emphasised our last month's opinion that 1898 history is likely to repeat itself; in other words, that the London R.C. bids fair to assert all-round supremacy. Under this heading, however, we shall be able to speak authoritatively next month,

after the decision of many important meetings. Sailing and punting continue to exercise the attention of countless devotees of "Ye Silverie Temes." Strict training is now the order of the day for the Punting Championships, and we anticipate some fine tussles over the Shepperton course—allowing of separate ryepecks—very shortly. What are called "amusing regattas" will soon be in full swing also. It is instructive that the regatta season on the Thames begins at high mark with Henley, descends gradually through replicas of the great meeting, such as Kingston, Molesey, &c., at which we find real rowing in racing boats, to aquatic carnivals such as Teddington Reach, where we get real racing in rowing boats, any craft that will temporarily support an excited competitor, and finishes finally with the various club regattas in which we return to real rowing in racing boats. The popularity of these "amusing regattas" is due to the interest that the general public nowadays takes in boating as distinct from rowing.

Socially, the season promises to prove a red-letter one. Only continued fine weather is required to enable it to reach its zenith. A pleasure traffic little less than vast has sprung up, and a perfect torrent of pleasure craft may daily be seen passing along the favoured reaches of the Thames. Some may sigh for the quietude of earlier times and the "peaceful calm" of Montgomery. Time has its compensations, however, and it would be ungracious to grudge that thousands now for hundreds in days that are past enjoy the beauties of "the imperial stream for every sort of social rite," to quote Collins. From royalty downwards, the river this season is patronised by all sorts and

conditions of folk, and small wonder!

Sport at the Universities.—

Another academical year is over. That of 1898-99 will always be remembered as the dead-heat year, *i.e.*:—Light and Dark Blues finishing up exactly level in Inter-'Varsity fray. Our last month's predictions were fulfilled, very happily in the main. Cambridge won the Swimming Contest at the Bath Club by 2 events 1, and Oxford the Cycling Competitions at Sheen House by 10 points. As we thought likely, the cricket match at Lord's ended in a draw. Splendid all-round play was evinced throughout, batting honours being fairly claimed by Pillington, Knox, Montmorency (Oxford), and Day, Hind, Stogdon (Cambridge). At bowling, Bosanquet, Knox (Oxford), and Hind, Wilson, Hawkins (Cambridge) were the best exponents, and the fielding generally was of very high calibre. So also was the wicket-keeping of H. Martyn (Oxford), who looks like developing into another Gregory MacGregor. Even now, after the fulfilment of events, we still think the Dark Blues were the smarter and more consistent team. Both at tennis proper, and lawn tennis—"the other tennis," as it has been called—honours were divided this year. The exposition was fairly "classy" throughout, and (by common consent) this divided-honours' result about represented the merits of the rival blues in either direction. Following the precedent of the last seven years, we now permit a complete list of Inter-'Varsity contests, results, &c., for 1898-99, as a permanent reference:—

| | | |
|-------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| Cross Country | .. Oxford | .. 30 points 25. |
| Rugby Football | .. Cambridge | .. 11 points nil. |
| Association Foot- | | |
| ball | .. Cambridge | .. 3 goals 1. |
| Hockey | .. Cambridge | .. 5 goals 2. |
| Boxing & Fencing | Oxford | .. 5 events 1. |

| | | |
|---|-----------|------------------|
| Billiards (Single)... | Oxford | .. 49 points. |
| Billiards (Double) | Oxford | .. 208 points. |
| Point to Point | | |
| Steeplechase .. | Oxford | .. easily. |
| Athletic Sports .. | Draw | .. 5 events all. |
| Boat Race .. | Cambridge | .. easily. |
| Chess .. | Cambridge | .. 5½ games 1½. |
| Golf .. | Oxford | .. 18 holes. |
| Racquets (Single) | Cambridge | .. 4 sets 3. |
| Racquets (Double) | Cambridge | .. 3 sets love. |
| Polo .. | Oxford | .. 11 goals 1. |
| Swimming .. | Cambridge | .. 2 events 1. |
| Lawn Tennis | | |
| (Single) .. | Oxford | .. 6 matches 3. |
| Lawn Tennis | | |
| (Double) .. | Cambridge | .. 5 matches 4. |
| Cycling .. | Oxford | .. 10 points. |
| Cricket Match .. | Draw | .. |
| Tennis (Single) .. | Cambridge | .. 6 games 2. |
| Tennis (Double) .. | Oxford | .. 6 games 5. |
| Total..Oxford, 10 events; Cambridge, 10 events;
2 draws. | | |

Critically speaking, the Light Blues might justly claim supremacy on these results alone. Out of the five major events, viz.:—both football and cricket matches, boat race, and sports, they have won three and drawn the other two.

After subsequent representative prowess at Henley and Bisley, however, we fancy readers of BAILY will agree that any real superiority is much more apparent than otherwise. The Oxonians revenged their 1898 reverses at Bisley by carrying off both the Humphrey Plate and Chancellor's Trophy, whilst at Henley they fully atoned for their defeat at Putney last March. The "Grand" and "Stewards"—the proudest trophies any eight and four-oared crews can win—fell to their prowess, as well as the "Visitors." Altogether, the Sister Universities won six out of the eight events! Outside representative fray, University exponents have also asserted themselves at Dublin, Wolverhampton, &c. For the third successive year R. L. Doherty (Cambridge) has won the All England Lawn Tennis Championship; whilst W. G. Paget-Tomlinson (President of the C.U.A.C.) very easily disposed of his rivals for the Athletic Hurdle Championship of Eng-

land, and little later on C. V. Fox (Oxford), a very promising sculler, subsequently carried off the championship of Ireland in that direction—but enough. We might go on enumerating Light and Dark Blue successes in every branch of sport, but let it suffice to mention that they are once again playing a very important part therein. Furthermore, that prominent sportsmen have again excelled in the "Schools," &c., to a surprising degree. Despite the irresponsible chatter of sundry uninitiated ones, the immense advantages of a thew-and-thought curriculum has now been acknowledged by most Oxford and Cambridge men. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is still a truism in every walk or gallop of life. On July 22nd the long-expected Anglo-American athletic fray came off at Queen's Club. Oxford and Cambridge athletes were in opposition to those hailing from Harvard and Yale (U.S.A.), and an immense crowd, from Royalty downwards, foregathered to witness the fray. In the result the English Universities won the contest by five events to four.

The time has now come for us to say *au revoir* to our readers once again until October Term. The weeks will soon roll round, and then for another period of exciting sport and pastime all down the line. Many well-known sportsmen will be missed, yet life is a series of social equivalents. Compensation will be afforded by a tremendous influx of new comers at both Universities.

Golf.—The native golfers in the United States are at last able to claim one of their number as the Amateur Champion of the year. It is five years since the competition for the Amateur Championship was instituted, and until this

year, the winner has always been a stranger—indeed, a direct import from the home of golf, Scotland. On this occasion the winner is Mr. Herbert M. Harriman, of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club (Long Island), a graduate of Princetown University, and a well-known American athlete. In the Final Round he defeated Mr. Findlay Douglas, who won last year, and who, before going to the United States, was a familiar figure on the links of St. Andrews. The match consisted of two rounds

or 36 holes of the Onwentsia Course at Chicago, and though Mr. Harriman gained a lead of eight holes in the first round, he only won by the narrow margin of 3 up and 2 to play. The Americans have adopted a suggestion often made in connection with the Amateur Championship in this country of having a weeding-out process by means of medal play. They only admit to the match play the 32 competitors with the lowest scores in the medal play.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During June—July, 1899.]

MR. WILLIAM MILES I'ANSON, the well-known racing official, died suddenly on June 14th at his residence, Burley-in-Wharfedale, in his forty-second year.

The yacht race from Dover to Heligoland, for the Gold Cup presented by the German Emperor to commemorate the eightieth birthday of the Queen, commenced on June 19th. Thirteen out of the eighteen entries competed, and Charmian finished first. Wendur lost a sail when almost in sight of Heligoland. On the 22nd, the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes received a telegram stating that the German Emperor had awarded the prizes in the following order:—First prize (gold cup), Charmian (schooner), 175 tons, Mr. F. S. Atkinson; second prize, Betty (cutter), 92 tons, Mr. J. Gretton, jun.; third prize, Wendur (yaw), 143 tons, Mr. Lees; fourth prize, Brynhild (yaw), 153 tons, Mr. J. S. Calverley; and fifth prize, Florinda (yaw), 135 tons, Sir James Pender.

The blood-stock sales held at Newmarket during the week of the First July Meeting commenced on June 26th, and attracted a large attendance. The brood mares' foals from the Blankney Stud were included in the first day's catalogue. These comprised twenty-five lots. Sir E. Cassel purchased Listen, foaled 1886, by Charibert, and bay filly foal by Galopin, for 1,150 gs. A bay mare, foaled 1887, by Galopin, and bay colt foal by Friar's Balsam, went to Mr. C. Howard at 1,100 gs.; Baron de

Rothschild bought Flur Bella, foaled 1891, by Barcaldine from the Hermit mare Wallflower, at 830 gs.; and Mr. A. Bailey took Mary Seaton, foaled 1896, by Isonomy, at the same figure; Queen Adelaide, foaled 1881, by Hermit, sold to Sir E. Cassel at 710 gs.; a bay or brown mare by Galopin, foaled 1891, went to Mr. Brodrick Cloete at 670 gs.; and another Galopin mare, unnamed, fetched 500 gs., Mr. E. A. Wigan buying. The total amount realised for the mares and foals was 8,090 gs., giving an average of 323½ gs.

Among other properties Mr. Brodrick Cloete purchased Santa Stella, by St. Simon, from the Knowsley Stud, for 630 gs.; Mr. Simon Harrison's Orsova, by St. Simon, sold to Baron Harkanyi for 1,100 gs.; Mr. James E. Platt sent up two animals—Lady Kendal, by Kendal, made 610 gs. from Mr. H. D. Brocklehurst; and Miliora went to Mr. P. Chaloner at 700 gs. Baron de Rothschild purchased two of the half dozen from Mr. R. Marsh's stud, Cheam, foaled 1892, by Hampton, with a brown filly by St. Frusquin, at 3,500 gs., and Twelfth Night, by Galliard, for 1,500 gs. M. E. Blanc secured the Melanion mare Venia at 1,650 gs. The Duke of Devonshire purchased Greeba, by Melton, with bay colt foal by Enthusiast, from Mr. J. Wallace for 3,100 gs. Business was good, and the day's sale totalled about 28,000 gs.

On Tuesday, the principal items at the morning sale included the late Mr. Ra

phael's Amurath, sold to Mr. H. J. King for 1,600 gs.; Mr. Blackwell bought Sligo from Messrs. Dobell and Inglis's lot at 1,500 gs.; and Mr. Leonard Brassey secured the bay mare Acmena, by Martini Henry, at 900 gs. The evening sale included Captain the Hon. A. Greville's yearlings; Mr. J. A. Miller paid 1,650 gs. for a bay filly by St. Angelo, dam La Vierge, by Hampton; other purchasers including Mr. J. Larnach, bay filly by Kendal, and Mr. H. W. Gilbey, brown filly by Prisoner, dam Hostage, by Hampton.

On Wednesday morning the sale included the Blankney yearlings, twelve in number. Mr. Hall Walker gave 1,250 gs. for a bay filly by Galopin, dam Mary Seaton; another Galopin filly, dam Queen Adelaide, was purchased by Sir J. Miller at 830 gs.; the lot averaged 265 gs. The Marquis of Londonderry sent up eight yearlings. Sir Edgar Vincent paid top price, 1,150 gs., for Una-Nina, a bay filly by Ravensbury; Lord Farquhar gave 610 gs. for Bistonian, by Carbine; the lot averaged 386 gs. From Mr. J. Porter's lot Mr. W. Raphael secured the bay colt by Sheen, dam Brooch, by Blue Green, for 800 gs. Mr. Raphael also bought Ruskin, the first St. Frusquin yearling, for 2,100 gs. Mr. Donald MacLennan secured Petrox, by St. Simon, for 900 gs. In the evening, yearlings from the studs of Sir Robert Affleck and the late Mr. Bruce Seton were sold. From the first Mr. J. A. Miller purchased a chestnut colt by Oriveto for 510 gs.; and Mr. S. Darling gave 600 gs. for a bay colt by Trenton, from the second lot. Mr. H. T. Birdsey's bay colt by Royal Hampton sold to Mr. G. Faber at 710 gs.

On Thursday, the last day, at the morning sale the Earl of Derby bought Andrea Ferrara, by St. Frusquin, from Mr. Russell Swanwick at 800 gs.; Mr. R. Marsh took a brown colt by Oberon at 600 gs., from Mr. Daniel Cooper's lot; Sir R. Waldie Griffith bought Ghin, by Kendal, for 950 gs. In the evening Mr. Wallace Johnstone secured Best of All, by Best Man, at 770 gs., from the Howburn Hall Stud. Considerable competition took place over the Cottingham Stud yearlings. Mr. J. B. Joel got a bay filly by Orme at 1,500 gs., and also a bay colt by Kendal at 870 gs. Mr. J. Larnach gave 880 gs. for a bay filly by Isinglass; and Mr. Wallace Johnstone secured a bay colt by Carnage for 850 gs. The average for Mr. J. Simons Harrison's six was 780 gs. Two lots from Captain Fife's stud ran into money, a bay colt by Isinglass, Mr. C. Beatty, 750 gs., and a bay colt by St. Frusquin, Mr. J. A.

Miller, 820 gs. The week's business was considered satisfactory, the actual sales amounting to about 70,000 gs.

A new cricket record for the highest individual score has been set up by A. E. J. Collins, a lad of barely fourteen years of age. Playing in a junior house match at Clifton College—Clark's House v. North-town—Collins carried out his bat for 628 runs out of a total of 836. The innings commenced on June 22nd, and continued in unequal instalments over five days, being completed on June 28th. Collins was batting altogether six hours and fifty minutes, and his hits included a six, four fives, thirty-one fours, thirty-three threes, and one hundred and forty-six twos. After finishing at the wickets he obtained eleven wickets in the two innings of North Town. The previous best score was 485, made by A. E. Stoddart playing for Hampstead v. Stores in 1886. Mr. Stoddart sent the young cricketer a congratulatory letter and a present of a bat.

Mr. E. J. Hanrahan, hon. secretary to the Clonmel and Kilcheeban Coursing Club since its start, was thrown from his horse near Clonmel on July 6th and killed instantly.

The annual race or the Long Distance Amateur Swimming Championship was decided on the Thames between Kew and Putney on July 8th, over a course measuring five miles and sixty yards. J. A. Jarvis, the Leicester swimmer, proved an easy winner, taking the lead from the start, winning by 400 yards from T. Wildgoose, the winner's time being 1 h. 9 min. 45 sec., and the second man's 1 h. 13 min. 4 sec. A London swimmer, H. F. Clarke, of Grove House, was third, 250 yards away, in 1 h. 14 min. 55 sec.

The Newmarket Second July blood stock sales commenced on Tuesday morning, July 11th, when forty-four American-bred yearlings, the property of Mr. J. B. Haggin, sent over from his large stud in California, were offered. All found purchasers save two, and the forty-two lots sold totalled 5,075 gs., giving an average of about 120 gs. Mr. P. P. Gilpin paid best price, 1,850 gs., for a chestnut colt by Goldfinch, dam Fleurette. At the evening sale Mr. Gilpin took a St. Simon filly at 2,000 gs., and Mr. A. Sadler gave 750 gs. for a colt by Glenwood, the property of Lord Hastings.

Continued on Wednesday morning, the catalogue commenced with twelve American yearlings, purchased last winter by the late Mr. Bruce Seton. Two fillies by Iriquois made 330 gs. (Mr. C. H. Seton) and 320 gs. (Mr. P. C. Paton). Mr. J. Russe

purchased a chestnut filly by Bend Or at 520 gs. from S. Loates's lot; Sir J. Miller gave 620 gs. for a brown filly by Matchmaker, from the Tickford Park stud; from Mr. Burdett-Coutts's lot the best price obtained was 490 gs. for the bay filly by Ayrshire, bought by Mr. W. Hall Walker. In the evening the remainder of American yearlings, the property of Mr. Haggin, were sold, realising 5,200 gs., an average of about 121 gs. for forty-three lots. Mr. Hall Walker paid 600 gs. for a filly by Golden Garter, and Mr. T. Simpson Jay gave 650 gs. for a filly by Watercress. Among other purchasers were Earl Cadogan, Sir R. Waldie Griffith, Lord William Beresford, Mr. P. P. Gilpin, Mr. Lort-Phillips, Mr. Leonard Brassey, Mr. E. C. Clayton, &c.

The principal item in the Thursday's sales was the Duke of Westminster's Batt, brown colt, 4 yrs., by Sheen, dam Vampire, who drew considerable competition, and eventually went to Mr. Hamilton Langley for 2,100 gs.

Jim Cockayne, the Puckeridge huntsman, sends us the following particulars of a foxhound puppy born alive, but since dead:—Head and neck, two bodies, eight legs. Cockayne has the monstrosity preserved in spirits.

The death is announced at his residence, The Cottage, Ockley, Dorking, of Mr. Lee Steere, Master of the Warnham Stag-hounds. The deceased, who was in his seventy-first year, was in command up to the end of last season. Mr. Lee Steere was a good shot in addition to his keenness for hunting, and also took great interest in county affairs, being an alderman of the Surrey County Council.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has just sustained a serious loss by the death at Sandringham stud of the well-known brood mare, Perdita II., the dam of Persimmon, winner of the Derby of 1896, as well as the St. Leger and other events of importance. The mare also produced a good horse in Florizel II., winner of the St. James's Palace Stakes and Gold Vase at Ascot, Prince's Handicap at Gatwick, Manchester Cup, Goodwood Cup, Jockey Club Cup, &c. Perdita II., bred by Lord Cawdor in 1881, was by Hampton, dam Hermione. As a three-year-old she won the Great Cheshire Handicap and the Ayr Gold Cup. At the close of her five-year-old racing career, the mare was purchased by John Porter, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, and results proved the sound judgment of the Kingsclere trainer.

TURF.

NEWCASTLE AND GOSFORTH PARK.—SUMMER MEETING.

June 20th.—The North Derby of 1,275 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile and a half.

| | |
|---|---|
| Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Aiolo, by Ayrshire—Radiancy, 8st. 7lb. | |
| Rickaby | 1 |
| Lord Penrhyn's b. g. Moralist, 9st. 1lb. | |
| T. Weldon | 2 |
| Mr. F. Alexander's br. c. Wolf's Hope, 9st. 1lb. | |
| M. Cannon | 3 |
| 5 to 4 on Aiolo. | |

June 21st.—The Northumberland Plate (a Handicap) of 925 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards; two miles.

| | |
|--|---|
| Lord Durham's b. c. Sherburn, by Sheen—Primrose Day, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb. | |
| Rickaby | 1 |
| Mr. Newton's b. c. Ameer, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. | |
| Segrott | 2 |
| Mr. Cunningham's ch. c. Dermot Asthore, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. | |
| Lofthouse | 3 |
| 13 to 8 agst. Sherburn. | |

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June 22nd.—The Seaton Delaval Plate of 1,200 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

| | | |
|--|------------|---|
| Mr. Arthur James's ch. g. O'Donovan Rossa, by Donovan, dam by Barcaldine—Symmetry, 9st. 7lb. | J. Watts | 1 |
| Mr. J. Snarry's ch. g. Maquereau, 8st. 7lb. | F. W. Lane | 2 |
| Mr. Vyner's bl. c. Lumley Moor, 8st. 10lb. | Black | 3 |
| 11 to 10 agst. O'Donovan Rossa. | | |

SANDOWN PARK.—FIRST SUMMER MEETING.

June 23rd.—The Sandringham Foal Stakes of 1,724 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. A. James's b. g. Sinopi, by Marcion—Simonetta, 9st. | |
| O. Madden | 1 |
| Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Harrow, 9st. 10lb. | |
| J. Watts | 2 |
| Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Umbrosa, 8st. 11lb. | |
| W. Bradford | 3 |
| 6 to 1 agst. Sinopi. | |

June 24th.—The British Dominion Two-Year-Old Race of 1,000 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. J. B. Leigh's b. c. Stealaway, by Morion—Flyaway, 8st. 10lb. O. Madden 1

Mr. P. C. Patton's b. c. Longy, 9st. 9lb. J. Watts 2

Lord Rosebery's b. c. Dandy Lad, 8st. 5lb. C. Wood 3
6 to 1 agst. Stealaway.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST JULY MEETING.

June 27th.—The July Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; New T.Y.C. (five furlongs 142 yards).

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Captain Kettle, by Buccaneer—Comette, 9st. Allsopp 1

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Galveston, 9st. Rickaby 2

Duke of Portland's b. f. Alt-Na-Bea, 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon 3
100 to 8 agst. Captain Kettle.

June 29th.—The Princess of Wales's Stakes of 7,190 sovs.; B.M.

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Flying Fox, by Orme—Vampire, 3 yrs., 9st. 5lb. M. Cannon 1

Sir F. Johnstone's b. c. Royal Emblem, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb. O. Madden 2

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Ninus, 4 yrs., 9st. 11lb. C. Wood 3
6 to 4 on Flying Fox.

The July Cup of 300 sovs.; Exeter Course (six furlongs).

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Eager, by Enthusiast—Greeba, 5 yrs., 9st. 10lb. M. Cannon 1

Lord W. Beresford's b. h. Knight of the Thistle, 6 yrs., 9st. 4lb. Sloan 2

Mr. Covington's b. h. Candelaria, 5 yrs., 9st. 7lb. A. Covington 3
100 to 30 on Eager.

BIBURY CLUB MEETING.

July 4th.—The Hampshire Stakes of 10 sovs., with 500 sovs. added, for three-year-olds; one mile.

Mr. Russel's b. c. Stage Villain, by Buccaneer—Mary Anderson, 8st. 12lb. O. Madden 1

Captain Homfray's b. c. Trussing Cup, 8st. 5lb. W. Freemantle 2

Mr. W. E. Oakeley's ch. c. Dodgington, 9st. 1lb. M. Cannon 3
5 to 1 agst. Stage Villain.

The Bibury Stakes (Handicap) of 300 sovs.; last mile and a half.

Sir J. Thursby's b. or br. h. Palmerston, by Parlington—Pal-mula, 6 yrs., 10st. 2lb. Mr. G. Thursby 1

Lord Stanley's ch. c. Loreto, 4 yrs., 11st. 13lb. Mr. H. Owen 2

Mr. Spender Clay's ch. m. Silent Watch, 5 yrs., 11st. Mr. R. Ward 3

6 to 5 agst. Palmerston.

July 5th.—The Beaufort Handicap Plate of 300 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. c. Hougoumont, by Sir Hugo—La Croise Doree, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. O. Madden 1

Mr. S. B. Joel's b. c. Latheron-wheel, 3 yrs., 7st. C. Archer, jun. 2

Mr. A. Bailey's ch. c. Orco, 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb. A. P. Robinson 3

7 to 2 agst. Hougoumont.

July 6th.—The Hurstbourne Stakes of 30 sovs. each, with 300 sovs. added; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. W. Low's br. c. Elopement, by Rightaway—Maid of Lorn, 9st. 5lb. M. Cannon 1

Lord Radnor's b. f. Nettlecreeper, 8st. 8lb. A. Bushell 2

33 to 1 on Elopement.

The Alington Plate of 300 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. C. J. Merry's b. Colt by Deuce of Clubs—Sweet Mart, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. (car. 6st. 9lb. Purkiss 1

Mr. T. Simpson Jay's ch. c. Westman, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb. K. Cannon 2

Mr. A. Bailey's ch. h. Prince Barcaldine, 6 yrs., 8st. 6lb. N. Robinson 3

7 to 1 agst. Westman.

LINGFIELD PARK.—SUMMER MEETING.

July 7th.—The Lingfield Park Stakes of 3,000 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Harrow, by Orme—Lady Primrose, 3 yrs., 8st. 10lb. S. Loates 1

Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Sibola, 3 yrs., 8st. 13lb. J. T. Sloan 2

Mr. A. James's b. g. Sinopi, 3 yrs., 8st. 10lb. O. Madden 3

6 to 1 agst. Harrow.

July 8th.—The Fourth Year of the Great Foal Plate of 835 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Jouvence, by Pontiac—Joy, 8st. 11lb. Sloan 1

Mr. W. Low's br. c. Elopement,
9st.M. Cannon 2
Mr. Arthur James's b. f. Dum
Dum, 8st. 11lb.O. Madden 3
4 to 1 agst. Jouvence.

NEWMARKET.—SECOND JULY MEETING.

July 11th.—The Beaufort Stakes (Welter
Handicap) of 360 sovs. Beaufort
Course, about seven furlongs.

Sir J. Blundell Maple's br. h.
Forcett, by Forager—Maid of
Catterick, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb.

S. Loates 1

Mr. T. Simpson Jay's ch. c. West-
man, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.

K. Cannon 2

Sir J. Miller's b. g. Korosko, 3
yrs., 7st. 11lb.Sloan 3

7 to 2 agst. Forcett.

The Dullingham Plate of 430 sovs.
Suffolk Stakes Course (one mile four
furlongs 25 yards).

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Chubb, by Chil-
lington—Stocklock, 4 yrs., 8st.
10lb.M. Cannon 1

Mr. Russel's b. c. Stage Villain,
3 yrs., 8st. 10lb.Allsopp 2

Mr. Arthur James's b. g. Sinopi,
3 yrs., 9st. 11lb.O. Madden 3
100 to 30 agst. Chubb.

The Soltykoff Stakes of 400 sovs. ; for
two year-olds ; New T.Y.C. (five
furlongs 142 yards).

Lord W. Beresford's br. f. Siloah,
by Pontiac—Saluda, 8st. 5lb.

Sloan 1

Mr. Musker's b. f. Lady Schom-
berg, 8st. 11lb.T. Weldon 2

Mr. Russell Monro's br. f. Goo-
sander, 8st. 5lb.S. Loates 3
5 to 1 agst. Siloah.

July 12th.—The July Handicap of 555
sovs. ; Exeter Course (six furlongs).

Duke of Devonshire's b. f. Vara, by
St. Angelo—Cheap Loaf, 3 yrs.,
7st. 3lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)

O. Madden 1

Mr. A. L. Duncan's br. g. Lon-
don, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb. ...Purkiss 2

Lord W. Beresford's br. f. Chinook,
4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.Sloan 3
4 to 1 agst. Vara.

The Zetland Plate of 490 sovs. ; B.M.
(one mile).

Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Caiman,
by Locobatchee—Happy Day,
9st. 6lb.Sloan 1

Mr. W. R. Marshall's ch. c.
Damocles, 9st. 11lb. ...Woodburn 2
11 to 4 on Caiman.

July 13th.—The Midsummer Stakes of
455 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; B.M.
(one mile).

Lord W. Beresford's b. or br. c.
Dominie II., by Sensation—

* Dolores, 9st. 3lb.Sloan 1
Lord Dunraven's b. c. Morgante,

8st. 8lb.O. Madden 2
25 to 1 on Dominie II.

The Chesterfield Stakes of 590 sovs. ;
for two-year-olds ; last five furlongs
of B.M. 41 subs.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. f.
Atbara, by Galopin—Eira, 8st.
7lb.T. Loates 1

Mr. Arthur James's The Gorgon,
9st.J. Watts 2

Lord Stanley's ch. c. Pellisson, 8st.
10lb.Rickaby 3

8 to 1 agst. Atbara.

SANDOWN PARK.—SECOND SUMMER MEETING.

July 14th. —Twelfth Renewal of the
Eclipse Stakes of 9,285 sovs. ; for
three and four-year-olds ; about one
mile and a quarter.

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Flying
Fox, by Orme—Vampire, 3 yrs.,
9st. 4lb.M. Cannon 1

Duke of Westminster's br. c. Fron-
tier, 3 yrs., 9st. 11lb. ...J. Watts 2

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Ninus, 4
yrs., 9st. 13lb.C. Wood 3
100 to 14 on Flying Fox.

July 15th.—The National Breeders' Pro-
duce Stakes of 4,357 sovs. ; for
two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Demo-
crat, by Sensation—Equality,
9st. 9lb.Sloan 1

Mr. R. Dewar's b. c. Forfarshire,
9st.S. Loates 2

Mr. R. Croker's b. f. Salina, 8st.
8lb.L. Reiff 3

7 to 4 agst. Democrat.

CRICKET.

June 20th.—At Eastbourne, Sussex v.
Cambridge University, former won by
10 wickets.

June 21st.—At Portsmouth, Oxford Uni-
versity Past and Present v. Aus-
tralians, latter won by 10 wickets.

June 24th.—At Lord's, Middlesex v.
Notts, latter won by 32 runs.

June 24th.—At Leicester, Leicestershire v.
Australians, latter won by 248 runs.

June 28th.—At Derby, Derbyshire v.
Australians, latter won by an innings
and 249 runs.

- June 28th.—At Sheffield, Yorkshire v. Lancashire, latter won by 59 runs.
- June 28th.—At Nottingham, Notts v. Kent, latter won by 365 runs.
- June 28th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Cambridge University, former won by 2 wickets.
- June 30th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Oxford University, former won by 6 wickets.
- July 1st.—At Leeds, England v. Australia, drawn owing to rain, England 220 and 19 for 0, Australia 172 and 224.
- July 1st.—At Portsmouth, Hants v. Surrey, former won by 6 wickets.
- July 5th.—At Lord's, Oxford v. Cambridge, drawn, Oxford 192 and 347 for 8 wickets (declared) Cambridge 241 and 229 for 4 wickets.
- July 5th.—At Trent Bridge, Notts v. Australians, drawn.
- July 8th.—At Maidstone, Kent v. Middlesex, former won by 30 runs.
- July 8th.—At Kennington Oval, Gentlemen v. Players, latter won by an innings and 36 runs.
- July 12th.—At Lord's, Gentlemen v. Players, former won by an innings and 59 runs.
- July 15th.—At Lord's, Eton v. Harrow, drawn, Eton 274 and 264 for 2 wickets (declared), Harrow 283 and 133 for 5 wickets.
- July 14th.—At Leyton, Essex v. Surrey, latter won by 9 wickets.

ROWING.

- July 7th.—Leander beat London in the final heat and won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 7th.—Balliol College (Oxford) beat New College (Oxford) in the final heat and won the Visitors' Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 7th.—First Trinity College (Cambridge) beat Kingston in the final heat and won the Thames Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 7th.—Eton College beat Pembroke College (Cambridge) in the final heat, and won the Ladies' Challenge Plate at Henley.
- July 7th.—Magdalen (Oxford) beat Favourite Hammonia (Hamburg) in the final heat, and won the Stewards' Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 7th.—Trinity Hall (Cambridge) beat London in the final heat, and won

the Wyfold Challenge Cup at Henley.

- July 7th.—Leander (Phillips and Willis) beat St. George's Hospital (Orme and Pennington) in the final heat, and won the Silver Goblets and Nickalls Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 7th.—B. H. Howell (Thames) beat H. T. Blackstaffe (Vesta R.C.) in the final heat, and won the Diamond Challenge Sculls at Henley.

POLO.

- June 27th.—At Hurlingham, Rugby (Messrs. Walter Jones, George Miller, E. D. Miller, and W. J. Drybrough) v. Royal Horse Guards (Messrs. Marjoribanks, R. Ward, Captain Fitzgerald, and Captain Drage), former won the final by 10 goals to 2 and the Champion Cup for 1899.
- July 8th.—At Hurlingham, Stansted (P. Gold, Captain Gosling, Tresham Gilbey and Gerald Gold) v. Liverpool (G. H. McKay, G. H. Pilkington, A. Tyrer and F. W. Wignall), former won by 13 goals to 2 and became the holders of the County Cup.

TENNIS.

- July 10th.—At Prince's Club, Oxford (E. A. Biedermann and A. Page) v. Cambridge (E. M. Baeren and J. C. Tabor) (doubles), former won by 3 set to 1.
- July 11th.—At Prince's Club, Oxford (E. A. Biedermann) v. Cambridge (E. M. Baeren) (singles), latter won by 3 sets to 1.

SHOOTING.

- June 20th.—At Hurlingham, Mr. Palmer won the Hurlingham Cup.
- June 21st.—At Hurlingham, Comte de la Chapelle won the Hurlingham International Cup.
- June 22nd.—At the Gun Club, Mr. Farrell won the Paris Cup.
- June 23rd.—At the Gun Club, Comte de la Chapelle and Mr. F. Marsden divided first and second for the Belgian Cup.
- June 24th.—At the Gun Club, Baron Dorlodot won the Gun Club International Cup.

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE
OF
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No. 475. SEPTEMBER, 1899. Vol. LXXII.

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WITH

Steel engraved portrait of MR. ROBERT ARTHUR SANDERS.
Engravings of PRIZE-WINNING HUNTERS GENDARME and GOLDSTAKE.

Mr. Robert Arthur Sanders.

THE master of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, whose portrait appears in this number of BAILY'S, was born in the year 1857. He was in due course sent to Harrow, that nursery of sportsmen and athletes, and at the time of Dr. Welldon's appointment as Headmaster the subject of our sketch had attained to the dignity of Head of the School. Doubtless his position as Head--far more important in the eyes of youth than that of the Headmaster--enabled him to train his pre-

ceptor in the mysteries of Harrow usages and customs which differ in many respects from those of the rival establishment where the recently ordained Bishop of Calcutta received his early education. From Harrow, Mr. Sanders went to Balliol College, Oxford, which he found, as many have done before and since, a convenient centre for attending the meets of the Bicester and Warden Hill, South Oxfordshire and other packs. Devotion to the chase notwithstanding, when the time

P. Sanders

SEP 13 1899
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came he took honours, a first in law, entered at the Inner Temple, and was duly called to the Bar. Field sports, however, offered more attractions than prospects of success as a barrister, and at this period he spent more of his time in the Vale of White Horse than in the Law Courts.

It was in the autumn of 1890 that Mr. Sanders made acquaintance with the charms of the west country where, staying for the season at the well-known Stag-hunters' Inn, Brendon, he hunted with the Devon and Somerset. He fell a victim to the fascinations of the moorland and its sport, and, with occasional excursions to Leicestershire and other less distinguished fields, he has continued to reside in the land of his adoption. In 1893 he established a stronger tie to the west country by his marriage to Miss Lucy Halliday of Glenthorne, at Dare Church which occupies a site in one of the most picturesque districts of Exmoor. Mrs. Sanders from her earliest childhood has been a follower of hounds: her beautiful home lying within a few miles of Dare Church on the shores of the Bristol Channel.

On Colonel Hornby's resignation of the mastership in 1895, Mr. Sanders was unanimously accepted as that gentleman's successor by the committee of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and since that date he has discharged the onerous duties of the office with equal satisfaction to the landowners and farmers, to the regular followers of the pack and occasional visitors. And here let it be observed the master of the Devon and Somerset has to cope with difficulties which masters of all other packs know only in a modified form. Beginning his season in the early part of August, when every corner of

the two popular counties has its full quota of summer holiday-making strangers, the master of the Devon and Somerset has to control a field often numbering hundreds and always including a large proportion of horsemen who combine with the best and most sportsmanlike intentions the smallest possible knowledge of the art of hunting the wild red deer. These, in their ignorance of its very rudiments, unwittingly do much to spoil sport. In any given field of fox-hunters the novices are few, and take their cue for the most part from the experienced many. At the earlier meets of the Devon and Somerset the novices far outnumber the experienced men. In the later months of the season, when his field is reduced to a few enthusiasts, Mr. Sanders finds his task, in so far as the field is concerned, an easy one; but in no fox-hunting country do three or four days' hunting a week entail harder work on the master and his staff. The great extent of country over which the pack hunts—fifty miles by thirty—the frequent long runs and long journeys home in the trying winter climate of the moorlands require more than ordinary devotion to sport on the part of the master.

The history of sport on the moors may be traced to the days of Queen Elizabeth, and "Exmoor Forest" belonged to the Crown until the earlier decades of the present century. Hugh Pollard, Ranger of Exmoor in the seventeenth century, kept a pack of hounds at Simonsbath, and his successors maintained the establishment for many years. The last of the true staghounds were sold to go abroad in 1825, and since then the kennel has contained foxhounds. The most important of recent changes in the country was the establishment of

Sir John Heathcote Amory's pack at Hensleigh, near Tiverton. This pack was formed in 1896 at Mr. Sanders' suggestion to hunt a district over which the Devon and Somerset hold rights of chase, but which they could not conveniently hunt with regularity. The deer were increasing in this area and the new pack perform good service to the farmers by keeping their numbers within bounds.

Last season's sport was a "record," hounds having killed 141 deer; this season, judging from reports, men who purpose hunting in these parts have every prospect of equally good sport. There are plenty of deer on the moor, and, what is perhaps more

important, Mr. Sanders has been careful to maintain the pack at its accustomed high standard of excellence. There are at present about fifty couples of hounds in kennel, including a very promising entry of twenty couple. They are all dog-hounds, drafted for the most part from the leading packs, for size only. They will meet as usual three and four days a week, the master himself hunting them one day each week.

Besides his occupation of hunting, Mr. Sanders serves his country in the capacity of Captain of the Royal North Devon Hussars, of which a former master of the staghounds, Lord Ebrington, is Colonel; he is also a magistrate for the county.

African Horse-Sickness.

[At the moment when we are going to press, the war clouds are hanging heavy over South Africa. We may fervently pray that they will harmlessly disperse, but it may well happen that England will find it is her duty at least to concentrate a large force in Natal. Such a force must necessarily include many animals belonging to mounted corps and many more belonging to the transport. All these animals will be liable to the ravages of the local pestilence, and the British public should be made in some degree acquainted with a factor which may have a very strong influence on the conduct of any possible military operations. It is well therefore, in BAILY'S pages, to draw attention to the African horse-sickness which is little known except among those who have seen its deadly operation.]

SOUTH AFRICA is remarkable for the extraordinarily fatal epidemics of various diseases which sweep off the animals most useful to man. In recent years we have heard that the oxen which do so much of the transport work in the interior of the country and whose herds constitute the wealth of the farmers, have been ravaged by a visitation of rinderpest causing widespread ruin and paralysis of trade. But worse almost than rinderpest among cattle is the horse sickness or "Paard Zickte" which is a yearly visitor in most

districts, sometimes taking a specially virulent form. All officers who have served in our recent campaigns in South Africa or have been garrisoned in any of the country's military stations, must have had more or less experience of it and know well how much it is to be dreaded lest it should peremptorily destroy the efficiency of an army's mounted troops and render any force immovable by the wrecking of all transport.

The horse sickness is no new curse that has smitten the land,

but it has been a familiar evil since the first European settlement. It appears however that during the early half of the century it only came in a virulent epidemic form at long intervals of time and lay partially dormant for the intermediate periods. 1856 and 1857 were particularly disastrous years and it is recorded that then more than 64,000 animals died in Cape Colony alone, causing severe agricultural depression in the eastern and western districts. In our own time however the recurrence of outbreaks of this fatal disease has been more and more frequent and now it may be said that no year passes without its appearance. The amount of damage done may not always be equally great, but the possibility of the scourge always looms sufficiently threatening to cause the deepest anxiety in the minds of those who have the charge of, or are dependent upon the usefulness of, horses, asses and mules. As an example of what may happen, I may mention that two years ago, in Natal alone, 600 Government animals, horses and mules, died, and this in time of peace when there was no unusual exposure or trial.

But it is in the midst of field operations that an outbreak of horse sickness is most disconcerting and I may enlarge a little on the staggering nature of the blow to a commanding officer of mounted troops when such an outbreak takes place in the lines of his corps. He has had to look out for and guard against all the ordinary casualties which may occur under the stern conditions of war, of themselves quite sufficient to reduce the effective strength of his command, but by constant care and vigilance he is able to keep his troopers equal to

their duties. In the presence of horse sickness however he finds himself almost utterly helpless. The pestilence strikes suddenly, rapidly and irretrievably. Its arrival cannot be foreseen, for though its cause is known the action is still to a great extent wrapped in mystery, and though precautions may be taken in peace time that have a preventive value, they cannot be carried out in any effective manner during a campaign when it is necessary to act with other troops or to vigorously complete a strategical operation. Our commanding officer has had a hard day's work in the saddle and possibly has done a little fighting. He carefully inspects all his horses as they stand picketed in the evening in camp or bivouac and his spirits rise within him when he sees that they look bright and well and are munching their feeds with a good appetite. He thinks with satisfaction that all are fairly sound and fit for the morrow's work whatever it may be and that the men whom he has trained so carefully will be well carried and able to show their intelligence and gallantry. But, when the morrow comes, perhaps the first report he receives is that four or five horses have been found lying dead in the lines. There has been no disturbance during the night and the sentries have noticed nothing unusual. The poor brutes have simply laid down and have been overtaken by a swift death.

Besides those that are dead there are several more that are reported as "looking rather queer." And indeed so they are, some glancing with uneasy eyes at their heaving flanks, as if suffering from internal pains, and some with hanging heads and a profuse discharge pouring from their nostrils. These sick ones of course cannot

be saddled for the morning's parade and, though they will have immediate treatment it may be feared that the hand of the destroyer is upon them. At one fell stroke perhaps eight or ten of the best horses (and they that are taken are generally the best) are cut off from the available strength of the corps. All the other horses however eat their morning's feed with apparent zest and it is hoped that the worst is known. The parade is formed and the corps moves off for its day's duty, but before they have gone half a mile one of the troopers gives a suspicious cough which strikes the commander's ear. He hopes that the cough may mean nothing but he has misgivings and sends the horse back. He has lost the services of another man, a very serious matter indeed, if there is any chance of a skirmish, and he has to get through the day as best he can. When he is once more in his bivouac he finds that all the horses are dead which he left sick in the morning and the horse with the suspicious cough barely lived till midday. And so on, and so on. Night by night and day by day horses fall sick and die or, if by chance a few recover, they are so shattered and pulled down that they are quite unfit for work until they have had a long rest and sedulous nursing. It may be conceived what this means in war time and how rapidly a mounted corps melts away under such conditions. And besides the actual losses there are numberless embarrassments that follow in the train of the horses' deaths. The dead bodies cannot be left in a camp that is to be occupied for a few days, but must be removed to a considerable distance. If no remounts are procurable, the men must be disposed of. True, they

can do some useful work on foot, but that is, to say the least, inconvenient, when they have been equipped for riding. Then the saddlery cannot be abandoned and must be carried somehow, a very serious addition to the impedimenta of a force. And it is to be remembered that the transport, if the waggons are drawn by mules, will very likely have suffered at least equally with the mounted corps and its capacity will by so much be reduced. The supply of food and forage will be impeded and it will be lucky indeed if it is not partially cut off. It may well be said that the casualties among animals of a hard-fought and prolonged campaign will in all probability not produce greater disorganisation than those of an outbreak of horse sickness during a fortnight.

It is not proposed here to attempt to describe scientifically the symptoms of horse sickness, but though unquestionably the disease is the same, there are, roughly speaking, two distinct manifestations of it, one when it attacks the pulmonary organs and one when the stomach and digestive organs are specially affected. The only difference in the result between these two forms is that death is generally much more rapid in the first case than in the last. When the pulmonary organs are the seat of the disease the first indications are a dull cough or laboured breathing followed immediately by other well-known signs of high fever and extreme illness. Occasionally the horse's head swells enormously, and from this the Dutchmen give the name "Dik - kop" (big head) to the complaint. There is a discharge from the nostrils; the animal rapidly sinks to the ground and lies on its side, and in its last moments the nose discharge turns

to a froth as white as snow which forms a cloud in which the victim is half concealed before death comes as a relief from its agony. In this case a *post-mortem* examination shows the respiratory organs to be gravely affected while the digestive organs are comparatively healthy. When the reverse is the case and the digestive organs are attacked, in most cases the signs of disease do not succeed each other with such startling rapidity, but the horse first shows unusual dulness and lethargy, refuses his food and shows that he is suffering from internal pains by pawing the ground, looking restlessly at his flanks, then lying down and rolling in his uneasiness. Slower though the progress of this form of the malady may generally be, it too is sometimes almost instantaneous in operation and may cause death in a very few hours.

In epidemics of horse sickness it is remarkable that the virulence of the poison that affects the animals never seems to decrease. At the end of an outbreak or at the end of the sickly season the severest cases may occur, and at any time there may be cases in which the symptoms are not so exaggerated and in which treatment and nursing may be effective and the animals may recover.

Apropos of recovering there is a general belief in South Africa that horses which have recovered from horse sickness are thenceforth supposed to be safe in a succeeding epidemic. They are locally said to be "salted" and, being so, they have a very special value. In fact, other qualities being equal, a "salted" horse will fetch nearly double the price that would be paid for one which had not gone through an attack of the disease. It is conceivable that a horse, which has sufficient

strength of constitution to throw off an attack of horse sickness, may not be so liable to the disease as others, but the belief that the passing through one attack gives any immunity from a second is quite fallacious. It is certain that, in a local mounted corps employed in the Transvaal, several horses which had suffered and recovered from well-marked attacks of horse sickness in 1877 were among the first to die during an epidemic in 1878. Let not anyone therefore, who goes to South Africa, think that by spending large sums of money he is going to collect a stud that is secure from horse sickness. He may find animals that have good sound constitutions, but they may be cut off like any others.

How is horse sickness generated? What are the causes that lead up to such fatal issues? In order to explain the most commonly received theories on the subject a word must be said on the general method of feeding horses in South Africa. Oats are very little known and hay is seldom made and is expensive and difficult to procure. In place of the former, horses receive rations of what are locally called "mealies," that is the dried grain of Indian corn, and, in order to supply the more bulky form of nutrition, they are turned out to graze on the Veldt. To prevent them from straying while grazing the head of each horse is fastened by a raw-hide strap to the upper part of its leg just above the knee in a fashion called knee-haltering. This permits a horse to move comparatively slowly without discomfort but prevents him from galloping and being quite independent. Two or three mounted men can easily watch a mob of two or three hundred horses thus hobbled and, if any of them show

a disposition to wander can with small exertion overtake them and drive them back to their comrades. Good South African grass is very nourishing and horses thrive and grow fat upon their mealies and their grazing in a most satisfactory manner. The mere facts of being necessarily in the open and picking up their own food are an approach to natural conditions which has many advantages.

To revert to horse sickness. Like most epidemic diseases, it is believed to be due to the action of a specific bacillus, which enters the animal's system by the air which it breathes or by the food which is eaten. This bacillus comes from the soil and especially from foul, swampy or marshy ground. The vegetation on such ground is laden with it and it floats in the watery vapour that rises with evaporation. It may thence be caught up and wafted on currents of air, but it is then no longer in overpowering numbers and its influence may sometimes, though not necessarily always, be so far diminished. The Dutch farmers of the Cape have long had a practical, if not scientific knowledge of the conditions most favourable to horse sickness and they have laid down the rule that horses which are turned out to graze should not be allowed, at certain seasons of the year, to feed along river banks or near the swampy hollows known as "Vleys," neither should they be turned out before the sun is well up and has scattered the miasmatic vapours, nor allowed to be on low-lying ground after sundown when the evening mists are rising. And, unless extreme vigilance is practised, it is difficult to keep horses away from the neighbourhood of watercourses, for naturally in such places the grass is peculiarly rich, fresh, green and

tempting: if they are left to themselves, they will almost certainly seek the most unhealthy spots and expose themselves to the germs of a deadly malady. The Boers too were well acquainted with the fact that the horse sickness clings especially to low-lying plains and they have always been in the habit of moving their horses during the sickly months to high ground. Even an elevation of 300 feet was considered to give comparative safety and in certain districts that formed elevated plateaux cases of horse sickness were very rarely known to occur. As we have seen, the theory of a bacillus falls in with and endorses all these old Dutch precautions and safeguards, but, in actually dealing with a terrible scourge, the appearance of science on the scene has really done very little so far to help us.

It has been said that safety from disease may be counted upon at an elevation above the plains, but this immunity is not always existent, for cases of horse sickness have appeared both on the Biggersberg and Drakensberg mountains. These may have been caused from bacilli being carried up the hillside by some current of air, but of course it may be that science is still far from a complete solution of the problem and that the bacilli may originate on the hill itself and not be altogether dependant for their being on low and marshy ground.

But the conviction that the theory of science and the rude practice of the old Dutch settlers are correct is further supported by the fact that the seasons of the year when the horse sickness is most rife and shows the greatest virulence are just those in which, if they are correct, we should expect to suffer from its attacks. The Cape being south of the line,

the order of the year's seasons is exactly the reverse of that in the northern hemisphere. The spring is August, September, October; summer is November, December, January; autumn is February, March, April, and winter is May, June, July. The horse sickness generally appears in greatest severity towards the middle or end of autumn, which is also the rainy season. The semi-tropical showers loosen and soften the soil, and the emanations that then arise carry the poison with them into the grass and the air, giving it free scope for action. With the approach of the cold weather in May the disease disappears or at least there is no general epidemic, though occasional sporadic cases have been known to occur in winter. The belief that there is no horse sickness after the first frost is roughly speaking correct. Probably the bacillus dies when the atmosphere is below a certain temperature. It has been remarked above that particular districts have an immunity from the disease, in some cases of course because they are elevated above the surrounding plains. Sometimes however it is not so easy to give a reason for their security; there is no very appreciable increase in height and, to the ordinary observer, there are no special conditions which would point to extreme healthiness. A case in point may be noted. A mounted corps was marching from the Transvaal to Natal. It had suffered terribly from horse sickness and, even on the line of march, continued to lose horses from day to day. It was predicted by the local farmers that, as soon as the corps crossed a certain river, the curse that had so long accompanied it would cease. The passing of the river

was keenly anticipated and, sure enough, no other cases of disease thereafter showed themselves. It is difficult to express the relief that was felt in the little column when the plague that had dogged its footsteps was finally left behind. And yet no high plateau had been ascended, no difference in vegetation had presented itself and the cold weather was still far in the future.

It may be believed that close scientific observation may still reveal that some special conditions of soil, climate or vegetation exist affording the safety to one part of the country which the others lack. In this connection it may be remarked that, for the last thirty years, there has been comparative freedom from horse sickness in Cape Colony. This period is coincident with the large introduction of sheep, whose flocks have eaten down and destroyed the small shrub called the karoo bush that at a former time sheltered the rank grass. The grass used to soak up and retain the rain, returning it to the atmosphere in miasmatic vapour, and thus causing horse sickness. With the killing of the karoo bush the character of the herbage was changed, and the germs of sickness have disappeared. Something of the same kind may happen elsewhere in the future, or at any rate we may be led to believe that a different method of using the plains of Natal and the Transvaal may so alter their herbage as to reduce the probability of destructive epidemics among grazing horses.

After all, the most important point at which we now wish to arrive is the proper method for doing battle with a disease confessedly rife over a vast extent of country, and deadly in the highest degree. When the poison has

once been received into any animal in a vigorous form, there seems to be no doubt that no known treatment may be reckoned upon to effect a cure. The only question that remains is, what are the preventive measures which may be adopted either to ward off an epidemic or to modify its effects? Nothing in the nature of inoculation has been discovered, and indeed, as we have seen that horses that have undoubtedly suffered from the disease are still liable to its subsequent fatal action, so it would seem to be time wasted to create a mild attack with the view of staving off a more serious one. The only thing that seems to be in our power is to guard our horses from the miasmatic air, and the food which is laden with the deadly bacillus. Nobody has more thoroughly and closely grappled with the question than Veterinary-Colonel Lambert, C.B., late Director General of the Army Veterinary Department, in a most valuable pamphlet written in 1881, giving the fruits of his large scientific experience as P.V.S. in Natal, and anything that may here be said is gathered almost entirely from his observations.

We should "take steps to place our horses and mules during the sickly season as much as possible out of the reach of the soil-developed poison, *especially during the night and early morning*, for these are the most dangerous times, when the foul poison germ charged mists and dews are concentrated, and are not dispersed by the life-giving sun. When we can do this, as we often can, without interfering with the animals' daily work, it is an act of folly not to do so * * * If we have any number of animals, and some begin to be attacked by horse sickness, we ought *at once to remove*

the rest to fresh ground, and it should be if possible high and healthy ground, the higher the better, for these soil-developed poisons appear only to be able to rise to a certain distance from where they are usually produced * * * It must not be thought that the removal is a failure because a case occurs during the first day or two afterwards, because it may have been contracted on the old ground. But, if cases continue after the first two or three days, another move should be made * * * We saw last season here a most destructive attack of horse sickness cut short by moving the animals less than three-quarters of a mile to very much higher ground, whence they did their ordinary work. Where it is inconvenient or impracticable to change the situation of animals, as those working in towns, they should be fed during the sickly season on dry foods—oat forage, mealies, bran, &c.—and no wet or freshly cut grass, or, better still, no grass at all should be given."

There is a very common belief that horses which are stabled are not so liable to horse sickness as others, and there can be no doubt that the better cared for an animal may be, the more he is protected from draughts and the more attention that is paid to the quality of his food, the less likelihood is there that he will be struck by disease. But stables that are "located on or surrounded by foul, swampy or marshy ground or close to running streams," can give no possible security. Special preventive horse equipment has had a trial, but its employment does not appear to have had any measure of success. "During the Zulu war, we had in the 17th Lancers, on our arrival in this country, nose-bags of flannel issued to filter the

air at night, and to prevent the horses from eating the dewy grass, but we did not find those which wore them less liable to the sickness than those without them. This is not to be wondered at, for such contrivances are constantly getting out of order, and besides, are obviously, when we consider how the disease is produced, imperfect and inadequate for the purpose intended. It is not, however, denied that in some bad situations they might be useful."

Something has now been said about the knowledge of horse sickness that we possess, how it originates, how it acts, and how it may in some degree be combated. It will be seen that, so far, science has not progressed beyond making some suggestions as to avoiding its ravages, and it will be easily understood how difficult it would be to carry out with an army in the field any effective preventive measures. It would be impossible, when the great magazines are left behind, to provide all the horses of cavalry and artillery and the mules belonging to the transport with hay and other dry foods, and all must of necessity be turned out to graze sometimes. With the exercise of

great care and strict surveillance they may be prevented from feeding near watercourses and vleys, though, where numbers are concerned, this will be very difficult. High ground may be sought for the establishment of camps and bivouacs, but in doing this much must depend on the movements of the enemy and the other conditions of a campaign, and when an outbreak of disease takes place, it may be quite impossible to move the military animals even a short distance for the sake of changing the lines where they are picketed. The only absolute resource that is left is that no campaign in South Africa should be undertaken in the sickly season, and that all great movements of troops should be restricted to the winter and spring. It is a source of satisfaction to know at least that the dangers of horse sickness are perfectly well recognised, and that every difficulty and embarrassment that can arise may be foreseen and provided for if they cannot be avoided. It is obvious also that the horses of a possible enemy will be exposed to the same danger as our own, though, as they are native to the soil and are therefore acclimatised, it may be in a somewhat smaller degree.

C. STEIN.

Racing.

SPORT OF THE AUTUMN.

AFTER Goodwood, Turfites begin to calculate what chances remain to them of winning a few more races ere the winter closes in upon them. York and Doncaster may yet remain to them as fine weather fixtures, when they can rely on firm going and summer form to guide them; but after the middle of September horses change their coats, and as often their form. The ground cannot then afford such reliable going, waterproofs and topcoats are indispensable, and much of the pleasure of racing has departed; although nurseries and selling races swell the fields, and these, with the two big autumn handicaps at Newmarket, serve to keep the professional racegoer in full fling for another couple of months, the plum has indeed departed from the pudding. In another twelve months we shall draw the curtain over the racing of this eventful century. How full of history it has been! How steadily onward has been its progress during the last fifty years! Its statistics shall be left in abler hands; they are dry reading in BAILY. There is yet a long march ahead ere it reaches perfection, and he would indeed be as a prophet of old, who could foretell what another fifty years will produce in the world of racing. One thing, however, at least, it behoves us to do, and that is to keep ourselves nationally ahead of the world in racing as well as horse-breeding, and while this thought is passing in our minds it is not a little curious to see that we are probably within measurable distance of a gelding winning the Derby. In the entries for the Derby of 1901 there are

six geldings entered by people training in fashionable style. Perhaps I am a faddist, or may be over-critical, when I say that I fail to see how a gelding can legally be entered at all for our classic races, the conditions being for "colts or fillies," and this has always been read in Turf parlance to mean "entire colts." That a horse should not be thought worthy of being kept entire even in his early yearling days, and yet be thought good to win the Derby, appears to be self contradictory and much as I favour the present idea of "altering" those of our yearlings that are likely to become heavy in their crests, evil tempered, or not good enough ever to become sires, I think the line ought to be drawn at entering such horses in our classic races. Fancy the outcry when a gelding pops up first for the Derby? I am aware that the event nearly happened in the case of Curzon, although he was an entire colt when entered, and probably the chief reason why he became a gelding was that he was half bred. His present value as a selling plater, good-looking horse that he is, is probably under 100 sovs.

We shall be told that in raising this growl over the entry of geldings in classic races we are really unnecessarily interfering with the right of owners to do what they choose with their property. Yet somehow owners have sometimes to be saved from themselves, and no one will deny that the owner of a gelding, a classic winner, will have reason to curse the day when he thus reduced the value of his horse by

many thousands of pounds, and all for the sake of a whim or fancy! It would appear to be within the province of the Jockey Club to forbid such entries, and surely it would be in the interest of the Turf that they should do so. A thorny subject this, but being like "The Man of Thessaly," "Borderer" must get out of it as well as he can.

The Jockey Club are to be congratulated on their resolution to give the starting machine a fair trial in the spring of 1900, as far as two-year-old racing is concerned, and it will not surprise me if, ere the season is half over, the edict were not extended to all races of six furlongs or under, whilst 1901 will probably see its universal adoption. Lord Durham's speech at the Jockey Club, when he brought forward this subject, was a masterly one, and admitted of no answer, for this season has more than ever exemplified the way in which horses' chances are ruined by bad starts, even as are their tempers by long delays. As Lord Durham truly said, the jockeys now make the starts, and have mastered the starter. The latter, at last, was aroused to make a complaint, and none too soon our little American, the best abused and the smartest of his day, but over presumptuous and daring to a degree, had to bite the dust after his display at Sandown. It reads somewhat of the twentieth century when we find Tod Sloan arriving at Liverpool in his special, and forthwith ensconcing him in his specially reserved cabin on board the *Campania*! Evidently this spoilt young man will not be on view in the saddle until Doncaster, if then. Seriously, however, is it not rather unwholesome that a jockey should affect the airs that this American cousin of ours has imported?

To my somewhat antiquated ideas, the charm of a first-rate jockey is that quiet, well-behaved manner which has always characterised him. To be steady and business-like should ever be his aim. In this he is never out of his place. His position is one of the greatest trust, and of ample remuneration, far different from that of his ancestors fifty years ago, when rooms at Hotel Cecil and boxes at the theatres would have been fairy-tales indeed. The jockey who cannot bear the smiles of success and the adulation of the British public without losing his balance, is on the vortex of Vesuvius, as likely—aye, more likely to meet with well-merited disaster than in any profession that we know of. Let us be thankful that Tod Sloan's example has not yet spread, and that although we as a sporting nation thoroughly admire a first-rate horseman, let him ride in whatever form he may, we still more delight in sober-minded honesty and servant-like behaviour, believing also that as it is with the jockey, so it also should be with the trainer in later life.

And now to cast a glance at this racing season entering on its autumn season. As far as our three-year-olds are concerned, it has been decidedly a one-horse affair—Flying Fox, and the rest nowhere. Some doubts have been thrown upon the prospect of this good horse starting in the St. Leger. No doubt he has been kept well at work all the year, and it has been one of hard ground throughout. Still it would seem that, if there were doubts of the horse standing training, the third classic race of the year being so well within his reach a decision as to his future would have been come to by his noble owner and trainer before it was

resolved to start him for the Eclipse Stakes in July, instead of afterwards, when the damage, if any, has been done to him. Notwithstanding all this, I look forward at the time of writing to see Flying Fox at the post on the St. Leger day. He is by no means a heavy horse, or difficult to train, and the ground will be the same for all. It is nearly always good going at Doncaster, and he has only Caiman to fear. It will indeed be a reversal of form if Caiman stretches his neck, and I fail to see how the field can run into double numbers, although in addition to Caiman, Birkenhead, Dominie II., Millennium, St. Gris or Trident, Musa, Victoria May, and improbably Sandringham and Royal Emblem, may be included in the field of starters. I feel sure that the Duke of Westminster would prefer to win the St. Leger rather than any other race this year, and Frontier would be a frail reed to rely on against Caiman.

It is curious, as showing how difficult it is to breed good horses, however much money and talent you may expend upon the business, that the lord of the Eaton Stud has only been able in twenty years to breed four really first-rate colts, and no first-rate fillies. The colts have been Bend Or, Ormonde, Orme, and Flying Fox, each a son of his predecessor in this list, and descended, as every horse-lover knows, from Stockwell's second best son, Doncaster. I always place Blair Athol first in that noble list. Had he gone to Eaton, instead of standing at Cobham, and being overdone with a lot of bad mares, what a much greater inheritance would he have left to our Turf and Stud Book!

Casting our eyes down the list of Derby horses for 1900, we find the following two-year-olds as

possibly good enough to compete.—Democrat, Sailor Lad, Steal-away, Simondale, Griffon, Captain Kettle, Sir Tristram, Bonarosa, Atbara, Jeunesse Dorée, Lictor, Epsom Lad, Winifreda, Forfarshire, Jouvence, Jubert, and Alderney; and besides these several dark ones, about whom rumour has been busy. It should be noted that probably Democrat would now be first favourite, if any genuine betting took place, and this promising American-bred one was entered as a gelding.

In next year's Oaks we find Vain Duchess, Greenway, Atbara, Bettyfield, The Gorgon, Dum Dum, Ambrizette, Simonella, Jeunesse Dorée, Tiresome, La Roche, Edith Craig, Glaze, Nushka, Winifreda, Corona Corona, and Bakery, among the best that have met the public eye. And there are many other finely bred dark fillies, which are likely to be heard of before next May comes round.

Of our Cup horses Cyllene stands out almost alone, his performance in the Ascot Cup being a superb one. There is little probability, I fear, of a great fight in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket between him and Flying Fox, which would be a fine test of merit between the champions of 1898 and 1899. Cyllene, however, is engaged in the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and the handicapper will be saved the trouble of casting about in the former race for a top weight.

Our best handicap horses can easily be summed up in Eager, Newhaven II., King of the Thistle, Herminius, Flambard, Hawfinch, King's Messenger, Tom Cringle, Lord Edward II., Merman, Sligo, Calveley, and Greenan. It will be a puzzle for the handicapper to put these to-

gether on the fairest terms, especially to place Merman, if his performances before and in the Liverpool July Meeting are weighed with those at Goodwood

It is an excellent idea of the Jockey Club to ordain the extension of apprenticeship races beyond the confines of Newmarket, and we trust that our trainers will take full advantage of them, for there is none too great a plethora of good jockeys at present, and no jockey is worth his riding fee who has not had practice in public. The coming of the starting-gate will, however, prove a great boon to the younger jockeys, who will have practised with it at home, and will soon become as *au fait* as their elders in getting off.

There is one thing that both breeders and racing men should take to heart, and that is the marked superiority of the imported two-year-olds this season over our home-grown produce, for has not Lord William Beresford won more races than any other owner? Is not the reason for this to be found in the fact that our youngsters are brought up too artificially, and are too crowded in paddocks, rendered horse sick by years of use, which things naturally tend to the injury of their constitutions and powers of endurance? I am once more treading on tender ground, and will therefore conclude with the hope that fair trial will be given to a better system.

BORDERER.

The Past Polo Season.

A DEEP shadow was thrown over the close of a successful season by the accident which deprived polo of one of the finest players of the day. Serious mishaps at polo are rare in England, and thus the news came to us with all the shock of a great surprise. Mr. W. J. Drybrough learned polo at Edinburgh, and was, with his brother, Mr. Tom Drybrough, one of the founders of the Edinburgh Club. Mr. Drybrough was a leading member of the team from that club, which twice won the County Cup at Hurlingham in 1893-4. About 1896 he went to live near Rugby, and in that excellent school for first-class polo he rapidly improved his play until he became one of the best back players of the day. His great length of reach enabled him to put immense power into

his back-handers, and he was one of that Rugby team which have for three years past held the Polo Championship. Mr. Jack Drybrough was a man who played a sound and thorough game, and who united great hitting power with a remarkable control of the ball. Of his character as a man this is not the place to speak, but he was a true sportsman, loving the music of the pack as well as the grand game, and in the memory of those who knew him he will long occupy a place side by side with T. Kennedy or James Moray Brown. Mr. W. J. Drybrough was one of the best mounted polo-players of the day, and his chestnut mare Charlton was in her time perhaps the cleverest heavy-weight pony ever seen.

Had not this shadow of death fallen across its close, the season of 1899 must have been reckoned among the most successful of late years. Never has the standard of play been higher, nor have there been so many teams of the first class or approaching that standard playing. Hurlingham has returned to its old traditions, the new management working on the lines of their predecessors, and infusing a new life and enthusiasm into the polo at the senior Club. There have been many first-class games in the course of the season, of which none stand out more clearly than the final of the Inter-regimental, in which the 7th Hussars won the Cup for the fifth time, and sustained the polo reputation which the regiment made in the early days of the game. In Major Poore the 7th have a player of quite remarkable excellence, whose triumphs in other athletic fields have given him a name more widely known than is at present accessible to the most distinguished of polo-players. The contest for the Champion Cup was marked by two notable matches, of which the contest between the Old Cantabs and Rugby was the most interesting. It is a striking evidence of the general improvement in the standard of play that while Rugby still holds the championship, they have had no easy task to do so. Two teams, the Old Cantabs and the Students, made them put out their full strength in order to retain their supremacy.

If we turn from Hurlingham to Ranelagh, we shall notice the same high average of excellence in the first-class matches. Seldom has a handicap tournament been of such uniform interest as that with which the Messrs. Miller opened their season, while the Hunt Cup gave one of the

very best and closest games of the year, when the three Messrs. Nickalls and Mr. Buckmaster for the Pytchley Hunt wrested the Cup from Warwickshire after a close game. Polo at Ranelagh each year takes a higher place among the attractions of that very attractive club, and a good match will always fill the pavilion, even when one of the Ranelagh shows offers counter-attraction. One other point that should not be passed over is the way in which all teams, whatever the individual merits of the men, now play the game. Sound polo and careful combination is now the rule, and not the exception, as well in county clubs as in the brilliant teams to be seen at London clubs. While on this subject, it is interesting to note that it is from county polo that all the new recruits to our best teams have come this year.

Of the other clubs, Eden Park has held its own well, in spite of the attractions of Wimbledon and the Crystal Palace. The Southfields club, with a membership of over 300, has received powerful local support and is in a fair way to reward the enterprise and liberality of those who started it by becoming an established institution.

The London Polo Club at the Crystal Palace has taken in hand the task of popularising polo, and has succeeded to a great extent. The Army Cup at the Crystal Palace produced some good contests, and rather increased than lessened the interest of the Inter-regimental, while the Provincial Clubs' Tournament brought to the front the Tiverton Club, which has for some years past quietly but effectively upheld polo in the West of England. The Stansted Club won the County Polo Association Cup at Hurlingham, and

thus wound up a successful season. The ground at Silver Leys is only second to Rugby among county clubs in bringing out players of the first class.

Turning from particular events of the polo year to some of the lessons of the season's play, we may note two points which call for some consideration by those who aspire to first-class polo. These are the great advantages in the present state of the game of good horsemanship and well-trained ponies. Polo will serve a useful end if it tends to a higher standard of horsemanship among Englishmen. Of the thousands who ride there are comparatively few really good horsemen, not because many men could not ride a great deal better than they do, but because beyond a certain point few concern themselves with the niceties of horsemanship, yet every year we have evidence on the polo field of the increasing value of good horsemanship. Among those who are the best players will be found, as a rule, the finest horsemen, and without mentioning names no polo player or experienced spectator will find any difficulty in identifying those who are remarkable both as players and horsemen. The firm and easy seat, the light hand, the right use of the legs as a guide to the pony must and do add greatly to the chances of the player in a fast game. The good horseman economises his own strength and gets the most out of his pony. It is not everyone who can gallop with the ball without upsetting his pony's mouth or pulling him out of his stride. Yet those who do this are far more likely than others to hit and go on hitting till they reach the goal. How is it that so many are good in a slow game who seem lost directly they are asked to gallop in real earnest?

Simply because they cannot sit still in the saddle at a fast pace without holding on by the bridle, nor can such riders really make a pony gallop his best. Yet the man who hunts in winter and plays polo in summer cannot want practice; all he needs is to feel the necessity and to master the first rules of the art. These can be learned by taking pains to practice the leading principles acquired from a good cavalry riding master, or failing that, from some familiar treatise such as the Badminton volume on Riding or other well-known books. The pains and thought expended will be well rewarded by next polo season.

The second point is the training of ponies. The success of the Polo Pony Society in showing the way to breeders of ponies and the steady demand in the polo market which has brought about a considerable rise in the average price of ponies during the past season is, we know, drawing the attention of many men towards this source of profit. It is one thing to offer good-looking promising ponies for sale, quite another to obtain good prices for them. The prizes of the market in the future will be for those who can convince the ordinary polo player that their ponies have been well schooled. The animal likely to make the best polo pony is not the fastest pony, and not always the best looking, but the handiest to respond to the leg and hand of the rider. Those then who have it in their minds to supply the polo pony market with suitable animals should bear in mind the truth that their education cannot be begun too early. There is no necessity to teach the pony the game; few, very few, are those that will refuse to play unless they have been previously spoilt

by bad handling. The temper, mouth, and courage of the polo pony are his most valuable qualities, and the whole course of training should be directed to preserving the first uninjured, the second unspoilt, and the third unexhausted.

To attain these ends the training of ponies should begin at an earlier age, and be more thorough than is usually the case now. One of the great faults of our English systems of horse-breaking is that we are in too great a hurry, and having to deal with an animal of very limited intellect and a timid nature, we try to teach him too much at once, and try harder methods if we do not at once succeed. The old Mahratta horsemen, whose cavalry swept over India, believed in well-trained horses, and so gradual was their system, and so great their patience, that they would take months to teach a pupil a single pace. No doubt they were rewarded. The modern game of polo demands a handiness not less than is needed in a cavalry charger. On the whole, in other respects, we have every reason to be satisfied with the state of the game. Few alterations seem to be needed, and of these none can be said to be urgent, except possibly some further regulations with respect to the measurement of ponies. There seems, so far as can be seen, to be no object in making rules to prevent any pony from going under the standard if he can do so fairly. Considering the formation of a horse, it would be impossible to say that any pony is or is not 14.2 exactly. We must be content to take that height as a standard, and approximate to it as nearly as nature will permit. On the other hand, if as is said, ponies are prepared for measurement by unfair or cruel

means, these should be put down. It would do no harm to make rules directed against these practices. To do so would express the disapproval of the Hurlingham Polo Committee, and by their mouth, of the polo world, of anything cruel or unfair; while if the practices are rare, as they probably are, the rules would at least do no harm and inflict no injustice.

In the next place it is difficult to understand why there should be a movement against "off-side." There can now be few English polo men who have played without that rule. Of those who have done so the majority will agree with the present writer that no one rule has done so much to raise the character of polo as a game of skill as Rule 18 of our present code. The existence of this rule it is which made polo the fine game of combination which it is. Those who like the present writer played before offside was in existence must remember how independent the game was then, each man playing for his own hand. Indeed, in those days, the one cry was "Keep on the ball," and riding your man or passing the ball quite unknown. Almost of necessity, a dribbling game was played, and the bold, dashing game of to-day impossible. A great point was never to let the ball get out of reach, not to hit it further than you could get to it, lest some skirting player should pounce down on it, and carry it off. Those were the days when we practised all sorts of iniquities, such as taking the ball round instead of hitting back-handers, and even riding one's own side off to get the ball. But there is another consideration—which the sad event at Rugby last month obliges us to think of. Offside

makes the game safer. When everyone is in a cluster on the ball, and one man comes down, he brings the others with him, and an accident which is now exceptional was in days before Rule 18, not uncommon, and three, or even four, men and ponies were sometimes on the ground together.

So much for the ponies and the rules. Before I finish this review of the season I should like to offer a suggestion as to tactics. Lookers on, they say, see most of the game, and it is as a spectator but of necessity an attentive one that I write. Is the present system of making No. 1 hunt the opposing No. 4 sound? Is not that player often completely wasted and out of the game owing to his efforts to impede No. 4? Without altering the main lines of the play, would it not be wiser to, so to speak, to combine No. 1 and No. 2, making them abso-

lutely interchangeable according to the position of the ball? No. 1 often wastes a good deal of energy in trying to ride off No. 4, and there is something quite touching in the sight of an ardent young player clinging to a "back" whose motions he never really impedes, and whose stroke he never hinders. I am not suggesting that back should go free entirely, but only that it should be equally the duty of No. 1 or No. 2, according to circumstances, to hit the ball or ride off No. 4. A good deal of the hunting of No. 4 is at present probably waste of time and energy. This is a point well worth considering, at all events during the season when different sports will take up the time now given to polo, but will not, I think, drive our favourite game entirely from our thoughts.

T. F. D.

The Chances of the Game.*

SOME TALES OF PLAY.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Author of "My Grandfather's Journals," &c., &c.

V.—FATHER AND SON.

CROWTHER WOBURN had been a member of the Stock Exchange for many years, but he had never greatly prospered. He was too great a gambler, too fond of speculative business, of long shots and risky coups, of dealing in stocks and shares that ran up and down like quicksilver. So his career had been chequered; now he made a fine income, and went near high fortune, now he was in

Queer Street, and was more or less on the verge of ruin. He did not bear the highest reputation; strait-laced people called him a bad lot, and it was hinted that he might some day fall under the displeasure of the Committee of the House. His own son, Harold Woburn, who had fought his way up from clerkdom to modest independence, would not accept partnership with him; the young man was of a different kidney, taking life a little more

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seriously, and although he was a trifle weak and yielding, he preferred to run alone. As it was, his parentage rather oppressed and handicapped him.

The elder Woburn, whose offices were in Copthall Court, stepped round one morning to have a few private words with his son at his little place in Austin Friars.

Crowther Woburn's face wore a look of unusual gravity; he was generally very buoyant and light-hearted, having a cheery, rubicund face fringed in with snow-white hair, which went well with the jovial, hearty manner the old man always affected.

"Anything wrong?" asked Harold anxiously. "My mother?" The Woburns lived St. John's Wood way, Harold with them, for he was wrapped up in his suffering invalid mother. But just now, the height of summer, he had a lodging at Marlow, and ran up to business every morning.

"Your mother is much the same, Hal. She will never be much better; God help her—and us," said old Woburn, with a deep, heart-felt sigh. "I don't know what will happen to—her, unless— You see, she needs the utmost care, every luxury, and it has been my delight to give them to her, so long as it was in my power. But Hal, my boy, all that must come to an end now. I'm not worth sixpence. I cannot meet my engagements. I must be 'hammered.'"

"Oh! surely not? Things cannot be so bad as that, father? I was afraid you were feeling the pinch—we all do. The times are bad, but I never dreamt you were so hard hit."

"Hal, my boy, listen. Not a soul knows it yet, but I am broke—stone broke, and must go under. God help your mother, I say."

"Is there nothing that can be done, nothing that I can do? I'm not worth much, you know that; but if I can help, if I can tide you over the account, if—if—. It is my duty, and I will do anything for my mother's sake."

"You're a good lad, Hal. I knew I could rely on you, but I would not touch your hard earnings, not for worlds, or only in the very last resort. And I want nothing at this moment, my 'book' is clear, I have met the account in full, but it has completely cleaned me out. I'm not worth a row of pins. It's beggary; blue ruin. The workhouse hospital for your mother, and a pauper's grave for me. I don't care how soon."

The old man covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. But through his fingers he watched his son closely.

"Don't give way, father. Is there no way out of it? None?" asked the young man, placing his hand on the old man's shoulder with affectionate concern.

"I have an idea—yes, a grand idea," said old Woburn, looking up briskly, seeming to recover his composure at the mere thought of it. "But I cannot work it alone. There must be two people in it. It's a sure fortune for one of them, the winner, which the other, the loser, would divide. What do you say, Hal? Will you join?"

"I must know more about it, father," said the son evasively. He distrusted his father's schemes.

"It's like this. You know the situation as well as, and better, than I do. There's trouble brewing: a crisis impending. Peace or war hang in the balance, and we may be hard at it within a week's time. It's as certain as crime. You have read what Gladstone means to do; he is to make an important statement in

the House to-night, and it will turn on that. Peace or war—do you tumble?"

"Well?"

"The market will be agitated to an extent not known since—since Waterloo. There must be a great move in stocks, especially Russian, a tremendous drop, or it is on the cards a sudden rise. Either way there is a fortune for some one——"

"Go on, father."

"Say two operators—for instance, you and I; don't shake your head till you hear—two people agree to deal in Russian. One sells a heavy 'bear,' a hundred thousand; more, a quarter of a million; the other becomes a 'bull' to the same amount. Something good *must* fall to one of them."

"And the other?"

"He will be 'left,' of course. That is the chance of the game. But he won't lose."

"Why, he would be 'hammered.' He could not pay his differences."

"Yes, he would be 'hammered,' so far he'd suffer; but he would get half the swag, half what his confederate made."

"But, father, surely you do not seriously propose such a scheme?" protested Harold. "Think what it means, what it would be called. It's not straight, it's not fair play. It's not even an honest gamble; for neither of us have the money at our backs to pay what we may lose."

"Ta, ta, ta. You put it too strongly. You're far too squeamish. This wouldn't be the first time it's been done. I'll admit it's a bold, perhaps a desperate game. But then my case is desperate, and everything depends upon my pulling through. Think of your poor mother, Hal. What he will suffer if I go under.

And it's all so easy; easy as pie."

Crowther Woburn plied his son with such arguments as these for an hour or more, and finally overcame his scruples. Harold consented, albeit very reluctantly, to join his father in the transaction. He gave in to the old man's importunity, and hated, despised himself for it, feeling that whatever happened, he would know no more peace of mind; one of them—who could say which?—might possibly score a great success; but at what a cost! The other would be lost utterly and irreparably, and which way it might fall, Harold's self-respect would be sacrificed for ever.

The compact settled, they put the business through promptly. They had drawn lots who should "bull" and who should "bear." The latter course fell to Crowther Woburn, who went into the market and sold 250,000 Russians, distributing his orders through a number of brokers, and doing no more than 100,000 himself. At the same time Harold instructed the friends with whom he chiefly dealt, young men like himself with their way to make in the world, to buy a like sum of Russians for the next "account." It was a long account, nineteen days ahead, one of the longest known in the financial year.

The two transactions were completed the same afternoon, within a few hours of the father's appeal to his son. The secret between them was of course closely guarded; the slightest whisper of it would have spoilt the game, and no one as yet had any suspicion that Crowther Woburn was so near collapse. But the rumour passed that he had become a heavy "bear" of Russian stock, and much curiosity was aroused as to the information

on which he had acted. Would it prove true or false? Would he be right or wrong?

The question was answered that night in the House of Commons. It was one of the most remarkable occasions in recent history. The conduct of the Government had been challenged, impugned, and the attack elicited a startling definition of policy from the Premier. Mr. Gladstone declared that unless Russia receded from her intolerable pretensions, war was certain.

"The book is closed," he said. "Diplomacy has spoken its last word. The next will be voiced by our artillery."

An extraordinary storm of panic broke upon the city of London in the morning. Men's hearts failed them for fear; stocks, even the best, ran down "out of sight;" business was at a standstill; people were throwing their stuff out of the window, and a terrible financial disaster was imminent.

The "bears" went wild with joy. Old Crowther Woburn, with jubilant looks and pæans of satisfaction, went to and fro among the excited throng in the market and listened to the news. Everything was going to the dogs. Russians were dropping, dropping, always downward, faster and faster, 70, 67, 66, 65, 64, 63—eighteen points since he had sold—was the bottom reached yet? How much longer should we wait? The profit, if he "bought back" now at 63, would exceed £40,000.

It was enough. He had made his "bit," and he would cut it at that. He terminated his bargains, bought back his stock at 63, and was once more a comparatively rich man.

His gain was Harold's loss, of course. Now for the first time he thought of his unhappy son

whom he had scarcely seen since the conclusion of their agreement. For the last day or two, when the scene was at its highest and the "slump" most appalling, Harold had kept out of his way. No doubt the lad was feeling it. Poor lad! The luck had been all against him, the chances had ruled that he should buy for the rise, while fortune was in the fall. Well, well; it might have been the other way. He must abide by his luck; he would be "hammered," declared bankrupt, and expelled from the Stock Exchange. But he should not be quite left out in the cold. No, the winner must make it up to the loser, and Mr. Crowther Woburn generously resolved to make his son an allowance, forgetting that he had promised him the half of his gains. The time slipped by, a week, ten days, and still Harold Woburn did not show up at his office or in the House. Things were not so bad as they had been, still his drop in Russians was very severe, entailing a loss of differences of quite £30,000. All the brokers with whom Harold had dealt grew seriously alarmed. If Harold did not show up, if he failed to meet his engagements the brunt of it would fall upon them. They called continually at his office, they harassed the one clerk Harold kept, they found out the Marlow address and sent down to it; and they constantly worried the father, asking persistently, angrily for his son.

Crowther Woburn shrugged his shoulders, repudiating all responsibility. Harold was on his own hook, he made his own bargains, they must look to him and not to his father.

"Leery lad!" thought Crowther Woburn, "of course he has bolted. I didn't think he had it in him. Better so. I shall not

look for him—if only I can pacify the mother.”

For the poor, infirm invalid, Mrs. Woburn, was hungering to see her son. Harold, although he had been holiday making at Marlow, paid regular visits home, yet now for several days he had not appeared. Mrs. Woburn fretted, wondering; old Woburn tried glibly to explain the absence away.

Then suddenly there was an end of all necessity for concealment. The situation changed; Russia, as it is written in history, climbed down, and there was a general recovery in the money market.

“Six clear days yet to cotango day,” chuckled Crowther Woburn. “Russians already at 79 and going better. Why should the boy keep away? Strange. Surely he knows; he must see the papers.”

The old man resolved to run down to Marlow and inquire for his son. Yet they could tell him nothing at the little lodgings; Mr. Harold Woburn had not been down there for some days, he had said he was too busy to leave town. Several people had asked for him, but nothing more was known.

And now at last came the dread explanation. Harold had met his death or drowned himself, for they found his body below the weir while his father was still in Marlow. It was identified and brought to the lodgings, where it was laid waiting the inquest. But Crowther Woburn begged that the catastrophe might not be made known for at least another day. It must be broken to his mother, poor soul, and for pity's sake let him have a little time. He hurried back to town, taking with him a

letter found in the breast pocket of the drowned man.

It was addressed to Mrs. Woburn, but Crowther opened and read it.

“I could not face the ignominy. What I consented to do was infamous, criminal, and I richly deserved my punishment. But I could not have borne it. Your pardon, darling mother, and come to me soon; it cannot be long.

“HAL.”

The father crushed up the letter in his hand with a groan of awful remorse, oppressed with the guilty knowledge that he had really killed his son. But he kept the secret of the suicide not only from his poor wife, but from everyone, and went boldly into market announcing that he would answer for his son. He had already called in Austin Friars, had secured Harold's book, and made himself master of all transactions pending.

Meanwhile Russians had continued to rise under the frantic eagerness of the bears to buy back their commitments, and before the day was out the stock touched 97. Crowther Woburn got out at nearly the highest price and thus realised another £50,000.

He had won all round. But the news of Harold's death had a fatal effect on the poor mother, and the successful Stock Exchange gambler found himself alone and without a near relation or a single friend. For some inkling of what occurred spread through the City, and although there was not sufficient evidence for the committee to act upon, and he held his position as a member of the House, no one hereafter would speak to him or take his hand.

Public-School Cricket.

IN a season when many of the finest bowlers in England have had to acknowledge their inability to get a side out on the hard, true wickets which have prevailed, it is absurd to assert that our public school bowlers have had a fair chance of distinguishing themselves. The chances that have come their way they have certainly made the most of, and one is inclined to think that there were more good bowlers in the schools this year than for some seasons.

Unquestionably the most exciting match of the year was that between Eton and Winchester. So-called Society is not perhaps very capable of criticising the finer points of cricket, but during the concluding stages of this game the excitement was so great that everyone forgot to criticise, or even speak except to applaud. As everyone knows, Eton won the match by one wicket, and if it be acknowledged that the defeated team were rather unlucky it is no disparagement to the victors. The chief features of a game, fought keenly from start to finish, were the magnificent fielding of the Wykehamists (until they lost their heads in the last few minutes), the batting of R. S. Darling and O. C. S. Gilliat, the wicket-keeping of W. Findlay, and the bowling of A. C. Bernard. The points in which the Etonians were undoubtedly superior to their opponents were wicket-keeping and running. Findlay is, at the present time, capable of "keeping" in first-class cricket, and when Longman and Denison began the Eton innings they ran runs which the Winchester boys had not shown any inclination to attempt. The fact is that both schools had very strong teams indeed. Ber-

nard, plain as he is on a fast wicket, is a tricky bowler when the ground helps him, and Martin and Howard-Smith are fast bowlers of the fast and rather bumpy type. The best batsmen in the Eton XI. were Longman (who captains the team next year), Gilliat, and Grenfell. Gilliat is probably destined for the army, or he would train into a very fine batsman. Winchester have a most useful bowler in G. J. Bruce, who goes up to New College in October, and should do exceedingly well. Hunter and Joy were also good bowlers, and their fielding could hardly be surpassed. Darling played a fine innings when things were going against his side, and is a far better batsman than his average would suggest; and S. N. Mackenzie has a delightfully free and easy style, which helps him to make some immense on-drives when the bowler least expects them. Unfortunately for Winchester, Bonham-Carter their wicket-keeper also bowled and his substitute was hardly capable enough to prevent "byes": and extras in quantities are terrible things when a match is won by one wicket. The Eton and Harrow match, except for one flickering but delusive moment when it seemed as if Eton might gain a victory, which they well deserved to win, always looked like being a drawn game. For Eton, Longman added to his reputation, a remark which also applies to Gilliat, and Grenfell (who had been kept out of the Winchester match) played good cricket. The Etonian bowling was, however, not deadly on the hard, true wicket, Howard-Smith being the most dangerous bowler on the side. In the early

stages of the game E. M. Dowson, the Harrow captain, enjoyed one more personal triumph, for after taking 6 wickets for 108 runs he made 87 not out. In the second innings, however, his bowling was not successful, but although he made few runs his defence was again impregnable. H. J. Wyld and G. Cookson, the only other old choices in the Harrow team, played fine cricket, and Paravicini kept wicket neatly and well. W. D. Black met with some success as a bowler, but E. G. McCorquodale, from whom much was expected, was treated with no leniency whatever.

The Rugby and Marlborough match at Lord's was noticeable for the extraordinary ability of the Marlburian captain, R. H. Spooner. Chiefly owing to his efforts, the Marlburians gained an easy victory, and as they had previously defeated Clifton they had a thoroughly successful season. Spooner, at this stage, is considered to be the best batsman ever sent out from Marlborough, and there would appear to be ample justification for this opinion. He has every stroke, except the "hook," and his wrist power is abnormal. Unfortunately, he is not expected to go to either University, but when he takes his place in the Lancashire team he is bound to meet with unqualified success. Of the other batsmen in the Marlborough XI. M. R. Dickson is very stylish, and H. C. B. Gibson very sound. The Marlburians possessed any amount of bowlers, Napier, who is only fifteen years old, being the best. He has a natural swerve from leg, and if he profits by experience he ought to be most useful in future years. H. C. B. Gibson can keep an excellent length, and has a great variety of pace, but the wickets have been against him

this season. Spooner can pitch his leg-breaks with more accuracy than some bowlers who are now trying to pitch them in county cricket. The Rugbeians were really a very capable side, but at Lord's they seemed to be depressed by the ability of Spooner. E. W. Dillon is both useful as a batsman and bowler; C. B. Henderson is an exceedingly smart wicket-keeper; and H. B. Grylls is a fast bowler of some merit, but uncertain length.

Unfortunately, illness interfered with the Cheltenham XI. this year, and their annual matches with Marlborough and Clifton had to be scratched. At the end of Term they were defeated by an innings by Haileybury, but some excuse must be made for them, and if they had ever had a chance they might have become a good side. They had good batsmen in the XI., notably their captain, A. K. G. White, O. M. Samson, and R. S. Bridge; and two fair bowlers, J. P. Winterbotham (who bowls slow left with a large break) and D. W. Salter. Clifton were quite useful, the Robinsons doing many good performances; and Malvern kept up their reputation. The latter did not get the better of a drawn game with Uppingham, but easily defeated Repton. B. A. White, W. H. B. Evans, and G. B. Sanderson were the most stylish batsmen on the side. Haileybury beat Wellington by eight wickets, and were undoubtedly a good eleven, and Wellington, thanks to centuries by H. R. Elliott and V. N. Lockett, easily beat Charterhouse. K. O. Goldie, the Wellington captain, is a cricketer of much promise. Charterhouse also succumbed to Westminster, although they nearly succeeded in playing out time. In this game, F. Young, B. H. Willett, and H. S. Bompas

batted finely for the winners; and B. E. S. Eddis played a splendid innings for the Carthusians. Uppingham were again a good side, G. H. S. Fowke playing some innings which were exceedingly good, and A. Von Ernsthausen is a reliable and steady fast bowler, with a distinct knack for getting his opponents out.

Among the minor schools one hears very good accounts of E. Fawcett, of Newton Abbot. He is a fast bowler and successful batsman. In these days, when no county can afford to neglect a bowler, Gloucestershire (for which county he is qualified) would do well not to forget him.

A. B. C.

Game Legislation in Norway.

WHEN an individual not oppressed with a superabundance of coin of the realm finds himself in possession of a large supply of some article about which he himself is not particularly keen, and for which there is a practically unlimited demand at extremely remunerative prices, he usually takes such steps as may enable him to dispose of his goods in the best market. For some time past the Norwegians have been fortunate enough to occupy such a position. Originally exploited some sixty years ago, on account of the magnificent salmon angling which its rivers then afforded, their country has gradually become the favourite resort of a very considerable number of Englishmen whose sporting proclivities are not confined to the rod; and the elk hunter, the reindeer stalker, and the ryper shooter have been made heartily welcome in the rural districts where they have their temporary abodes, and where, of course, they spend a good deal of money. It is a well-known fact indeed that owing to the sums received from foreigners in the way of sporting rental and its inevitable collaterals, the inhabitants of many Norwegian valleys have been raised from

poverty to comfort and even comparative wealth; while the only thing required to make such improvement more general, continuous, and permanent was a rational game law. The one which at present exists contains faults innumerable; pretty nearly every Amt has a separate set of close times for each individual variety of animals and birds; unlimited snaring is permitted; capercailzie and blackgame may be killed far on into the breeding season; while the regulations which apply to elk and wild reindeer conduce to an infinite amount of poaching and wanton destruction.

The fundamental fault, however, from the economic as well as from the sporting point of view, of the present Norwegian Game Law is that, except as regards the larger animals, the owner of the soil does not possess a monopoly of the sporting rights upon his property, and Ole, Per and Johan are perfectly entitled to go to all intents and purposes where they please in pursuit of willow grouse, capercailzie or blackgame as long as they are accompanied by a dog. Obviously, therefore, the ground landlord has no inducement to preserve, for these worthy com-

patriots of his may come any moment and effectua every head of game wi radius of their peregr and for his right to use cannot obtain any adequ from a sporting tenant. this in connection with amount of snaring by irresponsible and imp persons which goes on let or hindrance throug winter months, it is harc wondered at that game all kinds are rapidly decr numbers, and that in s tricts where formerly tl plentiful they have ceased

To obviate, if possible, these eccentricities, a sion was appointed Storthing to inquire matter, and after obtaini valuable evidence fro owners, professional ryper snarers, game dea others in different part country, the members of mission presented their voluminous document, proposals founded tl The first, and by far important of these wa effect that the landown be vested with a monopo sporting rights upon his and this has, as a matte been conceded, "fri jag by the new Act, whic into force on July 1: abolished ; but at a later the proceedings the san legislators who approved step, by some extr mental process, came to clusion that it should be abortive, and proceeded September 15th as the which the shooting c grouse, capercailzie, bl hares, &c., shall in fut mence.

Now in spite of the

shooting is to be permitted nearly a month earlier than elsewhere in Norway. And why? Simply because an Englishman pays a considerable sum for the shooting rights upon one of these islands.

But although the foreign sportsman has been thus scurvily treated by the Norwegian legislation, his native prototype who is a dweller in towns is in even worse plight; the former can and will of course go elsewhere; but the period during which the latter can absent himself from his business or professional duties is limited, and as a rule, moreover, he has his hut or other *pied à terre* in a certain ffield tract upon which he has leased the shooting rights. But now a paternal Legislature has rendered it impossible for him to utilise these, and the disgusted owners are crying aloud at the loss alike of their money and their favourite amusement.

Since the passage through the Storting of the new Game Law the writer has discussed the subject with many Norwegians, and with the exception of one or two—who evidently knew very little about it, and who seemed to think that instead of there being at least fifty birds snared for every one shot, the reverse was the case—all expressed themselves to the effect that it was devoid of common sense, that it would be the cause of much loss to the country, and that it must be altered. In as much as the Clause which fixes the commencement of the season during which game birds may be killed for September 15th, puts an end to all shooting over dogs, in time no doubt it *will* be altered. But the matter will not be again discussed by the present Storting. In 1900 there will be a General Election, and it is practically certain that the legislative eccentricity perpetrated last May will con-

tinue to be the law of the land for three or four years. By that time, however, the mischief will have been done, and Norwegian owners of sporting property will discover that the recent action of their parliamentary representatives has caused them to “miss their market.”

As regards the larger kinds of game, the close times for elk have been synchronised, and in future the big deer may not be killed in any part of the country except between September 10th and 30th. The red deer stalking season (in deference to the wishes of the English lessees of Hitteren) will extend to six weeks—from August 15th to September 30th; and the period during which wild reindeer may be shot is reduced to a fortnight—from September 1st to 14th.

Amongst the undesirable Clauses which the new Act contains, Nos. 10 and 11 may be cited. The one gives a hunter the right to follow big game put up on ground where he is entitled to shoot, to any distance beyond the limits thereof; the other gives permission to all Norwegian subjects to go where they please in pursuit of animals and birds of prey for whose destruction Government rewards are offered; and both are conducive to poaching, and, collaterally, to injury to private property by evil-disposed persons.

When it is added that in future the foreigner will not be permitted to shoot birds on the vast tracts of “high ffield” owned by the State under any circumstances, and that before he fires a cartridge elsewhere than upon property *owned* by himself he must take out a one hundred kroner license, a good many English sportsmen will come to the conclusion that it is time they sought shooting quarters elsewhere than in Norway. L.

NEW FOREST PONIES: A GOOD TYPE OF MARE.

FOREST PONIES.

(From photographs by F. G. Short, Lyndhurst.)

Horses of the Wildwood.

ALTHOUGH to trace the pedigree of the New Forest horse would be difficult, if not quite impossible, yet their supposed Spanish extraction opens up the fact that the Conqueror imported a number of stallions from Spain, and most probably had more than one turned loose into the wide region of Hants then being laid out for the purposes of the chase.

Up to about half a century ago the New Forester was a pony somewhat diminutive, with a low croup and head ill-set. Usually in herds of from twenty to thirty, these little horses roamed practically wild, requiring invariably a good deal of rope and noose manœuvring before a capture was effected.

By development the Forest pony of Hants may be said to have grown to a galloway, while the breed has become greatly improved since the turning out, during a part of the year, of several entires, the Verderers being careful that such stallions are good and sound.

Nothing could well be rougher than existence upon the coarse and in many parts scant, herbage of the New Forest, the more so as some of the districts there are almost waterless, while even in the most inclement weather the only shelter to be found is that which is afforded by the trees and undergrowth.

An unfair charge has been laid to the Forest horses' discredit in an allegation that they crop off the seedling trees, the fact being that not the teeth of the animal, but the scythe of the commoner in mowing the bracken reaps down the young oaks and beeches.

Nature, by a wonderful provision, guards the infant tree life of the New Forest in a most remarkable way, and may well be considered as a silent witness on behalf of the unfairly maligned animals. No sooner does the tiny tree make its appearance than its nurses, the briar and the holly, grow and entwine about, preventing the cattle from browsing off the bantling sapling, though such guards are not proof against the wholesale destruction of a thrust-in sickle.

The Forest ponies, although roaming in comparative wildness over parts of the half a thousand acres to which commoners' rights are attached, become most tractable after breaking in, displaying but little, if any vice, while their stamina is remarkable.

The Brockenhurst race meeting, annually held at Balmer Lawn, has done much to show the sterling all-round qualities of the Forest galloways, while the fairs periodically are becoming more than ever advantageous to the commoner who seeks to dispose of his animals to advantage. Martinstown, a few miles from Dorchester, is also noted for its "Forest pony" fair.

Swan Green, a mile from Lyndhurst, on the Christchurch road, is, on the ninth of every August, annually the scene of a large number of little Foresters being trotted out for sale, and also the *rendezvous* of the considerable dealer element of the wide district.

For many years pony races have formed an attractive feature whenever held in Hants, usually in connection with flower shows, and at a recent Horticultural Society's Show at Eastleigh,

June 24th.—The British
Year Old Race of
two-year-olds; five
Mr. J. B. Leigh's b.
by Munon—Flyaw

Mr. P. C. Patton's
9st. 9lb.
Lord Rosebery's b.
8st. 5lb.
6 to 1 agst. Ste

NEWMARKET — MARTIN

June 27th.—The July
each, for two-
T V C (five furl-
Mr Wallace Johnst
tain Kettle, by
Comette, 9st.
Mr. Douglas Baird
ton, 9st.
Duke of Portland
Bea, 8st. 11lb.
100 to 8 agst. Cap

June 29th.—The Pri
Stakes of 7,190
Duke of Westminst
Fox, by Orme—
9st. 5lb.
Sir F. Johnstone
Emblem, 3 yrs.,

Prince Saltykoff's
yrs, 9st. 11lb.
6 to 4 on Fl

The July Cup of
Course (six furl-
Mr. Faine's b. c
thusiast—Greel
10lb.
Lord W. Beresfor
of the Thistle,

Mr. Covington's
5 yrs., 9st. 7lb
100 to 30

BIBURY CLU

July 4th.—The Hai
sors, with
three-year-old
Mr. Russel's b.
by Buccaneer
8st. 12lb.
Captain Homfr
Cup, 8st. 5lb
Mr. W. E. Oul
dington, 9st.
5 to 1 agst.

NEW FOREST PONIES.**NEW FOREST PONIES AND FOAL.**

 (*From photographs by F. G. Short, Lyndhurst.*)

several events for Foresters and their like type were ridden off with the greatest success; Mr. J. Willis Fleming, of Chilworth Manor, who was mainly instrumental in arranging the event, being highly enthusiastic over its great success.

Such pony race-meetings not only afford an innocent and interesting feature to the people attending, but tend to engender a greater interest in the animals on the part of their owners, for to win a prize means local reputation

and an enhanced value for the successful competitor.

There is certainly every reason why a much greater industry should be carried on in horse rearing by the commoners of the New Forest who have practically unlimited rights over so large an area. There is an ever ready market for smart little light conveyance animals such as those reared in the Lyndhurst country, and in the prices likely to be realised there should be a very fair margin of profit.

The Salmon in the Statute Book.

FISH, both sea and river, held a very important place on the dietary of our ancestors. There were long periods when, under the dominion of the Church, enforced abstinence from meat on "Fish days" and at prescribed seasons, made the fish-supply a matter of the first concern; thus, as we might expect, fish came under the care of the Legislature long before game, other than deer, were honoured by such attention.

It is quite in keeping with Scotland's modern fame as a sporting country that her kings should have been first in the field with measures for the protection of salmon. More than a hundred years before the first Act of Parliament was passed for the preservation of the fish in English streams, William the Lion, at the "Assize of Waters," held at Perth in 1175, adopted steps to secure free passage for salmon in rivers north of Tweed. The earls, barons, and judges of Scotland, in Parliament assembled, certainly did not insist upon a fish fairway either extravagant or precise; and they worded their

enactment in a fashion that could be understood of any man:—"The mid-streams are to be left free for the length of a three-year-old pig." Assuming the average length of a three-year-old porker to have been 3 feet, a mid-stream fairway of that width was little to ask in such rivers as the Tay, Forth, and Clyde—it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the Clyde was a salmon river as far as the Falls till recent times. In the clause, "no one shall take fish from Saturday at even till Mononday (*sic*) at the sun be risen," the same Act adopted the weekly close-time principle, which has been observed ever since. This old Scots law plainly indicates understanding of the movements of salmon on the part of William's advisers.

One of the earliest mentions of salmon in English history occurs in Madox' *History of the Exchequer*, wherein is recorded Henry III.'s mandate to the Sheriff of Gloucester to have twenty salmon "put into pyes against Christmas." At this period the fish was uncared

for by legislators, but in the next reign it received attention. The first English law in the interests of salmon was passed in 1285 (13 Edward I., Stat. Westm.). This provided that the streams of Yorkshire, enumerated by name, and all other salmon rivers in the Realm should "be in defence" (observe the literal rendering of the original French) from taking salmon, from the Nativity of our Lady

September 8th)* until St. Martin's Day (November 11th). Thus a close season for the king of game fish was first established in England over three centuries before the close-time principle was adopted in the interests of winged game (1 James I., c. 27; see BAILY'S MAGAZINE for May). Edward I.'s Act did not stop here; it took salmon fry under protection, making it illegal to take or destroy young salmon by nets or other engines at mill pools, from the middle of April to the Nativity of St. John the Baptist (June 24th). Mill pools would afford peculiar facilities for netting fry in large numbers, and if this law were duly carried into effect it would doubtless have been productive of no small benefit. Another provision in this Act deserves notice: for centuries our sovereigns made laws for the protection of game, but omitted to create machinery to enforce their provisions. Edward I.'s salmon law declared that there should be appointed "overseers of this statute," who, being sworn, should "often times see and inquire of offenders." The water bailiff's, therefore, is a much older office than the gamekeeper's.

The statute (date uncertain, but in all printed copies of English Laws referred to the seventeenth year of Edward II.'s reign), which made whales and great sturgeons,

taken in the sea or elsewhere, save in privileged places, the king's prerogative, does not come within our purview, but deserves passing mention, inasmuch as it is still the Royal prerogative to claim every sturgeon caught in the Kingdom. Nor need Richard II.'s law, forbidding the fishmongers of London to buy for sale again any fish except "eels, luces,* and pykes," detain us. We may pass on to the year 1389, when Edward's law for the preservation of salmon fry was confirmed and extended (13 Richard II.), the destruction of young fish by nets and engines being absolutely prohibited. This law is noteworthy by reason of a clause which indicates recognition by legislators of the fact that salmon movements vary in different waters. It altered the close season on all Lancashire rivers, making it illegal to take fish between Michaelmas Day (September 29th) and the Purification of our Lady (February 2nd), "because that samons be not seasonable in the said waters at the time aforesaid." The penalties under English law at this period for taking salmon out of season were tolerably severe; confiscation of nets, &c., for the first offence, three months imprisonment for the second, and one year for the third. In Scotland they were much more drastic; in 1398 the penalty was a fine of one hundred shillings for the first transgression, while the third was punishable with death.

Richard II. appears to have been much alive to the importance of regulating the salmon fisheries, for his law of 1394 (17 Rich. II., c. 9) appoints Justices of the Peace, conservators to survey all weirs, "that they shall not be very

* All dates are New Style.

* "Luce," according to Chambers's Dictionary, 1884, is "a full-grown pike."

strait for the destruction of fry, but of reasonable wideness": the latitude left for the exercise of judgment on the part of the local authorities will be remarked. With the recent discussion concerning the feasibility of making the Thames once more a salmon river, fresh in our minds, it is interesting to note that this old law granted the citizens of London leave to remove and take away all the weirs in the Thames and Medway, the "Mayor or Warden" of the City of London being accorded the authority of a J.P. over the river, from the Bridge of Staines to London, and from thence; and also over the Medway.

Our ancestors must have been exceedingly improvident and wasteful in the matter of fish; from the preamble of an Act passed by Henry VII. in 1489 it appears that people caught far more fry of sea fish than they could eat, and were in the habit of feeding their dogs on them; also they buried large quantities, of which they could dispose in no other way, and did it so carelessly as to cause a nuisance. The good people of Norfolk and Suffolk were particularly remiss in this respect, and the law in question had special application to Orford Haven, whither fish in large numbers resorted to deposit their spawn. A law passed in the year 1483 by Edward IV. shows how plentiful was the salmon in English rivers at the time, and how important the fish was as an article of food. This Act was made to put an end to "divers deceits, practised in respect of measures of vessels," called butts, barrels and half-barrels, ordained for packing salmon. The butt was of 84 gallons' capacity, and the full-sized butt only was to be used; large salmon were to be packed by themselves, "without mingling

any grills (grilse) or broken-bellied salmon. All small fish called grills shall be packed by themselves." Eels—which were for centuries prominent as food-fish in England—and all other fish were packed and sold by the barrel, half-barrel, and firkin, the barrel containing 32 gallons, or half the quantity of the salmon butt. The difference in size of measure, making all allowance for the superior size of the salmon, seems to indicate a large trade in these fish.

The Humber and Ouse must have been a splendid fishing ground in the sixteenth century; in 1531 Henry VIII.'s advisers realised that the prosperity of the city of York, due to the free passage of vessels from Hull, was threatened with "utter destruction, ruin, and decay," by reason of the number of engines for taking fish, called fish garths, which were set in the fairway where ships should have clear water. The stakes, piles and other obstructions used for these "fish garths" were a source of jeopardy to vessels and to mariners; and for this reason it was enacted that all such obstructions which hindered traffic were to be pulled up. The owners of these fish traps evidently recked little of the safety of shipping, for we gather that the piles and stakes employed were unmarked, so that their tops must have been a fruitful cause of damage to the hulls of ships coming up at high water. The law required the proprietors of all fish garths which were left standing to set piles which should appear at least one yard above high water, "to remain and stake out the safe waterway." Henry VIII. passed another law which came into operation in 1535, to protect the fry of "Eeles and salmon" (salmon yielding priority to eels

looks curious to our eyes), and also to prevent the killing of kelts. The stout monarch showed himself a sportsman in his legislation for protection of furred and feathered game, and to him is due credit for the first specific legislation in favour of spent fish, at the time "when they be unseasonable and not wholesome for man's body, commonly called kipper salmon." The use of the word "kipper" is nowadays most usually applied to the fish split, salted, dried, and smoked, but let that pass. By Henry's Act kelts or kippers were protected from Holy Cross Day (September 14th) to St. Martin's (November 11th). This close time was in force on all English and Welsh rivers, "including Berwick," taking no account of the variations in the spawning season on different waters. This Act (25 Hy. VIII. c. 7) also created a close season, May 1st to September 1st, to remain in force during ten years, in favour of "any frye, spawne or brode of any kind of salmon called lakspynkes, smowtis or salmon peles," otherwise parr (still called "laspring" in some parts), smolts and peal or grilse. It is not very clear what was in the minds of the experts who drafted this Bill. The passage quoted may be read as meaning that the "fry, spawne or brode" were called parr, smolts or peal; or that the three were regarded as different sorts of salmon, each capable of reproducing its kind. Considering the uncertainties which surrounded the life history of the salmon until recent years we are inclined to suppose that in the sixteenth century the three stages of development were regarded as three distinct varieties.

In prescribing penalties for contravention of this Act the "engines" used in those days for

taking fish are enumerated; they are the "wele, butte, nett berd, net of heare, tainyng, lepe, hyve, crele, rawe webbe, lister, syer." None of these appliances can be interpreted to mean "rod"; whence we conclude that, although our ancestors then angled successfully for coarse fish, the salmon was beyond the powers of hook and line in Henry VIII.'s day. A proviso in a law passed in 1558-9, which we shall notice in its place, may be read to mean that in Queen Elizabeth's reign English anglers were beginning to try their luck with salmon.

Before going further it may be mentioned that Scotland was far ahead of England in protecting kelts. James II., in 1457, confirmed laws then in existence north of Tweed against the killing of "red fish."

Fish ponds or stews were very common adjuncts of large country houses in the Middle Ages, and the fish therein formed a sore temptation to "light and unreasonable persons" by night and day. Not only did these light persons enter private grounds at all hours, and fish with "net, hook, and bait"; they assembled in gangs, and broke down the heads or artificial banks of ponds, and netted the fish wholesale as the water rushed out; a proceeding distinctly "unreasonable." In 1539 (31 Hy. VIII., c. 2) night fishing in private ponds, stews or moats, against the will of the owner, and breaking the heads of fish ponds, was made felony, punishable with death.

We now come to an Act (1 Elizabeth, c. 17) of some considerable importance, inasmuch as it contains the first mention of trout. This Act, passed in 1558-9, had for its direct purpose again the protection of fry; wasteful persons, it seems, still continued to take

the young of "Eles, samons, pykes, and all other fish" in large quantities, and fed swine and dogs thereon. This law absolutely forbade the taking of spawn; also the taking of "salmons or trowtes not in season, being kipper salmon or kipper trowtes, shedder salmon or shedder trowtes" (cock salmon or trout after spawning time, hen salmon or trout after spawning). Pike of less length than ten inches, salmon under sixteen inches, and trout under eight inches, or barbel under twelve inches, might not be taken, "*angling excepted.*" This, as above remarked, is the first indication that salmon were taken by rod and line in the sixteenth century, and we may perhaps infer from the wording of the Act, apart from what we know of the angling tackle of the time, that only the smaller fish were so caught. We have in the negative form, inseparable from the evidence of the Statute Books, proof that during the latter half of the century salmon angling was practised north of Tweed. James VI., in 1579, passed a new law prohibiting the capture of "red fish" by blazes, *wands*, or otherwise.

In Act 15, of the year 1581, passed by James VI., *lines* are mentioned in company with *cruives* and "loops." For more than 120 years after Elizabeth passed her law (5 Eliz., 21) to protect fish in ponds (Henry VIII.'s statute, with its drastic penalties, having become obsolete); there was no further attempt to protect or improve the river fishings of England. Certain laws were made by Elizabeth and James I. in the interests of sea fisheries and fishermen, but these do not come within our scope. It may be remarked, however, that two of these Acts were passed, less with the object of improving the fisheries than with

the view of encouraging the craft of sea fishing; that fishermen, in the words of 1 Jac. I. c., 29, "may encrease to furnishe the Navie of England, of which the fishermen of England have ever been the chiefest seminarie and nuserie." These laws required the consumption by all persons of fish in Lent and on fish days; and the Act quoted went so far as to empower Justices to enter victualler's dwellings, inns, cook-houses, and eating-houses, to search for meat.

Charles II., in 1670-1, passed a law (22 Car. II., 25) protecting, more especially fish, in ponds and stews, but also "other water" from the unauthorised fisherman. It specifies the methods of taking fish, and so requires mention. The "net, angle, haire noose, troll, or speare," are the weapons enumerated. Anglers, a few years before this Act was placed on the Statute Book, had had their hands strengthened by the discovery of gut or by its application to tackle. On March 8th, 1667, you may remember, Mr. Cæsar showed Samuel Pepys "a pretty experiment of his angling with a miniken, a gutt string, varnish'd over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness." Pepys liked the secret mightily—as he did many other things—but we do not find that he tried his own hand with this improved tackle. James Saunders, in *The Compleat Fisherman*, published 1724, is the first angling author who mentions gut; it seems probable that the article did not come into very general use, for some time after, however, as a writer in the *Field* of January 2nd, 1864, mentions having unearthed a tacklemaker's advertisement of the year 1760, in which silk-worm gut is announced as a "new article."

Although comparatively recent writers on angling—conspicuously William Scrope, whose "*Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing on the Tweed*," was published in 1843—include the spear and leister among the weapons a fisherman may legitimately employ, it must be pointed out that salmon spearing on Scottish rivers was made illegal as far back as 1639. Charles II.'s law, above referred to, only forbade use of the spear among other weapons, except with leave of the owner of the water; a very different thing.

Fish poaching, like other poaching, would seem to have become an extremely common offence at the end of the seventeenth century. 4 W. and M., c. 23, empowered Justices to search suspected dwellings for fish, and require the possessor to render a satisfactory account of the same; and it made illegal the possession of nets, angles and other engines for taking fish to the damage of their owner. The proprietor or occupier of any fishery might seize such gear, and detain it for his own use. It should be added that the provisions of this law did not apply to tacklemakers nor to fishermen in navigable waters.

Queen Anne passed two laws in the interests of salmon fishing; one in 1705, with special reference to the streams of Hampshire and Wiltshire; the other (1710) for the benefit of the Thames. The rivers in Hants and Wilts were suffering from "engines and devices," which prevented the free passage of fish to and from the sea; further, the dykes and water-cuts made for draining the pastures

tempted salmon into places where they could be easily killed. The old close season prescribed by Edward I. in the year 1285 was renewed and extended, the close time beginning June 30th instead of September 8th, and various steps were taken to secure free access to the redds for adult fish, and to the sea for young. For example, it was made compulsory that eel pots laid between January 1st and March 10th should have racks set before them to keep out "old salmon or kippers, which during that season are out of kind and returning to sea"; and from March 10th to May 31st no pot-net nor engine with meshes not wide enough to let salmon fry through, might be laid. This Act (5 Anne, c. 8) is the first to take cognisance of "bouges, otherwise called sea trouts"; and it ordains for them the same close season as that established for salmon, June 30th to November 11th.

The Act for the protection of the Thames salmon fisheries had a twofold object; the preservation of "good, wholesome, cheap, and seasonable fish," and the maintenance of fisheries which were of value "in breeding up able-bodied, sea-faring men, and the prevention of smuggling," from which latter reason we conclude that the valuable Thames fishings lay in the mouth of the river. It was the old story over again. At this time it appears "Salmon fish are become very scarce," owing to the destruction of great quantities of "salmon and salmon kind of fish" out of season—September 24th to November 11th.

C.

Vain Glory and Egotism.

IN 1834 Mr. R. Broughton found himself in the position of "the last man" at Harrow, *qua* cricket, he being the only one left of the eleven who played against Winchester and Eton at Lord's in 1833, so it fell upon him to form a perfectly new eleven barring himself. He told me some years ago, when he was giving me some particulars of the early life of his friend and schoolfellow, the Hon. Robert Grimston, that he, as the *ex-officio* captain of the eleven, asked Mr. Grimston to aid him in the choice of the little army who were to meet Harrow and Winchester at Lord's, and he put "Bob Grimston's" name down along with his own as two of the eleven. Having completed his list, he found his nominee to be a deserter, as "Bob Grimston" ran his pen through his own name, saying that "he was not certain enough in the field." How many boys or men would do so now?

This same Mr. Broughton, who had a good career from his Harrow days onwards, in University and M.C.C. matches, and is well known to have been a staunch supporter of the M.C.C., and to have served on committees and held high office in days when support was needed, has written an admirable letter in the *Morning Post* of August 4th daring to intimate that the bowling and fielding are inferior now to that of the past; that the law of l.b.w. is administered most unsatisfactorily; that the greed for average has caused many players to guard their wicket with their pads instead of with their bats; and to regard the quantity and not the quality of their runs as a proof of excellence. Mr. Broughton is

"the bad man" of the story in the eyes of the modern exhibition cricketers, for he has dared to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

In his letter Mr. Broughton deprecates the modern custom of boundary hits being adopted instead of running hits out, whereby the batsman saves his legs and wind, and has the advantage of not risking a "run out." He tells us in his letter that he has tried some amendment laws at the M.C.C. when the batting interest swamped him. And so it will be again probably, for as things are now colossal scores and draws seem to be the order of the day.

The old saying is that you cannot "get butter out of a dog's mouth;" and that saying applies by analogy to men as well as dogs, as after some years of immunity from danger of being bowled, owing to the *unsportsman-like* use of the pad, which is used as the second line of defence; and of the danger of being "run out," or getting fatigued and winded by running the runs when the ball passes a boundary, it is not likely that those who are enjoying the luxury of the present ignoble and lazy cricket rest, will be parties to disturbing the modern state of things.

The absurd law that the ball must pitch on the eight-inch ribbon of turf between wicket and wicket has practically deprived the bowler of any value from an on break or to get a man out l.b.w., and the modern fashion of the Catherine wheel over head pound on the hard billiard table wicket, which makes it impossible for a ball to "shoot," has enabled the batsman who defends only

eight inches of ground to adopt a mechanical forward poke which is as monotonous as Peel on the spot stroke.

When the Hon. Mr. Bligh suggested a law that a batsman should be out l.b.w. if his leg was on the eight inch "ribbon of turf, and he stopped a ball which would have hit the wicket," the proposition "fell dead," and so it will be as regards any proposition which would endanger the much-coveted average.

We are inundated now with photographs of Jones preparing "to hook"; Smith preparing "to catch"; Johnson preparing "to glide"; and, strange to say, there is not one of Thomson preparing to miss a catch.

The only proposition seems to be for Mr. Broughton to appeal to his friends to join him in a protest. There must be hundreds of well-known men who have played for the Gentlemen against the Players willing to do so.

Dropping all prefixes, let me name a few—Harvey Fellows, George Yonge, William Nicholson, Charles Ridding, T. E. Anson, Emilius Bayley Laurie and Bull Pickering—now in Vancouver, coaching the young Canadians in his leisure hour—and numberless others whose names are world-known at Lord's, of the later school such as Lytteltons, Lubbocks, Walkers and the heroes of the sixties onwards. If a protest was published and signatures asked for, doubtless they would come in wholesale.

There was no difficulty in umpires deciding l.b.w. when it was reckoned from bowler's hand to wicket, as the umpires "sighted the ground" constantly on giving guard. As regards boundaries, the complaint of modern batsmen is that if the ball was stopped by a fence, and a fieldsman picked it

up and threw the ball in, it might only count 2 runs, instead of 4 as now.

If it were possible to have a private ground for members only, like Prince's Racquet Club in Hans Place used to be, to be called "The Old England Club," when cricket could be played according to the old rules, there would be lots of clubs who would be delighted to come and play against them, and numberless home matches would be arranged amongst old cricketers; and we could dispense with the average mongers and play the game like men.

The greatest treat in the season to myself is to watch the two-day matches at Lord's in August, when we see a lot of players whom we never saw before, and can watch the game without hearing the cackle about Tom's average and Jack's maiden over, and the rubbish which is talked on modern grounds. I have attended these matches regularly ever since 1894, as having been *habitué* of Lord's for just on sixty years, the Executive very kindly make me free of the Pavilion on these two-day matches, and they are my delight; as I don't know the names of very many on either side, and as the M.C.C. always provide good bowlers, the matches are a fair test of batting, much of which is admirable. They are like the good old country matches which were played years ago at Blackheath, West Kent, Chislehurst, and the commons and greens in Surrey, from which the county players were drawn.

I received a letter from an old friend and schoolfellow which commenced with "82 not out." It was written on his eighty-second birthday. He sent me a book of 1898 on cricket, and he says:—"The writer of the book is cruelly

oblivious of Gentlemen and Players in 1836 . . . *quorum pars parva fui*, when the author writes, 'Between 1822 and 1842 the Gentlemen did not bring off a single win.' The fact was that in 1836 the M.C.C., having seen my correspondent bowl twenty wickets in 1835 against Harrow and Eton at Lord's, came down to see the school play against Oxford at Winchester, and asked him to bowl in Gentlemen and Players, 1836, which he did; and his coadjutor being Alfred Mynn, *Bell's Life* christened them "Alfred the Great" and "Alfred the Little," the boy bowler being only five feet six inches in height. He took nine wickets, and the Gentlemen won; and when Gentlemen and Players was finished he went on against Eton and Harrow.

So historians who write ancient history of things which happened long before they were born are not always accurate, any more than the upstart young England of to-day, who literally knows nothing, and who cocks his oiled hat over his ear and arranges the proper "wobble" of his cigarette to his satisfaction, is to be listened to when he tries to depreciate men of the past with his sapient and only argument, "They played in tall hats in those days."

The bowler's name is A. J. Lowth, who was one of the best bowlers ever seen at Oxford, and in company with Sir Frederick Bathurst and the present Warden of Winchester, bowled for Hants for many seasons.

F. G.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

MIDNIGHT shooting was not at that time a form of sport entirely confined to Ireland, as at the beginning of the present century the twelfth Lord Saye and Sele was in the habit, at Belvedere in Kent, of providing that kind of amusement for his guests most evenings before they retired to rest. After supper, Croker, his lordship's head keeper, would come up to the room, and say, "My lord, the game be *hall* ready." "All right, Croker, come and have a glass of wine," his lordship would reply, handing him a tumbler of port, three parts full. "Have you got many rabbits for us, Croker?" "Vy, my lord, hi netted honly two

dozen, thinkin' has 'ow it wos has much as your lordship and the other gemmen would care habout. My lord, please mind the moon's hall right, and the sooner we're hat hour work the better." "Whenever you are ready, Croker, we shall be." "Hi his ready now, my lord."

The plan adopted was to fasten white paper collars round the rabbits' necks, and let them out one at a time from a trap. The gentlemen, guns in hand, stood round in a semi-circle, and blazed away at each bunny as it appeared; yet the hits were few. On the occasion I refer to only six rabbits were killed out of the

two dozen, but how near the sportsmen were to shooting one another may be gathered from what Croker said in the morning. One of the guests was congratulating the head keeper on having provided such good sport, when the latter broke in with, "Vell, ve shan't have nothink to say, that I vos never so thankful to see his lordship's friends goin' hall right to their beds as I vos last night, for some of you gentlemen—I means no hoffence—voud better a gone there afore you comed to shoot."

There were many gun accidents in those days, as well as now, but when we read how careless as a rule the old sportsmen were, the wonder is that the casualties were so few. Sir James Graham of Netherby, father of the statesman, escaped an accident by mere chance. The talk one day turned upon guns, when he being present, said, "Well, I have used my Joe Manton regularly for thirty years, and it carries as well now as the day I got it." "I wonder," said the Duke of Abercorn, who was of the party, "it has not carried your head or arm off before now; let me see the wonderful gun." The Joe Manton was produced, and the muzzle was found to be as thin as a wafer. "If ever you put an extra half charge of powder into that, Netherby," the Duke remarked, "the gun will burst." This Sir James would not admit, so a bet was made between his Grace and himself to decide the question. The gun was carefully loaded with a charge and a half of powder, placed on the ground, and discharged by the aid of a string. The gun burst.

The elder Sir James was a very little man, while his son was a splendid fellow, standing 6 ft. 2 in.

in his stockings, and muscular in proportion. One day the two being together in Pall Mall, an old friend accosted the baronet, when Sir James introduced his son to him. The introduction over, the friend said, "Why, Netherby, your son could put you in his pocket." "That may be," the father replied, "but all I can tell you is that he is never out of mine." As is pretty well known, the tall young man became afterwards First Lord of the Admiralty, besides filling other important posts in the Cabinet of that day. But he got into trouble through opening letters passing through the English post to foreigners in this country, to oblige the Italian Government.

Sir James tumbled into a scrape which, had it been known, would have caused quite an explosion in the north. Travelling one Sunday with George, sixth Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford, from Glasgow to Lord Galloway's seat in Wigtownshire, their servants, as the carriage was passing over a moor, let two pointers down. The dogs shortly after put up some partridges, when the Marquis, forgetting he was in Scotland, seized his gun, jumped out, and bagged a brace. The affair got wind, and an awful outcry was made in the papers of how the son-in-law of an exemplary Scotch peer (Lord Galloway) had not only been shooting on the Sabbath, but had trespassed on another man's estate. At Galloway House a consultation was held as to what was best to be done, when a gentleman said, "Partridges are more plentiful than marquises here, so I should advise his lordship to drive over tomorrow to Kerrachtree, see Lady Maxwell, and make apology for

his inadvertence." The Marquis took the advice, receiving not only complete absolution, but *carte blanche* to shoot over the estate whenever he chose.

But parsons themselves, in those days, were not ashamed to indulge in their favourite sports on the Sabbath, and some of them were as unscrupulous poachers as there were to be found anywhere. Here is an example:—The Rev. William Butler, rector of Frampton in Dorsetshire, known all round the countryside among high and low as "Billy Butler," was a divine of the port wine school, *plus* an inordinate love of sport, which he gratified without stint, and without scruple in season and out of season, utterly regardless of the duties and responsibilities of his "cloth." He was fond of telling stories of his own defiance of conventional rules. One of these I remember was to the effect that he had been out cub-hunting one Sunday morning, and was only able, by dint of hard riding, to reach the church door just as the bell had stopped ringing for service. He made no secret, either, of the fact that little Sunday cocking parties were in vogue at Frampton. A few choice spirits would meet at the Rectory after service, and enjoy a quiet main without fear of interruption. With equal zest, too, did Parson Billy tell yarns of his poaching experiences, for he was an arrant old poacher whenever he had the chance. For example, one afternoon, when he was returning from hunting, as he passed the preserves of a large landed proprietor, he spied a lot of pheasants, which had strayed just outside the woods of the noble lord who owned them, and were feeding in front of a long

hedgerow on the property of another gentleman who was not a game preserver. Butler here saw too good a chance to be missed; he woke up his nag with the spur, and on reaching home astonished his own man by telling him not to put the weary horse into the stable, as he should want him again directly. Then the parson ran into the house, got his gun and a steady-going old retriever that knew his ways, and away he rode, as fast as his jaded hunter would carry him, to the spot where he had seen the pheasants feeding. Getting between them and their coverts, he drove them into the hedgerows just outside the noble lord's domains, and there killed some five or six brace, which he hung on each side of his horse, and then rode coolly home again.

I referred just now to accidents in the shooting-field. Some notable ones occur to me. The father of the present Marquis of Queensberry was *said* to have accidentally shot himself when out rabbit-shooting in 1858, but there were those who doubted whether the act was not intentional. Captain Speke, the famous African explorer, was the victim of a gun accident just the day before he was to have confronted Captain Richard Burton in public, and explain his conduct in appropriating to himself the credit which Burton alleged to be due to *him*. Frederic Gye, the once well-known manager of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, was shot dead by accident whilst pheasant shooting on Lord Dillon's estate at Dytchley on the same day on which Major Whyte-Melville was killed out hunting. The late Professor Fawcett was shot by his father when partridge shooting, only two pellets struck

him, but they penetrated both eyeballs, and left him stone-blind for life. Mr. F. P. Delmé-Radcliffe, a celebrated "King of the Hunting-field," and a brilliant writer to boot, was also the victim of a gun accident, which however was attended with less tragic results than any of those I have mentioned. When out with a shooting party on his own estate he got somewhat out of the line, and consequently received the contents of one of his guest's guns in the head and face. He fell senseless, and for a moment it was thought he was killed. But in a few minutes he recovered consciousness, and as soon as he did so, exclaimed earnestly:—"I call you all to witness it was my own fault." The sight of his left eye was completely destroyed, but his other injuries were not serious. Even after the loss of his eye Joe Manton, the famous gun-maker, said he would not advise anyone to offer Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe many dead birds in a pigeon-match.

A remarkable recovery from a terrible gun accident was that of Mr. Thomas Smith, of Hambleton, who was as great a Master of Hounds as his celebrated namesake, Thomas Assheton Smith. When he was a boy his head got in the way of a sportsman aiming at a rabbit, and down went Tom, apparently dead. He recovered, however, but his escape from death was marvellous, for a full charge of shot was taken out of his head, and afterwards shown to him in a wine-glass.

You may always know a *true* sportsman by the carefulness with which he handles his gun. He never carries it so that the muzzles of the barrels point in the direction of any of his fellow-shooters. The surest sign of a Cockney sports-

man is the recklessness with which he handles his gun. To let the barrels of a gun, whether loaded or not, point in the direction of any person standing near is detestably unsportsmanlike as well as stupidly inconsiderate. For how is any one to know whether a gun is loaded or not? It is only thoughtless fools, who know little about firearms, that perpetrate these acts of criminal carelessness. The sportsman who is thoroughly acquainted with the use of firearms is always scrupulously careful to avoid the remotest risk of endangering the lives or upsetting the nerves of others. And the man who does not know how to hold his gun, without sending a shudder through everyone who is within range of him, ought to have his weapon taken from him, and be entrusted with nothing more lethal than a child's pop-gun.

The man who loses his temper when shooting is also a person to be avoided. For loss of temper may not only cause accidents, but may also entail loss of sport. Here is a case in point. A noble lord of an excitable nature on one occasion was rather put out because he had had so little sport, so sternly asked his head keeper if they would find a better supply in the next covert. "I hope so, my lord," said the dependent. "Hope so!" roared the peer; "do you think I give you a hundred a year to hope? Now go off at once, and beat that wood this way, and I'll post the guns." "Your lordship means *this* wood," said the functionary, pointing in an opposite direction. "No, I don't." "But, my lord——." "Not a word more, sir. Obey my orders." The wood was traversed through and through, but without the least result so far as filling the sportsman's bags was concerned. His

lordship's wrath was terrible, until the head-keeper managed to get out: "This is not your wood at all, my lord; it belongs to your neighbour, who shot over it last Friday!"

Canon Lyttelton, Head-master of Haileybury College, was in his day one of the finest cricketers that Cambridge ever turned out, and was a member of that grand light blue eleven which in 1878 lowered the colours of the hitherto invincible Australian team. I cannot recall any University eleven that could compare with that which included Edward and Alfred Lyttelton, C. T. Studd, A. G. Steel, A. P. Lucas, F. J. Ford and P. H. Morton. When, therefore, Canon Lyttelton speaks upon "The Use and Abuse of Athletics," he rightly commands the attention of athletes. In his address, however, on that subject recently to the teachers assembled in congress at the College of Preceptors, the Canon, if correctly reported, most clearly stultified himself. His object was to show that the national taste for athletic games has had little or nothing to do with the greatness of England, and he made fun of Wellington's saying that "Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton." At the time when Wellington and Nelson were smashing the French, Canon Lyttelton contends that there were not fifty boys at Eton who played cricket—*ergo*—games could have had nothing to do with the formation of the qualities which won Waterloo.

But the Canon made one admission fatal to his argument. "Games," he said, "played in England in the Elizabethan time were enormously greater in number than they have been since." Now, even Canon Lyttelton will

hardly deny that the Elizabethan age was one of the greatest and the most glorious in English annals. There has only been one as great and glorious, and that is our own. And a distinctive feature of both ages has been the extraordinary popularity of games. I do not say that the greatness and glory in either case are owing to the taste for games. But this I do say, that at the two most vigorous periods of our history the superabundant energy of the people of England has found expression in athletic games, from which I draw the inference that the spirit which finds its outlet in athletic sports is part and parcel of the spirit which seeks Imperial expansion. And, remembering with what enthusiastic abandonment the English people gave themselves up to games in the days of Elizabeth, I hail with delight the present mania for athletic pastimes as proof of a revival of the Elizabethan spirit—surely as noble a spirit as could animate any nation.

In another way our popular sports and pastimes have exercised a healthy influence, the value of which it is impossible to over-estimate, and that is by their democratic character. There is no aristocratic monopoly of sport in this country. On the race-course and in the hunting field, on the river and the running path, at cricket and football, all sorts and conditions of men meet in rivalry without distinction of class, all animated alike by a common love of the sport in which they are participating. It is this democratic community of interest in the pastimes of all ranks of society that has promoted a kindly feeling between the "classes" and the "masses" in England which is unknown in countries where the

spirit of caste has erected an impassable barrier between the aristocracy and the proletariat in every relation of life. And for this England has, in a large measure, to thank her games, which are thus (*pace* Canon Lyttelton) indissolubly linked with her greatness.

It is odd that in this latter-day craze for games the two oldest pastimes known in these islands should have come to the front again and distanced all rivals in popularity. I refer to golf and football. All our other sports, with the single exception of polo, and that is an exotic, are

mere things of yesterday compared with the antiquity of these two. Horse-racing, as a popular sport, dates no further back than the last quarter of the seventeenth century. Cricket will not celebrate its bi-centenary for another fifty years, but golf and football were flourishing six hundred years ago. Indeed, they were so enthusiastically patronised that it was deemed necessary to restrict the indulgence in them by Act of Parliament both in Scotland and England, because the people were neglecting the more important exercise of archery in their passion for these two fascinating games.

Gendarme and Goldflake.

It happens every now and then that at horse shows some phenomenal steed appears, and for a year or two sweeps the board. One of these successful horses is Mr. John's Gendarme, a fine chestnut which has now for some time been winning prizes all England over. Gendarme is a chestnut standing about 16 hands, and is said to be by Blue Blood, but as his breeder is unknown, his pedigree may be doubtful. Be that as it may, however, Gendarme is a beautifully made horse, showing a great deal of quality, and in the hands of Mr. John Goodwin, a fine horseman, and once upon a time a noted steeplechase rider, he has achieved a long series of victories. Like most other show ring candidates, he has experienced defeat, but as a rule he comes out at the head of the list. Last year, at Bow, Mr. John showed both Gendarme and Rocket in the same class, and the

former was beaten by his stable companion, presumably upon the ground that the latter was up to more weight than the famous chestnut. Then again, at the Royal Show this year, in the class for hunters up to at least 13 st. 7 lbs., Gendarme found himself in competition with Sir Humphrey de Trafford's powerful chestnut, Roscommon, and to the latter went the first prize. A good many show hunters have the reputation of being unable to cross a country, but Gendarme is said to be a very good jumper, and to be regularly schooled over the fences in his owner's paddocks. Mr. John lives at Cardiff, and if the noble chestnut can get over Lord Tredegar's country, he must be indeed a good hunter, as a variety of fences are there to be met with.

Another famous show horse is Mr. Stokes's Goldflake, bred in Yorkshire, like so many other

C. Reid, Witham.

GENDARME.

C. Reid.

GOLDFLAKE.

good hunters. His breeder was Mr. M. Kendal, of Ness Hall, Nunnington, and Goldflake is by Warpath out of Wildmint by Peppermint. He is a beautifully made horse, with great power and symmetry, and though only four years old, is exceedingly well furnished, and next year may be expected to develop into a grand hunter. Like Gendarme, he has won a great many prizes, and at the Royal Show at Maidstone was

placed first in the four year old class, in which there were but four competitors. At the Great Yorkshire Show, at Hull, however, Goldflake was one of a very large and strong class, and there he was beaten by Mr. Hadland's Baronet, a good looking bay by Linthorpe. A good many of the decisions at the show ring may seem contradictory; but if all the judges at shows agreed, horse shows would soon come to an end.

The Black Wood of Rannoch.

Most persons have derived some notion of the great wood of Scotch firs which runs down the moorlands to Loch Rannoch from the paintings of it in the Academy and elsewhere. The huge gnarled stems, with their red boles, the grey arms branching into each other overhead, the dark-green foliage, perhaps with patches of blue sky showing between the noontide darkness of the interlacing roof of the boughs—these features offer a glow of colour, set with deep shades and gloomy recesses, that strikes the most inartistic with delight. When he is told, too, that this forest is only a small fragment of woodland compared with the huge forest of firs which, in historic times, grew over much of the Highlands, and that it once gave shelter to the bear, the wolf, and the wild bull, interest can hardly fail to be aroused. Opinions will differ whether the firs look better when massed in groups as described above, or when seen in more scattered order and surrounded with heather, which again is profusely dappled in red, yellow, and white wild-flowers.

Perhaps the pleasantest peep of all is at the edge of the loch, where the big trees are reflected in a mirror during summer—a mirror whose lucid smoothness is only broken here and there at times by the splash of a big fish, for which Loch Rannoch is famous. There may be seen—

“The pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude”;

and their other selves appear reflected in the clear loch.

“There lay far glades and neighbouring
lawn,
And, through the dark-green crowd,
The white sun twinkling like the dawn,
Under a speckled cloud,”

as Shelley sings. There are other woods, perhaps, in themselves quite as picturesque to the artist; but the character of the neighbouring scenery, the land on which these trees grow, which is never touched by plough or spade of man, the associations of the still living Black Wood with the half-fossil woods dug out everywhere in the highlands, and which the natives carefully store for fuel—nothing appears so fair to the

lover of Scotland as these time-honoured woodlands, laden with their solemn burden of dark trees, creeping down to the southern shores of the loch. The effect of the wood resembles, perhaps, most clearly the pines about Ravenna; both forests possess the same unearthly stateliness, the same majesty of beauty.

Loch Rannoch stretches eleven miles from east to west, and is about one mile broad. The traveller must walk some miles from Kinloch Rannoch at the eastern end before he finds the wild strip of country which contains the Scotch firs. Perhaps he has feasted his eyes on the fine specimens of *Salmo ferox* and other fishes which the host at the large inn at Kinloch has had stuffed for his hall, and envied the fishermen whom he sees being rowed about the loch by their gillies. Let him comfort himself by thinking how few big fish are caught after the most lavish pains and expense have been bestowed upon them. In 1895 an angler fished all day without catching one, and, when reeling up in disgust in the evening, found his artificial minnow seized in earnest as it neared the boat. After a long struggle, he succeeded in killing a thirteen-pound *ferox*. Where Fortune, however, is fickle, Nature is always kind, and when the traveller at length reaches the confines of the Black Forest, he will not be disappointed. Clumps of birch and young oak grow here and there, while scattered among them are firs, but of no special size. These might be planted merely to whet his appetite for forest scenery, and at length he enters the wood itself and finds noble Scotch firs glooming against the brilliant sky on each side of him. The curving tops and grasping arms are in themselves beautiful.

Enchanting glimpses of the loch are caught between the stems of trees, and beyond are the faint grey shores, and then dark moorlands running up to peak after peak far up into the shadowy deer forests of Rannoch and Ben Alder, overlooking Loch Ericht, which is the wildest loch in Scotland. Over all these, again, a mountain may raise its head, tipped by sunlight, in far Lochaber, and beyond all lies the Great Glen. A glance into the opposite direction discloses pillar after pillar, ruddy in the sunshine and roofed with living green, like a vast natural temple. The *tout ensemble* is as exquisite to an eye fond of tree-beauty as is each separate tree. Each of these plainly belongs to the same family, but each possesses its own individuality of gnarled top and grasping boughs.

Let the naturalist enter, and, after the first bewilderment caused by the grateful coolness has somewhat passed off, he will find enough to do in struggling through the tall, matted heather, extricating himself from deep mosses, pushing his way between dead branches, and stumbling over big stones which are littered on the floor everywhere. Few small birds flit about; they are wise enough to remain outside in the sunshine. Every here and there are huge ant-hills, a couple of yards across, composed largely of the ends of fir-branches. If the visitor steps into these accidentally, or stirs them up with his walking-stick, myriads of large black ants, of exceptional size and ferocity, rush out, and it is just as well for the intruder to remove before they attack him. The wood is also celebrated for entomological treasures of all kinds. Some wonderful moths have been taken in it. So little has it been thoroughly searched that it is

quite possible moths and insects as yet unknown to the British *fauna* may lurk within its depths.

At present, some of the marvellous effects of the great gale which swept over the Black Wood in November, 1893, may be observed. Rushing across the loch, one blast, more terrible than the others, cut a lane straight through the wood, tearing up every tree that confronted it. The strength of the blast must have been terrific. Hundreds of fine firs were, in a moment, torn up by the roots and swept over, while a mass of earth, stones, and *débris*, matted together and standing ten or fifteen feet above the heather, testifies in the case of each tree how resistless had been the blast. The trees grow on as they lie, and are left in unstudied confusion, being too far from a railroad to make it worth while to remove them. The looker-on may well be thankful that he was not in a boat on Loch Rannoch during that storm, and also that he was not, at that time, in the Black Wood. Yet the wood itself doubtless rises higher and higher in consequence of such storms, and has done so for untold centuries, tree growing over tree above the ruins of its parent, and itself perishing in its turn before some such mighty convulsion of Nature. The same process goes on here, only more slowly, that is constantly in operation in the tropical forests of South America.

There is a lovely apparition! Twenty yards on one side, looking over a fallen patriarchal fir, an old roebuck, with beautiful horns, gazes fearlessly at the intruder, attended by two does, whose large and lustrous eyes might almost put to shame a woman's. Their warm, reddish-brown coats glow in the sunshine, and they seem more astonished than frightened

at their visitors, so long as they are motionless; but one stirs, and off the deer bound, leaping, as if it cost no exertion, three or four prostrate monarchs, till they are hidden in the gloom. The keen eye of the late John Colquhoun (author of "The Moor and the Loch") has noticed the roe's sagacity in discovering real from apparent danger: "The crouching shooter with his deadly gun is instantly detected, while the harmless workman may even blast a rock and cause no alarm."* After all, this trait may be noticed in the rook, and in other animals and birds.

The ornithologist knows that among these pines one of the rarest of nature's titmice, the crested titmouse (*Parus cristatus*) may be expected. It is distinctively a northern bird, and only occurs, for the most part, in Scotland, among very old pine-woods. A specimen or two might well have strayed from this primeval forest to Pitlochrie, where they have been captured. There are several instances of its having been seen in England, but the large pine forests of Perthshire, Inverness, Ross, and Elgin, are the true homes of these pretty birds. Without a good field-glass, it is difficult to discern the crested tit, or, indeed, any of the family of tits (many of which abound in the Black Wood), the foliage is so thick, the birds themselves so small, and their mode of hiding among and under the tresses of the firs so puzzling. These birds appear to favour the outskirts of the forest, coming down especially to the loch where the road to Kinloch Rannoch runs alongside it. The treasures of the wood, whether in the way of plants, birds, or moths, seem to have been very partially examined.

* Vol. I., p. 107, (Edition 4).

Whirr ! whirr ! Up flies a large bird from the visitor's feet. It is a hen capercailzie, and, being the middle of June, her laboured flight and tardy rise on the wing suggest that she has a brood near at hand. "Tweet ! tweet ! tweet !" a pitiful, continuous cry comes from the heather at his side, and, looking down, a young capercailzie, the exact miniature of its mother, is perceived, with the white-marked feathers of the tail very conspicuous. It is about as large as a thrush, and, with its large, trustful eyes, is a beautiful and confiding specimen of a game bird. Once an indigenous bird, apparently, throughout Scotland, it was exterminated about a century ago. A chapter of romance now attends its re-introduction by Lord Fife in 1828, and nowhere can that interesting story be read more carefully drawn out, with the fullest particulars attainable, than in Mr. Harvie-Brown's excellent monograph on "The Capercailzie in Scotland" (1879). The little "old man of the woods" (for such is the meaning of "capercailzie") is tenderly lifted up and duly admired, and then gently replaced on the heather, and left to its mother. He would indeed be a brute who could injure so beautiful and trustful a bird.

A ramble through the Black Wood generally ends by the visitor descending the hill to the road, crossing it, and sitting upon one of the big rocks which strew the side of Loch Rannoch. There a libation is duly poured from his flask to the genius of the scene, and then the visitor scans the far-spread loch, and most certainly, if he be a fisherman, is seized with what Homer would have called a divine longing to catch one of its mighty *salmones*, known by the distinguishing name of *Ferox*. These monsters are pro-

bably but overgrown trout, which have taken to cannibalish ways, escaped hook and line several times, and are now huge, ugly, piratical brutes, poor when brought to table, but struggling like demons when once firmly hooked on a minnow. However, a keen controversy rages at every Scotch hotel during the summer, night after night, when pipes are lit, about *S. ferox*; whether it is a distinct species or not from *S. fario*, the common trout. The subject may be confidently suggested as a never-failing topic of table talk, "*et adhuc sub judice lis est.*" Any amount of ink has been spilt over the controversy, but the most sensible contribution to its settlement occurs in a letter of Mr. J. Colquhoun to the *Field*, in November, 1880. He shows that the largest *feroces* caught in Scotland have been taken out of Loch Rannoch, but of late years that the constant trailing of spoons, phantom minnows, and other gaudy lures have pricked and terrified so many of the larger fish that it is extremely difficult to get hold of one at present. This is the experience of all anglers who have paid attention to the subject.

It becomes increasingly difficult, year by year, to slay a large *ferox*, whatever loch the fisherman may try. Mr. Colquhoun, during the many fishing years of his life, knew of one landed from Loch Rannoch of 23 lbs., another of 22lbs., and a third of about 20 lbs. weight. The largest authenticated specimen on record was killed by the grandfather of Sir Robert Menzies of Menzies. The writer has seen one of 21 lbs. caught in the last ten years. He is disposed to regard the capture of a good *ferox* as a worthy object of a summer holiday. With fair luck, the angler will get several

below ten or a dozen pounds, but there the difficulty begins. After all, however, what would be the charm of fishing were it not fertile in chances? The incidents, also, of catching a *ferox*, the fine expanse of water, the wooded hills, the distant mountains, bestow a peculiar delight upon the sport. At any moment, too, a *ferox* may take the angler's minnow, the capture of which will, for a time, confer a newspaper immortality upon the fortunate fisherman; and which, when stuffed and put up in his hall (like Mr. Brigg's spotted hunter), will hereafter be gazed at by generations as yet unborn as a monument of their ancestor's piscatorial skill.

But the wood, rather than the loch, demands a parting glance of admiration; the visitor lingers till evening, and then notes the set-

ting sun light up the dark green roof of pine foliage and draw out their long shadows over the heather. The white stems of the birches on the outskirts of the wood stand out vividly against the enclosing brushwood. A pair of oyster-catchers fly swiftly past the edge of the loch, uttering their melancholy wail. Far out some gulls are swimming and rising with noisy screams. Meanwhile darkness gathers, and the different trees in the Black Wood are scarcely to be distinguished, while the loch, on the other hand, is yet lit up with reflected splendour, placid as the remembrance of a grateful dream. One more glance, and then heigh ho! for the hotel and life's grim earnest; but the Black Wood of Rannoch will never be forgotten.

M. G. WATKINS.

Recollections of Racing in India.

HAVING spent eighteen years of my life in various parts of Asia, I have long since come to the conclusion that there is no more jolly station in the whole of that warm continent than Secunderabad, in Madras. At least, it was in my day, which, I am sorry to say, was close on forty years ago. *Tempora mutantur*, so I do not vouch that it will be found the same now. At the time of which I write there certainly were never a better set of fellows than were then to be met with at the Hyderabad Club; whether assembled to settle the preliminaries of a sky meeting, discuss the prospects of the Deccan hunt (then one of the most celebrated meets in India), have a quiet rubber, or take a ball at black pool after dinner.

At the time in question, a great gathering had taken place, for keen sportsmen and hard riders had come together to attend the races, and the meet. Captain Garrow, a celebrated elephant hunter, as well as one of the best race riders in the "benighted" Presidency, was one of the leaders in all sporting matters at that time; and he was well supported by Malcolm, the Assistant Resident, besides all the officers of the garrison, and of the Nizam's troops. Tiffin was over, and had been voted a great success; for was not Tutia our *chef*, and Riddell, of the Nizam's service, the secretary, the benefactor of the whole Anglo-Indian race for his famous book on "Cookery in Tropical Climates?" Everything

was most satisfactory; donations had tumbled in, subscriptions had filled the coffers of the treasurer; even the ladies had contributed a purse, and also a cup. There was every prospect of a jolly gathering, and plenty of sport.

The meeting having broken up, many sat down to cards. Others went off to billiards, where a chick pool was soon started, with some smart betting on the result of each stroke. Gambling was never my game; and, as there were some knowing ones about, both with the cards, and cue, I contented myself with watching the game, and taking notes for future guidance. Whilst thus engaged, with a long cheroot between my lips, a man entered, and, to my surprise, presented me with a suspicious-looking billet, on highly-scented rose-tinted paper, the address evidently in a lady's handwriting. Three chums on my right looked queerly at me as I tried to decipher the motto on the seal. And a shockheaded Scotch medico made an ass of himself by yelling at the top of his voice "Noosed! by the piper that played before Moses." A roar of laughter from the whole room followed this, and I knew that every eye was upon me.

Receiving a love-letter is a sensation, perhaps not unpleasant when the writer is young and pretty; but to be found out, makes a fellow feel awkward and nervous, and the greatest dare-devil in the field will blush like a school girl, if caught, or if he has to confide to his chums that he has put his foot in it, and is about to get married. My feelings, under the circumstances, were none of the pleasantest. When the roar of laughter had subsided, I opened the letter, and at once saw it was from one of the male sex; so, to take a rise out of the doctor, I

pretended to walk away in order to read the suspicious document on the quiet. This had at once the desired effect, and there were at once half a dozen volunteers for the post of private secretary. "Give him room to blush," suggested one, "I'll bet five gold mohurs he is not game to show us his letter," roared the doctor, as he tried to bar my way to the door. "Done with you, Sawbones!" I replied; "there is the letter, down with the dust!" "Read it out, Pills, read it out!" was now the cry; and when the clamour was hushed, the following was made public:—

DEAR HENRY,—Carrie has made me promise not to ride "Evergreen" in the steeplechase; and as I paid a long price for the horse on purpose for the race, and have backed him for money as well, I really do not know what to do, unless you will ride him for me. The animal is in good condition, and if not in one of his tempers, may do the trick. "The Butcher," who approves of my request, says he will bet any amount of gloves on you.

Yours truly,
DADDY.

After the letter had become public property I chaffed the doctor to some tune, for he did not look happy at having given five gold mohurs for what he might have had for nothing. I then replied, asking to have the horse sent to my stable, so that I could get to know something of him before the day on which I was to ride. After dinner, we sat in the open, and songs were the order. Many a good one was sung; and it was not until daylight began to appear that lights were extinguished and we went to bed.

Early the next morning Evergreen was brought round to my

stable. He was a high-caste Arab, a dark bay, standing nearly fifteen hands, with many good points; but his temper had been spoilt by bad treatment, and he had been bought at one-fifth his value on that account. George Smith, who was the leading trainer, and jockey at this time in Southern India, had declared him to be dangerous, and refused to have anything to do with him. The horse was, by his advice, discarded by a large racing stable at Madras. His character had become so notorious that Fred's (or, as he was always called by his intimates, Daddy) intended had forbidden him even to mount the animal. Not being so restricted, and free from petticoat government, I resolved to try his metal at once. I had him saddled and led to the Artillery parade ground, a large, sandy plain where he could not do much harm. Daddy and I followed in a buggy. When I first mounted, he began all sorts of capers, tried all he knew to throw me, and finding I did not part company, bolted across the plain. As it was large and soft, he soon had such a gruelling that he became quite passive, and we began to understand each other. I devoted as much time as was left me to getting him perfectly fit; had a miniature course made at the back of the lines; and by kind, firm, and judicious treatment, soon had him thoroughly gentle, and a good lepper.

The time of the races drew near; the programme had been published in all the papers; a few lotteries had been held as soon as the Secretary had been able to announce the acceptances; and, in spite of the sneers of the knowing ones, and the advice of genuine friends, I had backed the horse to win the Rs.5000, whilst I could only drop Rs.125 if he

lost. There were two days' flat racing, and the third day was devoted to steeplechases and hurdle racing. There was a growing fancy for the latter class of sport at this time all over Southern India, but Secunderabad and Bangalore led the way. The hurdles were no open sheep-hurdles, but strong wattles over four feet high, strongly bound to posts. If they were not jumped clean, it was a case of a fall to a certainty. Neither a horse nor a man cared to get more than one. We had many good men and true riding at this time. Fane, Johnstone, Malcolm, the Assistant Resident, Eric Sutherland, Davidson, and a host of others; the 15th Hussars at Bangalore sent in Otter Sharp, Chetwoode, Madigan, and others; whilst the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force supplied a contingent of choice spirits.

The flat races passed off very successfully. Everyone attended and with a large contingent of Rajahs and their followers, from Hyderabad, with their gorgeously caparisoned elephants and horses the whole business was more like a pageant than a race meeting.

The momentous day at last arrived when I was to make my *début* as a steeplechase rider, and I must own to a feeling of excitement and nervousness that I had not before thought possible. It was not the idea of the riding that caused it, but the thought of what the old and expert hands would think and say. Should I be classed as a duffer, or admitted into the coterie of acknowledged horsemen? The race was set for five o'clock in the evening, the third on the card. At daybreak I had Evergreen saddled, and rode him quickly around the course, taking him over all the practice jumps on the way. The distance

was about three miles, the fences were stiff, with eighteen feet of water. After breakfast I went to the marquee where the lotteries were being held, and found the horse was quite despised. One man who had drawn him in a thousand rupee lottery was so disgusted that he sold me his ticket for a gold mohur, which was only half what he had given for it.

Having paid every attention to my toilet, and made sure there was nothing to invite criticism or betray queerness I made my way to the weighing shed, and found that I was eleven stone eight pounds, just 11lb. over weight. As my horse was a maiden I was in receipt of seven pounds, whilst each of the others had to put up seven extra. Just as I weighed out the trumpet sounded "Boot and Saddle," and having seen the horse saddled I turned out for the canter past. The favourite, a grand chestnut Arab, had won several chases, but he was hot and fretful, and lathered considerably. The man on his back was one of the best horsemen in India, and if horsemanship was to do the trick my chance was gone. The second favourite was a grey Arab, but I feared neither horse nor rider here. The one I most dreaded was a flea-bitten grey, belonging to a Jemadar in the Nizam's service, but as he was ridden by his owner I had not much fear. An officer of the Contingent rode a celebrated pig-sticker, but he had too much weight for the distance. The start was in front of the stand, once round the course. As the horses walked up to the starter the hum of the crowd was hushed, so great was the interest evoked by the race. At last the word "Go" was given, and we were away. As I expected, the Jemadar made the running, and a cracker

he set us. I kept close to the big chestnut, as I knew he was the most dangerous antagonist I had. The first and second fences were safely negotiated by all. At the water one ran out and two fell in. The Jemadar had got a lead of three or four lengths, and just behind him came the hog hunter. I still kept close to the favourite, who was going well within himself, whilst his rider was as calm as if taking a constitutional canter. We rode side by side, taking the jumps together, and for the first mile there was scarcely any perceptible difference in our horses' strides. The pace was tremendous, and I knew could not last. I therefore took a pull, and allowed the favourite to forge ahead, and though I knew my horse was full of running I determined to nurse him. My judgment was correct. In a very few strides I found the Jemadar's horse coming back to me, and the twitching tail of the second favourite told that his bolt was shot. The race now lay between myself and the favourite, and so nearly were we matched that the slightest mistake on the part of either horse would lose him the race. I had a stone in hand, but that was counterbalanced by the superior knowledge and riding of my opponent, who was every inch a horseman. All at once I noticed that he held his horse more in hand, and allowed me to take the lead at the next fence, beyond which there was only one more of any consequence, which was a big on and off, with a four-foot ditch on each side, then one more, and a straight run in past the stand. Could I but win! I was almost wild with the thought, but did not lose my head. I pulled my horse together for the on and off, and then let him race. On looking back I saw the chestnut evidently

labouring, and he nearly came on to his head on landing over the on and off. He scrambled on, however, but came down at the next fence, whilst Evergreen, having cleverly cleared it, I cantered past the stand at my ease, a winner by half a distance. Had the favourite stood up it

might have had a different ending. It was, however, a red-letter day in my career, and my heart beats a trifle faster even now when I recall it. I have ridden many chases since, but never one that took such a hold of my memory, and gave me such pleasure in winning.
C. O.

"Our Van."

Summer Racing.—"Going on the hard side," that is the legend attached to any truthful report of a summer race-meeting in nineteen seasons out of twenty. So far as quantity is concerned, there is no shortage in summer, yet one is strongly impelled to consider summer racing to consist of Ascot and Goodwood, the weather at Epsom being as often wintry as summery, with a couple of accidents in the shape of the Ten Thousand Pounders at the Newmarket First July and Sandown Eclipse Meetings. The promoters of other meetings not included in this brief list will be inclined to demur, but it will be difficult for them to show that any special interest centres in the racing taking place at them. The greater public, as distinguished from that body which follows racing from January to December from infatuation or personal interest, is not so wedded to the sport that it will give up cherished summer diversions for it, though, if life were all bank holiday and the weekly wage went on just the same, this feature might not be so pronounced. However, we have to take things as they are, and, with the setting in of the holiday-taking season in July, there is a marked falling off in the attendances at races. The finer the

weather the more people find other things to do, and racing is regarded as a *pis aller* when the meteorological surroundings are unpropitious to the proper enjoyment of outdoor pleasures in which the individual takes more active part than he does in racing.

Liverpool Summer Meeting.—Judging from what is seen in March, the uninformed person would be justified in regarding Liverpool as a racing centre with such pronounced Turf proclivities that any amount of racing would be practicable there. The facts that confront one are that the summer meeting once extended over three days, but is now limited to two and that the attendance is a mere shadow of that assembling to see the Grand National run. *Oi Polloi* is disporting itself in the Isle of Man, in Wales, or some other unfortunate place, and the listman's business in the cheap enclosures is limited indeed by contrast. Seeing that the Duke of York, finding himself in Liverpool in connection with a public function, made one of the Knowsley party on each of the two days, it would not have been surprising if Society had appeared in greater force than usual, but it did not do so.

The stakes are endowed with

no illiberal hand, and this of course saves the meeting. We began with one of the *pièces de résistance*, the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes, and though but three ran, the element of interest was largely present. The runners were Vain Duchess, who had not once run badly in her four previous races, for she was twice second to Democrat, after winning the Breeders' Plate at the Newmarket Second Spring and the Summer Breeders' Foal Plate at Manchester, in which she beat Jouvence; Atbara, who had smashed up The Gorgon at the Newmarket Second July, and Jubert. Early in the day it was mooted that the American jockey, Martin, was to ride Vain Duchess, but Madden had no notion whatever of standing down and speedily put an end to such aspirations. The race between Atbara and Vain Duchess was a fine one, and it was as well for the Vain Duchess party that Madden did ride, for, in his weak state, Martin would scarcely have proved equal to Tommy Loates's determined finish.

Martin rode Sweet Marjorie in the St. George's Stakes of a mile and three furlongs, which he all but lost through his poor state of health. He showed the American cleverness in taking the lead at a propitious moment and opening up a gap, but when Wood came up on Flambard, Martin all but fell off, losing his reins and pitching forward out of the saddle. He got back again, secured the reins, and managed to win by a head. Birkenhead, the colt with hind feet so turned in that they overlap as he walks—a peculiarity which we, to our astonishment, were told he would grow out of by the autumn—was made a very hot favourite for this race, on the strength of his running in the

Princess of Wales's Stakes, where he swerved all over the course with Sloan, but he made a sorry show and, in the bitterness of their hearts, those who had laid the foolish odds muttered something about Selling Plates. And he a colt by Orme out of Tragedy!

Eleventh hour scratchings for the Liverpool Cup brought about the unexpected, for Madden became available for Lord William Beresford's Grodno. The scratchings were not far removed from the sensational. Newhaven II. had gone out the day before, and on the morning of the race Sligo followed suit. Grodno, whom Madden rode at least as well as Sloan could have done, all but did the trick, Easthorpe's head being all there was between him and the winning post. Little McCall rode the winner with the coolness of a veteran.

Goodwood.—Over Goodwood there had come one of the mightiest changes that has ever been noted from one year to another in racing. Goodwood's "glory" was there in the shape of the most perfect harvest weather conceivable, and the whole country was a glow of gold from ripe corn. The heat was great, but a lovely breeze blew throughout the four days and made matters extremely pleasant on the heights. The ukase having gone forth that flannels, or other preferable comfortable wearing apparel would be *de rigueur* in place of the deposed top-hat and frock coat, no excuse could be advanced on the score of inconvenience; yet Goodwood was practically empty. The house-parties had their full quota and no doubt they rejoiced in the fact that a most marked falling off in the general public—the public which attends Goodwood at the

largest amount of inconvenience—gave them more space in which to enjoy themselves. Everyone who seeks to earn money out of Goodwood, from the fly-drivers, some of whom did not earn their corn-bill, was able to testify to the decided falling off.

Possibly out of kindly feeling to the meeting, perhaps from habit, but more probably because of a belief in the policy of allowing two-year-olds to mature before running them, Goodwood is commonly the scene of the first appearance of promising youngsters. The Ham Stakes brought out Simon Dale, a dark St. Simon colt out of Ismay, of whom the best that could be said was circulated. He was meeting a previous winner in *The Gorgon*, gave her 4lbs., and won in a canter. If this means that the Duke of Portland has something capable of beating *Democrat* I shall be patriotically glad, as well as pleased to see the wheel of fortune once more pointing his Grace's way. On the third day the two-year-olds made high holiday with the Prince of Wales's and Rous Memorial Stakes. In the first-named, *Diamond Jubilee*, in spite of claims for improved behaviour, ran something of a cur, or would have beaten *Epsom Lad* easily enough, and the Rous Memorial was a gift to *Forfarshire*, who was getting from 3lbs. to 5lbs. from inferior animals. Not much more difficult was the victory of *O'Donovan Rossa* in the *Molecomb Stakes*.

I wish I could bring myself to think that the Stewards' Cup was always won by the best horse at the weights, for then there would be some pleasure in referring to it. Unfortunately, I cannot think that way, and look upon the race very much in the light of a scramble or lottery. The race

was preceded by that rumour of which we have far too much in racing, for it is impossible to suppose that there is not good cause for pronounced market movements. When we arrive on the course and find 20 to 1 on offer against a horse that was so fancied as was *Dieudonné*, somebody must have been at work. *Dieudonné* would not run, said one; *Madden* rides *Vara*, asserted another; and in the end *Dieudonné*, with *Madden* up, started first favourite. The vaunted superiority of the present mode of starting over the starting gate was well proven by the end of the three-quarters of an hour that were spent at the post. This sort of thing is so fair on the handicapper, and upon a horse like *Eager*, who by the time the flag fell was practically carrying a 5lb. penalty over and above his 10st. 2lb. And still there are people—owners, too—who can see system! No fault could be found nothing wrong with the two-flag with the success of *Northern Farmer*, though his owner did remark immediately after the race that had he been a little more confident he need never have come racing any more. So the gentlemen on the rails had a narrow escape from permanent penury.

Merman scored a couple of wins on consecutive days, which came as a decided surprise after his moderate display in the *Liverpool Cup*. We now know (if we like to accept the information) that such sprints as eleven furlongs are no manner of use to this horse. And yet he once won the *Lewes Handicap*. On the second day he won the *Goodwood Plate* of two miles with ease, and on the third day he won the *Goodwood Cup* of two-and-a-half miles with similar facility, *Newhaven II.* breaking down, at which no one who had seen him gallop the day

before was surprised. Nun Nicer enjoyed her old luck in running second in both the Stewards' Cup and the Drayton Handicap. Uniform was to run away with the last-named race, everybody said, but he was not so much as started. "Now we know what will win the Cambridgeshire," was the subsequent reflection.

Lewes.—Strange to say, the weather was too fine for Lewes, the powerful sun keeping hundreds away, though the never-failing breeze blew on the top of the downs. The feature of the meeting was the winning of the Lewes Handicap by an Australasian horse for the fourth year in succession, and for the third year consecutively by the same owner. The field was of the smallest, three only running, though even this was not a record, and the winner turned up in the very Uniform that was such a good thing for the Drayton Handicap of seven furlongs (the Lewes Handicap being a mile and a-half), and who was to win the Cambridgeshire. As the Lewes Handicap is worth over 900 sovs. to the winner this is much better than a Cambridgeshire very much in the bush.

Hurst Park and Kempton.—With the Bank Holiday awarded it, Hurst Park had all the best of matters in the matter of dividend earning. The chief race, the Holiday Handicap of two miles, was won by Palmerston, the fact being noted because it emphasised the ability of Mr. Thursby as a trainer. When the property of Sir J. B. Maple, Palmerston was worked to the last degree of staleness. Purchased by Sir John Thursby (on his son's advice) for 400 sovs., the first thing done was to give him a rest, and each time out afterwards he has won a good race. The previous owner is understood to be displeased at the

course which events have taken, which is sad.

At Kempton the card for the International Breeders' Two-year-old Stakes was an imposing sight, but discretion was exercised in the case of such good ones as Vain Duchess, The Gorgon, and O'Donovan Rossa. This left Forfarshire to give the weight away to the likes of Cutaway and Solid Gold in handsome style.

Polo—The Death of Mr. W. J. Drybrough.—Fatal accidents are so rare at polo in this country that the death of Mr. "Jack" Drybrough, whose name was known wherever the game was played, came upon everyone with a shock. Polo in our time has suffered no greater loss, for he was without doubt one of the strongest back players we have seen. Many and ample expressions of appreciation and regret there have been and will be, but none more sincere than that of the writer, who has so often told of Mr. W. J. Drybrough's feats, or of the readers of BAILY, whose interest in the game may have prompted them to follow these records of its progress month by month. Others there will be whose sorrow will be no less deep, old friends of the Fife or Pytchley Hunts, and those members of the Rugby team who felt that when "Jack" was behind them no chance would be thrown away, and that sooner or later from that strong arm the ball would be passed to them, and a stout defence would be changed into an eager attack. But Mr. Drybrough held a peculiar position in the game, he represented not merely a club, but a people, and as Mr. John Watson for Ireland, or Mr. Buckmaster for England, so Mr. Drybrough for Scotland was the representative of the game. Long before these

lines are in print, the grave will have closed over the remains, though not over the memory, of a kind friend, a loyal polo-player, and a true sportsman.

Accidents at Polo.—The majority of serious accidents at polo happen from crosses, and it is perhaps a testimony to the soundness of the rule and the efficiency of umpires that so few of these mishaps happen in England. It is generally, however, the man who crosses, and not the one who is crossed, who comes to grief. There was an accident, unhappily with fatal results, which I recollect seeing in India. I was playing at No. 3, backing up my No. 2, who was in possession of the ball. Another player came up on our near side, passed me, and, I suppose, attempted to close on the ball. He collided with my No. 2, and brought him down, and was himself carried off the field with injuries to which he succumbed. No doubt he misjudged the pace at which we were travelling. It is doubtful whether a player not in possession of the ball should be allowed to come up on the near side at all. This is always dangerous, for in the first place it is difficult to see a man coming up from behind on the near side when one is hitting on the off side. Let me give an instance. I was running the ball, hitting and trying to avoid an adversary coming up on the off-side; the ball ran close to my pony, almost underneath, and I swung her away to obtain a clear shot; when doing this I never saw a man coming up on my near side, and pulled right into him, both of us coming down together. No harm was done. Another danger from coming up on the near side is that a pony will sometimes swerve away to the right towards the ball when you are partly in

front of the man in possession, in which case his pony cuts into yours, and one or both come down. This action of the pony is often quite involuntary on the part of the rider, though I think it likely that, with eye and mind concentrated on the ball, one may insensibly incline the animal in that direction. I have often thought that if men were forbidden to ride or hustle except on the off-side of the man in possession of the ball, it would make for safety in the game.

The Army Cup at Rugby.—Every year polo begins a little earlier and ends a little later, and the Messrs. Miller are preparing to give us a good tournament in September if only it will rain first. If county polo had done nothing more than lengthen our season by nearly three months it would have benefited the game. It is hoped that the Rugby Cup will encourage soldiers' polo and bring out new players, as no team is to be allowed to play more than one man from the Inter-regimental team. As in most cases this will be the back, the young players will have all the advantage to be derived from having a good back to give them confidence and direct their tactics.

Foreign and Colonial Polo.—The pluck of the Johannesburg Polo Club is certainly admirable. In spite of all their troubles and difficulties they have kept the ball rolling, and the other day sent a team to **Durban** for the tournament. The final, however, lay between the 18th Hussars—a regiment which shares with the Durham Light Infantry the distinction of having, when in India, beaten the Patiala team—and the 5th Lancers. The former won after a tremendous struggle by one subsidiary.

At **Gibraltar**.—For the final of

the local tournament the Artillery met the Grenadiers (A Team). The Artillery beat the Engineers and the Coldstreamers, while the Grenadiers had a very hard fight with the Manchesters. The scores were two all at the close of time, and it took the Guards four minutes of the extra time to make the winning goal. The teams stood as follows:—

| R. A. | GRENADIER
GUARDS A. |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| Mr. Myera. | Mr. Ward Forester. |
| " Brierley. | " Douglas Pennant. |
| " Ziegler. | " Seymour. |
| Captain Massie. | " J. Quilter. |

After a quick period of fast and even play the scores were two all. In the subsequent periods the Royal Artillery showed a consistent improvement, and gradually getting the upper hand, entirely won by five goals to two.

The Warwickshire Tournament.—The town of Leamington has taken up polo heartily. The Mayor is a playing member, and the town presents a sixty-guinea challenge cup to be played for at the annual tournament. Each succeeding year the polo week has brought together a number of first-rate players. This present season was no exception. It is almost impossible to over-rate the importance to polo of these county tournaments, which make the game of polo at its best known to so many people. The entry at Leamington was a very strong one, local teams being well represented by the Warwickshire A and B teams, the North Warwickshire Hunt, Rugby (Spring Hill), the Rugby Ishmaelites, while the polo world at large was represented by the North Cotswold Hunt, and last, but not least, the Old Cantabs. Of these teams the Rugby Ishmaelites put Warwickshire A out, and the North Cotswold Hunt team beat Warwickshire B. In the second ties

the Rugby Ishmaelites scratched, and the North Cotswold were disposed of by the Warwickshire Hunt, and the Old Cantabs beat Rugby Spring Hill. For the final there remained:—

| OLD CANTABS. | WARWICKSHIRE
HUNT. |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Mr. Walter McCreery. | Mr. F. Hargreaves. |
| " Godfrey Heseltine. | " F. Mackey. |
| " F. Freake. | Captain Egerton Green. |
| " Walter Buckmaster. | Mr. W. J. Drybrough. |

The Old Cantabs, who have been playing together for the whole season, were naturally much the better combined team of the two, and up to half time the Warwickshire Hunt held their own, and chiefly by reason of the late Mr. Jack Drybrough's fine defence. The scores were two all at half time. After that the Cambridge team had matters much their own way, and putting on no less than eight goals in the last half of the match, won by ten goals to two.

As usual, there was a handicap tournament during the week, for which there were entries enough to provide five teams. The final was between:—

| A TEAM. | C TEAM. |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Mr. C. H. Barker. | Mr. Oscar Bland. |
| Comte de Madre. | " G. Heseltine. |
| Mr. E. Flower. | Captain G. R. Powell. |
| " W. J. Drybrough. | Mr. A. Tice. |

After a galloping game A team won by six goals to two.

Ranelagh.—The two principal events at Ranelagh were the pony show and the finals of the Subalterns' Tournament. At the pony show Mr. Buckmaster and Captain Renton acted as judges. The presence of the latter player in the ring put the champion Matchbox out for the day. Lord Kensington's Sermon, also a mare and a chestnut, won, beating two such ponies as Mademoiselle and Luna. Mr. Walter Jones won in light-weights with a beautiful black pony, Syren. It will be noted that the winners' names are new

to the show ring. Poor Mr. W. J. Drybrough had a well-deserved win for the best team of ponies. They were all much of a stamp, and were well suited for carrying weight at polo in a fast match. The supply of first-class ponies seems to remain at about the same level. Every two or three years a new champion makes his, or more generally her, appearance. It is greatly to be hoped that when their polo days are over some of the beautiful mares will fall into the hands of those who are trying to breed polo ponies.

The Subalterns' Tournament.

—The whole interest of this series of matches centred in the meeting of the 7th Hussars and the Inniskillings, whenever that might happen. As it turned out, theirs was the first game in the Tournament. The teams were arranged thus:—

| 7TH HUSSARS. | INNISKILLINGS. |
|--------------|-----------------|
| Mr. Fielden. | Mr. Paterson. |
| " Holford. | " Ansell. |
| " Wormald. | " Neil Haig. |
| " Vaughan. | " C. H. Higgin. |

The 7th had a comparatively new team, while the Inniskillings played their Inter-regimental team, with, of course, the exception of Major Rimington. It will also have been noted that each team was playing as No. 4 the man who played No. 1 in the regimental team.

The 7th Hussars won, as everyone knows, playing a good sound game, and proving to everyone how good the first team must be if the second can do so well. The space of the Ranelagh ground suited their galloping ponies well. Afterwards the 7th Hussars beat the 13th and the R.H.G. teams without very much difficulty.

Hurlingham.—Very little remains but to tell of the fall of the curtain at the Senior Club. The

last series of matches of importance at the Club and of the season was the Consolation Tournament, which produced some good games, *Mulgrave House*, a scratch team, but a strong one, proving the winners. They were made up of:—Mr. F. Bellville, Mr. F. J. Mackey, Captain Egerton Green, and Mr. W. J. Drybrough. They had to beat the *Gadflies*:—Mr. G. Heseltine, Mr. F. Menzies, Mr. Neil Haig, and Mr. L. McCreery, another scratch team. The match was a very even one. At half-time the score was even. The *Gadflies* were, however, the quicker team of the two, and when once Mr. Heseltine or Mr. Menzies got away with the ball there was no catching them. At one time the *Gadflies* were two goals ahead. Then came an interesting example of the general truth that if of two nearly equal teams one is stronger in attack and the other in defence, the team that is better at No. 3 and No. 4 will win. If brilliant forwards fling themselves time after time on impregnable defence, they tire themselves, and sooner or later No. 3 and No. 4 will pass the ball forwards, and the game will be theirs. Other things being equal, on reflection we shall see that the chance of such a side as this scoring is greater than that of the other. Polo is in all its phases so interesting a game both to play and to watch that we are apt to forget that goals win the game after all.

Deauville.—The Deauville polo season is a very short one, but what it lacks in length is more than atoned for by the various tournaments which are crowded into the fortnight, and with good management, one of the finest polo grounds in the world, and blue skies and perfect weather, the meeting is naturally a most

enjoyable one. This year three teams made the journey across the Channel to meet the Paris Polo Club players in friendly rivalry. There was also some talk of the 10th Hussars team coming over, but in the end they found it impossible to do so. The only change in the committee was that Lord Shrewsbury resigned, the vacancy being filled by that good sportsman, the Marquis de Villavieja, who was one of the French players who visited Hurlingham in 1897. The ground, which is situated in the middle of the race-course close to the sea, was opened for play on the 7th, but few players turned up until the following Thursday, the day fixed for the Prix d'Ouverture. The handicap for this tournament had been made by Mr. Reginald Herbert, and the four teams he had arranged were as follows:—A team (Vicomte Foy, Baron de Tessier, Baron Lejeune, and Mr. A. Rawlinson); B team (Mr. Beaumont, M. Fanquet-Lemaitre, Lord Villiers, M. "Rice"); C team (M. Faider, Mr. Freake, Mr. Holden Watt, Marquis de Villavieja); D team (M. Bischoffsheim, Mr. W. McCreery, Mr. Barton, Mr. L. McCreery). The first ties ended in B team beating A team by four goals to two, while the C quartette defeated the D side by four goals to love. In the final C team scored an easy victory over B team by six goals to love. The next contest was the County Cup tournament, for which the competitors were the "Bagatelle" representatives (Mr. Wright, M. Eustache de Escandon, M. "Rice," and the Marquis de Villavieja), the Uniteds (Baron de Tessier, Mr. Holden Watt, Mr. Beaumont, and Lord Villiers), the Fox-hunters (Mr. W. McCreery, Mr. Freake, Captain Egerton Green, and Mr. A. Rawlin-

son), and the Buccaneers, who came over in the steam yacht *Marguerite* (Messrs. Marjoribanks, Reginald Ward, F. Menzies, and L. McCreery). The two first ties were both fast and exciting, especially the one between the Fox-hunters and the Buccaneers (holders), which the last-named only just won by two goals to one. Bagatelle beat the United by four to two, and therefore opposed the holders in the final, which was played on the 13th inst., after the races. The match was disappointing, for M. de Escandon, the Marquis de Villavieja's brother, hurt his arm, and half-way through the game had to stop playing, the Englishmen scoring their fourth successive victory by three goals to love. Mr. Henry Ridgway, the president of the club, gave away the four cups to the winning team.

Hunting — The Devon and Somerset.—The following from a correspondent tells its own tale:—"You ask for a word for BAILY about our opening meet. The night before we had, thank goodness, a splendid fall of rain, good for sport and bad for trippers. Had it not been for this I should not have gone to Cloutsham at all. "Owing to the improvement in scent, due to the rain, tufting did not take nearly as long as usual, and a little before one the master came along with the pack. There was some music when they touched the line, I can assure you. Hounds, however, soon divided, some six couple holding to the hunted deer. These were stopped while the pack was got together. Hounds now ran a good pace and had (need it be said) much the best of us up the ascent at Lucott. After that those who managed to keep with the pack found things much easier, as after just touching Lord Lovelace's

plantations the deer ran a ring. He ran down to the sea at Porlock, but did not take to the salt water as is usual, but turned right back; but as this move was quite unexpected, he gained a great deal of time by it and eventually beat hounds. "The run was twisty, but hounds ran well, and the pace was as fast as horse or man want in August."

The Devon and Somerset are to hunt four days a week this season and have twenty couple more hounds, chiefly from the Belvoir, and which is much the same thing from the Grafton, so we shall see the blood of Rallywood and Gambler take to the chase of the wild red deer of Exmoor, at which they will probably distinguish themselves as much as they have done in many countries after their natural enemy, the fox.

The Entry of 1899.—In almost every kennel the entry for this season is a short one. The reason is distemper in a new form, which has been a veritable scourge this year, and has carried off many most promising puppies.

Only the other day the writer was talking over this important matter with a master of an old-established pack of beagles, and although he has bred hounds for some years, he told me that beyond the old prescriptions of warmth and nourishment, he could recommend no special treatment. Sometimes one method would succeed and at other times another, but there was no panacea nor anything approaching one discovered as yet. If, however, the different entries, so far as I have heard or seen, are deficient in quantity, in quality there is little to seek. Before going into particulars we may note as an encouraging fact how very well the young hounds have been cared for by the puppy walkers as a rule.

This has been remarked on by many masters and huntsmen. To the puppy walkers we owe much of the high standard of the foxhound at the present time. Another most satisfactory point to notice is the way the Belvoir blood holds its own. Was there ever a better stallion hound than Dexter? Well, without going into comparisons, which are useless, we are fortunate to have such an one in our time. In the first place, Ben Capell, no mean judge, has put on at Belvoir many of Dexter's puppies. In the second, he was sire of Marquis, the champion at Peterborough, and recently at the Cottesmore puppy show three dogs from one litter, Dexter—Songstress, were placed first, second and third. But this is not all, for at this show, Belvoir Singer's bitch puppies won prizes, and Rusticus, from the same kennel, sired some beautiful bitches for Lord Rothschild of the big-boned stamp, for which the Ascott kennels are famous. Then Frank Gillard was heard to speak in high praise of the Grafton entry, and this kennel is, as we all know, full of Belvoir blood. It has been quite a Belvoir year, both at Peterborough and at the leading puppy shows, and Sir Gilbert Greenall and his huntsman have reason for a just pride in that splendid pack. It is too early to speak of other hunting prospects yet, but at all events the foxhound never was better fitted for his work.

Hunting in Wales.—The Neuadd Fawr Hounds, which were given up in 1898, have been re-established, and in the coming season will hunt their old country in Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire. The Hunt was originally started in 1876 by Mr. T. H. R. Hughes of Neuadd Fawr, near Lampeter, and that gentleman

provided sport entirely at his own expense until 1898, when he sold his pack, one of the best bred packs of Welsh smooth hounds in existence, to Mr. T. P. Lewes.

Otter-hounds.—The harrier is now a reduced foxhound, the beagle a miniature of the same animal, and the V.D., who has been studying otter-hounds, is bound to confess that the foxhound hunts the otter better than any other breed. The last month has necessarily been a bad scenting time even for otter-hounds. At first sight it would seem likely that the fine-nosed otter-hounds would be especially valuable on a bad scent. But it is not so. I was watching a mixed pack the other day, and although the otter-hounds throw their tongues on the faintest provocation, and sometimes, I fear, on none at all, it was the foxhounds that got forward on the drag and enabled us to work up to our otter. I fancy that otter-hounds are best on a strong scent, when their lively melody gives life to the chase, and their little failings do not matter. But to see the foxhounds making the most of every trace of the drag was a lesson in hound work. It is perhaps in otter-hunting that one has most of all the leisure to watch the hounds at work, and see points in the hunt which in the hurry of a fox chase are easily missed. Mr. Courtenay Tracy has been hunting the beautiful waters of the New Forest, and with considerable success. A hunt from Holmsley Station in a blazing heat and with a bad scent being a triumph of hound work by the pack and woodcraft by the master. Let me tell the story in few words, and also draw a moral. When we started hounds hit a drag and hunted slowly but surely up the stream. Scent was bad, and

catchy in the extreme, but hounds made the most of it, and eventually the otter was worked up to and started. Unluckily some men who joined in at this point viewed, and full of excitement, yelled and holloaed till they got hounds heads fairly up. This just gave the otter his chance, and when the master at length got the pack to put down their noses again the otter had slipped into a place from which he could not be moved. The master called off the hounds and the field, and we sat down to lunch for about an hour. All being quiet, the otter slipped out, and when hounds were taken back to the water they at once hit off the line, and so after a sharp hunt we killed him. In otter-hunting holloaing is generally useless, and often mischievous. It is a sport in which the hounds must do the work themselves; we certainly cannot do it for them.

Cricket.—It is a nice problem for students of cricket to attempt to explain why, of the Public School matches, the encounter between Eton and Harrow should of late years almost invariably terminate in a draw; whilst the match between Rugby and Marlborough played upon the same ground and ostensibly with no longer time devoted to it, should generally end in a victory for one or the other school. Undoubtedly the two matches are played under very different conditions, for the Eton and Harrow match being regarded as one of the events of the end of the London season, attracts a crowd numbering some many thousands, who invade the ground at every opportunity of a promenade between the innings and during the luncheon intervals. The extra time taken to clear the ground of these perambulators is likely, in the course of two days, to become an appreciable amount,

when we allow for five intervals, that is to say, two for luncheon and three between the innings. If we allow the liberal estimate of ten minutes wasted over each interval we can then only point to a loss of fifty minutes over the entire two days; and this does not afford an adequate explanation why Eton and Harrow should struggle till after 7 o'clock on the Saturday with nothing but a drawn game before them, whilst this year, for instance, Marlborough had defeated Rugby at a comparatively early hour on the second afternoon, and no less than thirty-eight wickets had fallen in the match, which was played upon a fine run-getting wicket, as was the case in the Eton and Harrow match.

There has seldom been a public school match at Lord's, or indeed anywhere else in which one man has shone so conspicuously above his fellows, as did Mr. R. H. Spooner, the Marlburian captain, upon this recent occasion. In 1898 he inspired a wholesome dread in the minds of Rugbeians by scoring 139 runs in his first innings, and this year he gave his opponents further and better evidence of his great ability, by scoring 69 runs in his first innings and no less than 198 in his second innings. Before this match we understand that his batting average for the College was something over sixty runs per innings, so he should now be able to point to a phenomenal set of figures. Had the Rugby bowlers been fortunate enough to dismiss Mr. Spooner for a small score all might have been well with the wearers of the light blue shirts, and it was certainly sad for them to see the one man whom they dreaded get going so well each time. In the second innings, as he neared his second hundred,

Mr. Spooner's play visibly deteriorated, and when his score stood at 198 he seemed quite unable to get along, and after missing a variety of leg balls he presently fell to a catch at mid-off, when he still wanted two runs to make 200. He had scored about two-thirds of the runs made, and in addition to a couple of fives, he had hit thirty-one fours. The Marlborough captain's next course was to declare the innings closed with eight wickets down, leaving Rugby with 382 runs to make in four hours and a half. He then secured the first three of his opponents' wickets, and ultimately Rugby were all out for 156 runs before five o'clock. We have seldom seen a finer school-batsman than Mr. Spooner appeared in this match, and we have heard with regret that he is not destined to continue his career at either University; his county is Lancashire, and after scoring 158 in his first trial for the Lancashire second eleven against Surrey second eleven, he has most properly been given a place in the first eleven of the County Palatine.

For the second time this season the Australians have beaten the Marylebone Club at Lord's, this time by the handsome margin of nine wickets. The match commenced on the last day of July afforded an interesting example of the way in which the Australian team play up when the game has gone against them. At the end of the first day M.C.C. had scored 258 runs and had dismissed four Australians for but 54 runs, so that the prospects of the visitors were far from rosy; and yet when play ceased on the evening of the second day M.C.C. were to all intents and purposes a beaten side. A fine innings by the captain, Darling, who made 128, was

well supported by scores of 46 and 51 by M'Leod and Jones, and the Australians left off with a lead of over sixty runs in the first innings. Some fine bowling speedily dismissed five of the best Marylebone batsmen, and despite a fine not-out innings of 69 by Mr. C. L. Townsend, there was never any further hope for the representatives of the premier club. Thus, including the second test match, our visitors have up to date secured three most decisive victories upon the three occasions of their appearing at headquarters. The more we see of the play the more are we impressed with the great ability of their four bowlers, Jones, Trumble, Howell and Noble. Since Darling has adopted the wise course of sending Hugh Trumble in to bat first he has had a better opportunity of displaying his ability as a batsman, and has scored with the greatest consistency. The biggest innings scored for M.C.C. was 92 by Ranjitsinhji, who reached his 2,000 runs on this occasion, and looks like surpassing his own record of 2,700 runs in the season should he be favoured with run-getting wickets in August.

The magnificent wickets and weather of this season have rendered high scoring such a simple matter that one takes little account of centuries which are scored upon an average of about four in each first-class match.

An interesting record was made by Messrs. W. L. and R. E. Foster for Worcestershire against Hampshire on the County Ground at Worcester, when each brother scored a double century in the match, W. L. Foster 140 and 172 not out, R. E. Foster 134 and 101 not out. We can pardon the wag who suggested that the name of the midland county should be changed to Forcestershire. In

this same match Major Poore compiled another of his frequent centuries for Hampshire, and as we write he stands at the head of the batting averages with an average of over 87 runs per innings, which is very good for a man who is reported to have taken to cricket at a comparatively late age. Hampshire may be regarded as quite the most military of the counties, with Captain Wynyard in command, supported by Major Poore and Captains Quinton, Bradford, and Spens, with Barton, the ex-bombadier.

Why is it that Kent should so frequently beat the Australians at Canterbury? The victory by two wickets secured by the Hop Country as on the last three days of the recent Canterbury week was the fifth scored by Kent out of ten Australian matches. Kent never shows up over-prominently in matches against other counties, and it was with considerable surprise that her victory over the Cornstalks was received, and certainly that the bowling of Mr. C. J. Burnup should be the main factor in the defeat of the Colonists was a very extraordinary thing. Even after the strange failure of the Australian batting, the county was anything but sure of winning, and although not set many more than a hundred runs to get in the last innings, the Kent eleven only struggled home by the narrow margin of two wickets.

After this phenomenal failure on the part of the Australians, there were critics ready to say that the team were played out and stale; and when in the final test match at Kennington Oval England compiled on the first day of the match considerably over four hundred runs for the loss of but four wickets, there were jubilant outcries amongst the ignorant that our representatives were at last to win

a test match again. However, on the perfect Oval wicket the Australians batted with such patient determination that on the last day of the match, after following their innings, they had cleared off the areas with the loss of but two wickets, and a drawn game was assured.

So of these much-discussed test matches but one has been finished and four have been left drawn; and the wisdom of the committee of the Marylebone Club is like to be invoked by cricketers to devise a remedy for the present uninteresting and effete condition of cricket on good wickets.

Field Trials in Scotland.—Terrible weather on the first day threatened to spoil the meeting of the International Pointer and Setter Society, held on Glen Taggart Moors, Lanarkshire, part of the Douglas estate of Earl Home. The owner of this fine property was not present on either day, but Lord Dunglass put in an appearance on the opening day, and appeared to be very much interested in the working of the meeting, the first field trials yet held in Scotland. Keepers from many of the southern shootings were also among those who closely followed the competitions, and judged by interest aroused by the meeting, the club will again be invited to decide the autumn trials over the Border. Compared with the moors in the vicinity of the Peak in Derbyshire, and at Bala, North Wales, the ground at Glen Taggart is far more suitable for the decision of trials, one very great advantage being the close proximity of the trial ground to a good road on which conveyances can run. The inaccessibility of Bala has always been a bar to the success of the meeting on Sir Watkin Wynn's moors, and if the

trials over grouse are to remain popular, meetings in alternate years in North Wales and Scotland will gain far more support than if the former ground, good as it is as regards game, is made the annual rendezvous, as at one time seemed very probable. Twelve months ago Sir Watkin Wynn, on his own moor, proved invincible in the brace competition, and won Mr. W. Arkwright's trophy with the smart pointers, Bliss o' Gymru and Die o' Gymru. They were handled by the Welsh baronet himself, and few men are more capable in this respect, although he works them too closely to please everyone. Still, it is his way of assisting his dogs to find game, and that the method is a successful one was proved by the very easy win, for the second year in succession, with the same brace. Both are splendid game finders, quartering their ground very carefully, and are also under fine control. In this respect they would make a fine match with the continental winners of the Trophy, Bendigo and Flirt of Brussels, and in the interests of sport it was to be regretted that M. Morren's superb brace were prevented from competing by the restrictions of Mr. Walter Long's quarantine order. Sir Watkin Wynn was also in the money in each of the other stakes, Matfen, however, following up his Ipswich win by beating Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's Kitty Wind 'Em, the best broken animal at the meeting, and the Wynnstay representative, Ruth o' Gymru, in the all-aged event; whilst M. Baron's Merry Mood beat Spin o' Gymru in the puppy stakes. The winner here, although owned by a French sportsman, has been at Watts's place near Burton-on-Trent for several months, quarantine restrictions thus being

over-ridden. All round, the gathering was a brilliant success, all visitors hoping that Scotland will again be visited. Birds were both plentiful and strong on the wing, disease among them being practically unknown — a good augury for the season which is now, however, well advanced.

Swimming.—By sheer dogged pluck, M. A. Holbein, the famous long-distance cyclist, was able to swim forty-three miles in the Thames at the end of July, and if he can improve in pace and style, he will this year attempt the feat of swimming across the Channel—a performance only accomplished so far by the late Captain Webb. Holbein is by no means an ideal swimmer, his pace being very slow, and his style a cross between the old side stroke and the back stroke. Yet throughout his swim, which lasted 12 hrs. 27 min. 42½ sec., he never flagged, and kept up an uniform pace throughout. At the finish he was almost as fresh as when he started, and would have gone on to complete fifty miles, had his coach not advised him otherwise. His original intention was to swim from Blackwall to Gravesend, but after a trial swim he elected to swim from Blackwall as far as the tide would serve him, and back again. It was necessary that an early start should be made, and accordingly, at 3.30 a.m., on Tuesday, July 25th, he plunged into the dirty water at Blackwall. The temperature of the water was then 67 degrees, and during the day it occasionally reached 70, the average working out at 68.2. This was, of course, all in favour of the swimmer, but it hardly accounts for the warmth of his body when he gave up swimming. His vitality is of an extraordinary character, and his staying powers remarkable. For

an hour after the start the experts with him hardly credited him with being able to reach Gravesend, let alone accomplish the double journey; but as hour after hour went by, and still a regular stroke of 27 to the minute was kept up, they had cause to change their opinions. Gravesend Town Pier was reached in the early morning, and, the tide serving, the swimmer went on for another forty-one and a-half minutes before it turned. Then the wind was against him, and the outgoing steamers sent up a big wash. Still no loss of power was apparent, and though Holbein swallowed plenty of the vile water to be found in the lower Thames, he made every inch of the tide. Opposite Barking there was only a thin streak of it, but he struggled on to within a mile of his starting point, when the tide failed him, and he made no further headway. This he quickly observed, and then quietly asked if he should go down on the ebb for another seven miles. His advisers said "No," and thus ended a famous swim. Not content with this, Holbein had a trial swim in the sea at Portsmouth on August 14th, and then stayed in twelve hours, covering in that time some forty-six or forty-seven miles. For the first four hours he suffered agony with his eyes, as the wind was against the tide, and the salt spray blinded him. His style was found to be greatly improved, the alteration in the leg kick and the position of the body being very noticeable. He again finished fresh and well, and when he came out of the water his body was quite warm.

The Australian amateur champion, F. C. V. Lane, who is now on a visit to this country, won the furlong championship in the record time of 2 min. 38½ secs. at Brighton, on August 3rd. He

swims with the "Trudgen" stroke, high out of the water, and like the ex-Australian, J. H. Hellings, is very fast in starting. Unfortunately the holder of the cup, J. H. Derbyshire, of the Manchester Osborne, was too unwell to oppose him, but had he done so great doubt exists whether he would have been able to retain his title, for Lane was never extended, and yet beat record. When the championship was instituted in 1880, the late E. C. Danels won in the record time of 3 min. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., but in 1883 T. Cairns, of Everton, reduced the time to 2 min. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. In 1889 and 1890 the record was again beaten, and when J. H. Tyers first became prominent it stood at 2 min. 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Tyers made two big reductions, and, when he left the amateur ranks, 2 min. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. stood to his credit. It was this record which Lane beat.

When Joseph Nuttall swam a mile in 26 min. 8 sec., in 1893, in a professional match with J. L. McCusker, of America, the time was considered so wonderful that experts predicted it would never be beaten in their time. Yet on Tuesday, August 8th, J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, won the mile championship in 25 min. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., thereby beating all records. Jarvis commenced speed swimming comparatively late in life, but has improved considerably since 1897, when he first won the mile championship. The race was decided at the West India Docks, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of York, and on that occasion Jarvis beat J. H. Tyers, Arnold Toepfer (amateur champion of Germany), and Percy Cavill (amateur champion of Australia). In 1898 Jarvis won every championship, from a quarter of a mile up to five miles, and beat several records. His latest per-

formance stamps him as the most wonderful swimmer of his time.

Aquatics.—The rowing season has now concluded: the fours and eights that flaunted it so gaily at Henley, &c., are slung up in the boat sheds until spring comes round again. As for the class oarsman, he smokes greatly, eats and drinks indiscriminately and recklessly; in fact, does all he can to banish from his mind all thoughts of Spartan simplicity and training. Just as we anticipated earlier in the season, the London Rowing Club has again asserted its supremacy in class fray right down the line. As in 1898, their only defeat this season was at Henley, where they succumbed to the Leander crew in the "Grand," after a terrific fight. At the Walton, Metropolitan, Staines, &c., meetings, all the principal events fell to their prowess, and—what is more—next year's prospects are rosier than ever. It is authoritatively announced that the L.R.C. and First Trinity (Cambridge) Club will amalgamate for racing purposes. Other clubs who have shown good form this season are the Marlow, Kingston, Twickenham, Kensington, Vesta, &c., organisations. As in 1898 also, the once-famous Thames Rowing Club have not excelled this year, and a strain of new blood is sadly needed.

Legion is the number of amusing regattas which have followed the orthodox ditto. That Society is grateful for such was evidenced again at the Sunbury, Long Ditton, Hampton Court, &c., meetings. Immense crowds flocked gathered at each and all of these, and gave proof positive of the amazing interest now taken by the general public in boating—as distinct from rowing. Your real earnest rowing man affects to

despise these functions as being derogatory to the dignity of oarsmanship, yet this contempt is more affected than real. Anyway, a careful study of the reports of these meetings will reveal a good many names of leading oarsmen among the competitors. With the present issue of BAILY a return to class rowing will be the order of the day, *i.e.*, the decision of the various club regattas. Up to date, very pleasing advance in exposition generally has to be reported, albeit critical comment and statistics under this heading will best come in next month. Then—as for the past seven years—we shall endeavour to sum up the season's work briefly, yet fully. History repeated itself in the race for the coveted Wingfield Sculls this season. B. H. Howell (holder), the old Cantab and Thames R.C. exponent, retained the proud title of Amateur Champion of England, defeating H. T. Blackstaffe (Vesta R.C.) somewhat easier than last year. C. V. Fox (Pembroke College, Oxford) also threw down the gauntlet, but he obviously lacked the strength and experience of the first-named cracks. It is pleasing to note that sculling has entered upon a new lease of life, as it were, many promising young amateurs having shown distinct promise of late. Messrs. Fox, Clouttee (L.R.C.), Beresford (Kensington R.C.), Isler (Vesta R.C.), Large (Kingston R.C.), &c., all come under this category.

Needless to add, punting races have been a feature of most regattas. N. M. Cohen (the old Cantab athlete "Blue"), won the Championship of the Upper Thames, and C. R. Mullins the Championship of the Lower Thames—both anomalous titles, by the way. There is only *one*

championship title proper, the competition for which took place over the Shepperton Course on August 3rd. In the result, Cohen beat W. Colin Romaine (holder) by a length, thus repeating his victory of 1891. His sojourn in Australia had evidently not done him any harm, from a punting point of view! Other punting events may be briefly summarised. C. R. Mullins won the Mellodew Challenge Cup at Cookham for the third year in succession, and the Tielkens Challenge Bowl for lady punters—at the same meeting—fell to Mrs. Coleman once again. Both the winner and Miss L. Harvey gave a fine exposition.

Golf.—The match for £200 between Harry Vardon and Willie Park, junr., spoken of frequently as the match of the century and otherwise exaggerated in advance, yielded less interest than many a friendly game arranged in unpretentious fashion at a club-house fireside of an evening. At North Berwick the only feature of consequence was the crowd, which was the largest ever seen at a golf match, and the masterly way in which it was managed by the people in charge of the arrangements. As for the play, it did not rise to the level of those evening matches which Ben Sayers is in the habit of getting up for the benefit of North Berwick visitors when the latter seek some relief from the monotony of their own exercises. The course was shortened at several places, in order that the crowd might be the better handled; but in spite of this neither man had a lower score than 80, and that too only after making liberal allowance for holes not actually played out. Vardon's approach play and his putting were sadly imperfect, and those among the crowd who saw him at

work for the first time, must have felt some wonder at his long career of success. Park, on the other hand, maintained equally his reputation for uncertain driving and for good approach play and putting. It was his success in these two latter departments of the game, and Vardon's failure in them, which enabled him to leave North Berwick only two holes to the bad. At Ganton, with wet weather and a crowd of insignificant proportions, Vardon had everything his own way. He drove in his best style, getting both good distance and good line, and his approach play and putting showed a distinct improvement on North Berwick, while as for Park he might have received a third and still been beaten, so thoroughly unsatisfactory was his game. Two days after the decision of the match, Mr. John Ball, junr., Amateur Champion, and Harry Vardon, Open Champion, played at Ganton a foursome with Mr.

F. G. Tait, the runner-up in this year's Amateur Championship, and Willie Park, junr., when the former couple won on the two rounds by 5 up and 4 to play.

The tournament of the Royal and Ancient Club for the Calcutta Cup brought out some very good play. The handicap allowances in this competition which is played over the new course, are made in the form not of strokes but of holes, an arrangement which in practice works out greatly to the advantage of the strong players. On this occasion the players in the final round were Mr. F. G. Tait, who on the handicap had to give away 4 holes, and Mr. John L. Low, who had to give away half that number. In their first round on the Friday afternoon they tied, Mr. Low being saved from defeat by two stymies, but when they met again on the Saturday morning, Mr. Tait won easily by 4 up and 2 to play.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During July—August, 1899.]

THE shooting for the Queen's Prize at the National Rifle Association meeting at Bisley was very closely contested in the final stages on July 22nd, when three men tied with a score of 336 each. Ultimately Private Priaulx, of Guernsey, won the Queen's Prize, Sergeant Anderson, of the Scottish Rifles, and Sergeant-Cyclist Jones, 3rd V.B. Welsh, being second and third respectively. This is the first time the prize has been won for the Channel Islands.

Although there were seven competitors for the Half Mile Swimming Championship, which took place at Southwick on July 22nd, the event was practically a match between J. A. Jarvis, English amateur champion, and F. C. V. Lane, Australian amateur champion. Jarvis won by 34 secs. in 12 mins. 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

In proposing the health of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at the puppy-walkers luncheon of the North Staffordshire Hunt, on July 25th, the Earl of Lonsdale made the following remarks:—The only way to rear a fox-hound puppy was to give it its freedom, keep it dry at night, and not give it too much food. Those were the three principal things that he would ask them as puppy-walkers to bear in mind. It was on occasions like that that agriculture and fox-hunting met together more noticeably than at any other time, and he should like to ask those who were interested in the chase—the chase that had existed in this country so long and brought all classes together, that made friends of kings and peasants and intimacy among every conceivable class—to do their best to maintain hunting.

The one thing that might stop hunting eventually was the use of barbed wire. It would not only stop fox-hunting, but if they would take the trouble to read of the injuries caused by it they would find that it would considerably increase the rate of insurance, because injuries to animals were now 15 per cent. more than they used to be fifteen years ago. If they were to be tempted by the cheapness of barbed wire as a fence, there would soon be no such thing as an English thorn fence at all. The use of it was simply a means of avoiding the proper repair of their fences. On his own land he was always willing to keep the fences good, and he had himself a very strong feeling that hedging and ditching were matters for the landlord.

The Duke of Sutherland, in replying, said that hunting was a great industry, as well as an amusement. An enormous amount of money was spent in hunting. As a gentleman told them at Peterborough, there were 221 packs of hounds—180 in England, 26 in Scotland, and 15 in Ireland, with 80,000 couples of hounds, with 100,000 horses worth £7,000,000, and involving a cost of £5,000,000 per annum for their keep. The cost of the hounds was not mentioned, and there were a great many other expenses entailed by hunting.

With regard to wire, he thought that any landowner who looked over his estate and saw old fences dying away should use every effort he could to keep those fences alive. This was a question quite apart from hunting altogether—the dying out of the old natural fences. It was a thing he would not suffer on his own estate, because the natural fences were valuable also as shelter for stock, and he thought it the landlord's duty to see that they did not die out, and if the landlords did their duty the tenants would do theirs. In their country they had been working away quietly for the last four or five years. The Hunt spent £500 a year on the renewal of the fences in their country, and they were doing everything they could in that direction.

A great feat of endurance was accomplished on July 25th by M. A. Holbein, the well-known bicyclist, who swam some forty-three miles in 12 hrs. 27 mins. 42½ secs. Entering the Thames at Blackwall pier, the course extended to two miles below Gravesend and back, but owing to the ebbing of the tide Holbein was compelled to give up about one mile below Blackwall pier. The swim was accomplished on the ebb and flood tides.

The sculling race over the championship course from Putney to Mortlake for the

Wingfield Sculls, the Amateur Championship of England, took place on July 27th, when B. H. Howell, Thames Rowing Club; H. T. Blackstaffe, Vesta Rowing Club; and C. V. Fox, Pembroke College, Oxford, competed. After a good race between Howell and Blackstaffe, the former won by three lengths. Time, 23 mins. 6 secs. on the last of the tide.

The time occupied by Merman (9st. 5lb.) in covering the Goodwood Cup course, over two and a half miles, on July 27th, was 5 mins. 30 secs., and the value of the stake £490. In 1898 Lord Penrhyn won with the three-year-old King's Messenger (7st. 7lb.), who did the distance in 5 mins. 23 secs.

A very interesting cricket record was established at Worcester in the match Worcestershire v. Hampshire, played July 27th, 28th and 29th, when the brothers W. L. and R. E. Foster each compiled two separate centuries; W. L. Foster scored 140 and 172 not out, and R. E. Foster 134 and 101 not out.

Mr. J. A. Drake-Smith, the prominent oarsman, died on July 29th. The deceased joined the Thames Rowing Club in 1879. In 1880 he stroked the winning trial eight, and rowed No. 2 in the Thames Cup crew at Henley. In 1883 he was No. 2 in the Grand Challenge Cup eight, and for the seven years following was stroke, winning in 1888 and 1889. For six years, from 1883 to 1888, he was stroke of the Stewards' Cup four, winning in 1883 and 1886, and in 1885 he competed for the Silver Goblets with J. M. Hastie as a partner. He was at one time captain of the Thames Rowing Club, and was also a steward of Henley Regatta.

M. Albert Menier, who died on July 30th, at Chateau de Chamant, near Chantilly, owned one of the largest studs in the world, and although he only began racing in 1894 he won something like £150,000 in stakes, on the flat and across country. M. Menier was forty-one years of age.

Mr. Thomas Ramshay, a prominent man in the Border coursing world, died at Head's Nook, near Carlisle, on July 30th. Mr. Ramshay was the breeder of Fair Fortune; he was also for some time Master of the Brampton Harriers.

The annual sculling race for Doggett's Coat and Badge was decided on August 3rd, when the winner, John See, of Hammersmith, rowed the course from London Bridge to Chelsea in the fast time of 27 mins. 34 secs.

Mr. W. John Drybrough, the celebrated polo back, met with an accident at Rugby on August 3rd, while playing in the tour

ment for Rugby v. Mulgrave House, and succumbed to the injuries received on the following morning.

A meeting of followers of the recently disestablished Avon Vale Hunt was held at the Bear Hotel, Devizes, on August 3rd, when a presentation was made to the master, Mr. George Llewellyn Palmer. The presentation, made by Sir George Wallington, K.C.B., took the form of a circular cup, formerly the property of William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide, whose crown and cyphers appear on its covers. It is surmounted by the Royal crown, and has lion and unicorn feet, and oak leaf handles, the weight being 203 ozs. Among those present were the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Edward Colston, M.P., Colonel Helme, C.B., Mr. Herbert Harris, Mr. R. G. Gwatkin, Mr. J. E. Martin, Captain E. Wallington, Mr. Chas. Awdry, Mr. W. Stancomb, jun., and Mr. W. Howard Bell.

The death occurred, on August 7th, of Captain Percy Alexander Hope-Johnstone. Captain Hope-Johnstone, who was fifty-four years of age, resided at Ardsallagh House, Navan, was keen to hounds, and a salmon fisher, but it was as a breeder of greyhounds and in coursing circles that his name was most widely known in the world of sport.

The Mile Amateur Swimming Championship was decided at Abbey Park, Leicester, on August 8th, when the holder, J. A. Jarvis (of Leicester), won in 25 mins. 13 $\frac{2}{3}$ secs., beating the previously existing record for the distance of 26 mins. 8 secs. by 44 $\frac{2}{3}$ secs.

A remarkable cricket match was concluded at Kennington Oval on August 12th. The fixture was between Surrey and Yorkshire; the latter county won the toss, went to the wickets on Thursday and remained in until half-past three on Friday afternoon, scoring a total of 704 runs. Of this number, Wainwright (228) and Hirst (186) scored 340 runs for the fifth wicket. When Surrey went in they remained at the wickets until close of play on Saturday, totalling 551 runs for 7 wickets. Of this number Abel (193) and Hayward (273) scored 448 runs for the fourth wicket. During the three days' play 1,225 runs were scored for the loss of 17 wickets.

The Marquis of Ripon's shooting-party on the 12th, including H.R.H. the Duke of York, Earl de Grey, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Gosforth and Sir Charles East, bagged 248 brace of grouse on Ballowgill Moors.

Shooting over Apedale on the 12th, Lord Bolton, Lord Galway, Lord Exeter, Lord Wenlock, Hon. W. J. Orde-Powlett, and three other guns got 101 brace of grouse; on the 14th the bag was 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ brace.

Shooting over dogs at Clova, Aberdeenshire, on the 12th, Mr. Hugh P. Lumsden, Colonel Skeen, Mr. G. Duff and Mr. H. Gordon, got 126 brace; the same party killed 141 brace on the 14th and 116 brace on the 15th.

Dr. Farquharson, M.P., and three other guns, killed 103 brace on the 12th on Finzcon.

Major Dent and three other guns got 150 brace of grouse on Glenogil on the 12th.

The Marquis of Tweeddale and nine guns killed 151 $\frac{1}{2}$ brace on the 12th at Yesler; the same party got 140 brace on the 15th.

Captain Vyner's party, shooting over Askrigg on the 12th and 14th, killed 610 brace of grouse.

Mr. J. S. Cram killed 68 brace to his own gun on the opening day at North Dunbrath.

On the opening day at Penbucket Mr. Percy Hargreaves and four guns bagged 132 brace over dogs, and on the 14th and 15th the same party secured 112 brace and 92 brace.

Balmacraan Deer Forest yielded 119 $\frac{1}{2}$ brace on the opening day, shot over dogs. The party consisted of Mr. Bradley Martin, the Earl of Aylesford and three other guns.

Hazlewood Moor was shot on August 14th, when the Duke of Devonshire's party of seven guns, including the Earl of Essex, Lord Acheson, Lord Farquhar, Lord Charles Montagu, Mr. A. Sassoon, and Mr. W. James killed 298 brace of grouse.

Sir James Bell, Bart., and party of six guns killed 124 brace of grouse on Ardoch.

Mr. Younger, Mr. C. J. Cunningham, Captain Adams, Captain Duff, Mr. J. Younger and Major Robertson-Aikman killed 155 brace of grouse, over dogs, on Dalnaspidal.

Mr. Robert Peck, the well-known trainer, owner and breeder, died on August 17th at Scarborough, where he was staying for the benefit of his health. Mr. Peck was born at Malton on March 4th, 1845, and was consequently in his fifty-fourth year.

TURF.

SANDOWN PARK.—SECOND SUMMER.
(ECLIPSE) MEETING.

July 14th.—The Twelfth Renewal of the Eclipse Stakes of 9,285 sovs.; for three and four-year-olds; Eclipse Stakes Course (about one mile and a quarter).

| | | |
|---|-----------|---|
| Duke of Westminster's b. c. Flying Fox, by Orme—Vampire, 3 yrs., 9st. 4lb. | M. Cannon | 1 |
| Duke of Westminster's br. c. Frontier, 3 yrs., 9st. 1lb. ... | J. Watts | 2 |
| Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Ninus, 4 yrs., 9st. 13lb. | C. Wood | 3 |
| 100 to 14 on Flying Fox. | | |

The Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Race of 461 sovs.; five furlongs.

| | | |
|---|-------------|---|
| Lord W. Beresford's bl. g. Blacksmith, by Wolf's Crag—Maxima, 9st. | Sloan | 1 |
| Captain J. G. R. Homfray's ch. f. Locasta, 8st. 8lb. ... | Freemantle | 2 |
| Mr. H. Lambert's ch. c. Bourne Bridge, 8st. 11lb. ... | W. Bradford | 3 |
| 5 to 1 agst. Blacksmith. | | |

July 15th.—The National Breeders' Produce Stakes of 4,357 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

| | | |
|--|-----------|---|
| Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Democrat, by Sensation—Equality, 9st. 9lb. | Sloan | 1 |
| Mr. T. R. Dewar's b. c. Forfarshire, 9st. | S. Loates | 2 |
| Mr. R. Croker's b. f. Salina, 8st. 8lb. | L. Reiff | 3 |
| 7 to 4 agst. Democrat. | | |

LIVERPOOL.—JULY MEETING.

July 20th.—The Thirtieth Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes of 1,611 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

| | | |
|---|-----------|---|
| Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Vain Duchess, by Isinglass—Duchess, 9st. 2lb. | O. Madden | 1 |
| Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. f. Albara, 9st. 2lb. | C. Loates | 2 |
| Mr. J. Best's b. c. Jubert, 8st. 11lb. | M. Cannon | 3 |
| 11 to 10 on Vain Duchess. | | |

The St. George Stakes of 875 sovs.; for three-year-olds; one mile three furlongs.

| | | |
|---|-----------|---|
| Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. Sweet Marjorie, by Kendal—St. Marguerite, 7st. 13lb. | H. Martin | 1 |
| Lord Rosebery's b. c. Flambard, 9st. 6lb. | C. Wood | 2 |
| Mr. W. M. G. Singer's b. c. Hearwood, 9st. | O. Madden | 3 |
| 10 to 1 agst. Sweet Marjorie. | | |

The Molyneux Plate of 402 sovs. Canal Point-in (about six furlongs).

| | | |
|---|-------------|---|
| Mr. J. Tyler's b. h. Saint Noel, by Theophilus—Christmas Gift, 6 yrs., 7st. 8lb. | O. Madden | 1 |
| Mr. Ernest Gibbs's ch. c. Orris Root, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb. | Allsopp | 2 |
| Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Sapling, aged, 7st. 11lb. | S. Chandley | 3 |
| 15 to 8 agst. St. Noel. | | |

July 21st.—The (Forty-Second) Knowsley Dinner Stakes of 500 sovs.; for three-year-olds; one mile and a furlong.

| | | |
|--|-----------|---|
| Mr. J. S. Guthrie's b. c. Convoy, by Orme—Grace Conroy, 8st. 4lb. | K. Cannon | 1 |
| Mr. W. E. Oakeley's c. c. Doddington, 9st. 7lb. ... | M. Cannon | 2 |
| Mr. E. C. Clayton's br. f. Flower of Wit, 7st. 13lb. ... | O. Madden | 3 |
| 11 to 10 on Convoy. | | |

The Seventy Second Liverpool Cup of 1,000 sovs.; Cup Course (one mile and three furlongs).

| | | |
|---|-----------|---|
| Mr. P. Buchanan's br. h. Easthorpe, by Bend Or—Tiger Lily, 6 yrs., 6st. 4lb. | G. M'Call | 1 |
| Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Grodno, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. | O. Madden | 2 |
| Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. St. Ia, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb. ... | H. Martin | 3 |
| 10 to 1 agst. Easthorpe. | | |

GOODWOOD MEETING.

July 25th.—The Stewards' Cup, value 300 sovs.; for three-year-olds and upwards.

| | | |
|--|-------------|---|
| Mr. Horatio Bottomley's b. h. Northern Farmer, by Laureate II.—Smock Frock, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb. | F. Finlay | 1 |
| Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Nun Nicer, 4 yrs., 8st. | S. Loates | 2 |
| Mr. C. A. Mills's b. f. Mazeppa, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb. | S. A. Heapy | 3 |
| 20 to 1 agst. Northern Farmer. | | |

July 26th.—The Goodwood Plate (Handicap) of 800 sovs.; two miles.

| | | |
|---|---------|---|
| Mr. Jersey's ch. h. Merman, by Grand Flaneur—Seaweed, aged, 9st. | C. Wood | 1 |
| Mr. A. Wagg's b. c. Mitcham, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb. | Heapy | 2 |
| Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Merry Buck, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lb. | Gant | 3 |
| 4 to 1 agst. Merman. | | |

The Sussex Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft, with 500 sovs. added; for three-year-olds. New Mile. 5 subs.

| | | |
|---|-----------|---|
| Lord William Beresford's ch. c. Caiman, by Locohatchee—Happy Day, 8st. 13lb. | M. Cannon | 1 |
|---|-----------|---|

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c.
Harrow, 9st. 11lb.S. Loates 2
Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Mil-
lenium, 9st. 11lb.J. Watts 3
11 to 4 on Caiman.

July 27th.—The Goodwood Cup of 500
sovs. ; two miles and a half.

Mr. Jersey's ch. h. Merman, by
Grand Flaneur—Seaweed, aged,
9st. 5lb.C. Wood 1
Lord Penrhyn's b. c. King's Messen-
ger, 4 yrs., 9st. 11lb. F. Rickaby 2
Mr. William Cooper's ch. h. New-
haven II., 6 yrs., 9st. 12lb.
M. Cannon 3
6 to 5 agst. Merman.

The Prince of Wales' Stakes of 2,400
sovs., for two-year-olds ; T.Y.C.
(six furlongs).

Lord Rosebery's br. c. Epsom Lad,
by Ladas—Disorder, 8st. 9lb.
C. Wood 1

H.R.H. Prince of Wales' b. c. Dia-
mond Jubilee, 9st ...M. Cannon 2

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. Grif-
fon, 9st.T. Loates 3
15 to 8 agst. Epsom Lad.

The Rous Memorial Stakes of 1,115
sovs., for two-year-olds ; T.Y.C.
(six furlongs).

Mr. Dewar's ch. c. Forfarshire, by
Royal Hampton—St. Elizabeth,
8st. 5lb.S. Loates 1

Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Lictor, 8st.
8lb.W. Bradford 2

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. f.
Paigle, 8st. 8lb.Allsopp 2
100 to 30 on Forfarshire.

July 23rd.—The Chesterfield Cup value 400
sovs. ; Craven Course (one mile and
a quarter).

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Cal-
veley, by St. Serf—Sandiway, 5
yrs., 8st. 4lb.M. Cannon 1

Mr. W. Low's b. c. Hermiston, 4
yrs., 7st. 7lb.K. Cannon 2

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Royal
Whistle, 3 yrs., 6st. 4lb. Wetherell 3
100 to 12 agst. Calveley.

BRIGHTON.—AUGUST MEETING.

August 2nd.—The Brighton Cup of 485
sovs., for three-year-olds ; one mile
and a quarter.

Mr. D. Seymour's b. f. Clarehaven,
by Sweetheart—Crosshaven, 7st.
8lb.S. Loates 1

Mr. J. H. Peard's ch. c. Merry
Methodist, 8st. 4lb. O. Madden 2

Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Jolly
Tar, 8st. 11lb.J. H. Martin 3
6 to 1 agst. Clarehaven.

August 3rd.—The Brighton High-Weight
Handicap of 442 sovs. ; one mile.

H.R.H. Prince of Wales' ch. c.
Lucknow, by St. Angelo—Luck,
4 yrs., 8st. 11lb.O. Madden 1

Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Pheon, 4
yrs., 9st. 12lb.S. Loates 2

Sir E. Vincent's ch. c. Bonnebosq,
4 yrs., 8st. 12lb.T. Loates 3
3 to 1 agst. Lucknow.

LEWES MEETING.

August 4th.—The Astley Stakes of 650
sovs., for two-year-olds ; five fur-
longs.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's br. c.
Griffon, by Galopin—St. Pride,
8st. 11lb.T. Loates 1

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c. Rice,
9st.J. H. Martin 2

Mr. J. Musker's ch. c. Chevening,
9st.Tilbury 3
Evens Griffon.

August 5th.—The Lewes Handicap of 885
sovs. ; one mile and a half.

Mr. Jersey's b. h. Uniform, by
Hotchkiss—Formo, 6 yrs., 7st.
13lb.C. Wood 1

Mr. H. W. Gilbey's ch. h. Ram-
pion, 6 yrs., 8st. 6lb. M. Cannon 2

Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Jiffy II.,
4 yrs., 8st. 8lb.J. H. Martin 3
7 to 1 agst. Uniform.

KEMPTON PARK.—AUGUST MEETING.

August 8th.—The Kempton Park Inter-
national Breeders' Two-Year-Old
Stakes of 800 sovs., for two-year-
olds ; five furlongs, on the Straight
Course.

Mr. T. R. Dewar's ch. c. Forfar-
shire, by Royal Hampton—St.
Elizabeth, 9st. 10lb. ...S. Loates 1

Mr. Fairie's b. g. Cutaway, 8st.
11lb. (car. 9st. 11lb.) M. Cannon 2

Mr. G. Edwardes' ch. c. Salvador,
8st. 9lb.K. Cannon 3
11 to 10 agst. Forfarshire.

August 9th.—The City of London Breed-
ers' Foal Plate of 1,180 sovs., for
three-year-olds ; "Jubilee" Course
(one mile).

Mr. C. D. Rose's b. f. Santa Casa,
by Bona Vista—Lorette, 9st.
W. Bradford 1

Mr. Russell Swanwick's ch. f.
Crowborough, 8st. 11lb.
M. Cannon 2

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Har-
row, 9st. 3lb.S. Loates 3
8 to 1 agst. Santa Casa.

STOCKTON MEETING.

August 15th.—The Wynyard Plate of 535 sovs., for two-year-olds: five furlongs.

Sir R. Waldie Griffiths' ch. f. Bettyfield, by Amphion—Thistlefield, 9st. 5lb.J. H. Martin 1
Sir J. Miller's ch. c. Marconi, 8st. 7lb.Segrott 2
Mr. J. Musker's b. or br. f. Our Grace, 8st. 13lb.T. Weldon 3
5 to 1 agst. Bettyfield.

The Stockton Handicap Plate of 325 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Merry Buck, by Merry Hampton—Papana, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.F. Finlay 1
Mr. E. Carlton's ch. c. Flavus, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.F. W. Lane 2
Mr. E. Courage's b. f. Silverpoint, 3 yrs., 7st. 10lb.J. Hunt 3
5 to 4 agst. Merry Buck.

The Hardwicke Stakes of 477 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. James Joicey's ch. c. Alvescot, by Raeburn—Alberton, 8st. 4lb.T. Loates 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffiths' b. f. Vain Duchess, 9st. 2lb. ...O. Madden 2
Mr. J. Snarry's ch. g. Maquereau, 8st. 4lb.F. Finlay 3
2 to 1 on Vain Duchess.

The Great Northern Leger of 443 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile five furlongs.

Sir R. Waldie Griffiths' br. f. Landrail, by St. Serf—Thistlefield, 9st. 2lb.J. H. Martin 1
Mr. E. J. Rose's br. c. Sir Reginald, 8st. 12lb.O. Madden 2
Mr. T. W. Hornby's b. or br. f. Lively Lady, 8st. 4lb. T. Weldon 3
6 to 5 on Landrail.

August 17th.—The Durham County Produce Plate of 733 sovs., for three-year-olds, one mile two furlongs.
Sir R. W. Griffith's ch. f. Sweet Marjorie, by Kendal—St. Marguerite, 9st. 6lb. ...J. H. Martin
Mr. E. Courage's b. f. Silverpoint, 8st. 12lb.J. Hunt
Lord Carnarvon's b. c. Simonside, 9st. 12lb.T. Holden
2 to 1 agst. Sweet Marjorie.

CRICKET.

July 19th.—At Manchester, England v. Australia, drawn, scores:—England, 372 and 94 for 3 wickets; Australia, 196 and 346 for 7 wickets (declared).

July 26th.—At Kennington Oval, Surrey v. Australians, former won by 11 runs.

July 29th.—At Brighton, Sussex v. Australians, drawn.

August 2nd.—At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Ground v. Australians, latter won by 9 wickets.

August 4th.—At Lord's, Rugby v. Macclesfield, latter won by 225 runs.

August 12th.—At Canterbury, Kent v. Australians, former won by 2 wickets.

August 16th.—At Kennington Oval, England v. Australia, drawn, scores:—England, 576; Australia, 352, and 254 for 5 wickets.

RACKETS.

July 26th.—At Prince's Club, E. Mills (holder) v. Sir Edward Grey for the M.C.C. Gold Racket, former won by 3 sets to 2.

POLO.

July 22nd.—At Ranelagh, 7th Hussars v. 13th Hussars, former won the final the Subaltern Inter-Regimental Tournament by 7 goals to 2.

H. *interpositus* m. m.

Robert Moore

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 476.

OCTOBER, 1899.

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WITH

Steel engraved portrait of MAJOR ROBERT M. POORE.

Illustrations of THE SPANISH POINTER, MAP OF THE MEETS OF THE BELVOIR HOUNDS, THE REV. J. HOUSON, and GAMPIER

Major Robert M. Poore.

It is our privilege this month to present to our readers a portrait of Major R. M. Poore, whose extraordinary successes as a batsman, in the year made his name very familiar to all followers of first-class cricket.

Major Poore is to be congratulated upon a most unique performance, for actually at the end of his second season of English County Cricket he heads the first-class batting averages with the following wonderful figures:—fifty-one innings, 1,551 runs,

highest score 304, four times not out, average per innings 91.4. Most of his cricket has been played for the County of Hampshire, which was fortunate enough to secure the benefit of Major Poore's assistance on his return from active service in South Africa, with his regiment, the 7th Hussars.

Hampshire, in addition to being the most ancient of the cricketing counties, has another claim to fame nowadays, as the most military of the first-class county com-

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WITH

Steel engraved portrait of MAJOR ROBERT M. POORE.

Engravings of THE SPANISH POINTER, MAP OF THE MEETS OF THE BELVOIR HOUNDS, THE REV. J. HOUSON, and GAMBLER.

Major Robert M. Poore.

It is our privilege this month to present to our readers a portrait of Major R. M. Poore, whose extraordinary successes as a batsman, have this year made his name very familiar to all followers of first-class cricket.

Major Poore is to be congratulated upon a most unique performance, for actually at the end of his second season of English County Cricket he heads the first-class batting averages with the following wonderful figures:—twenty-one innings, 1,551 runs,

highest score 304, four times not out, average per innings 91·4. Most of his cricket has been played for the County of Hampshire, which was fortunate enough to secure the benefit of Major Poore's assistance on his return from active service in South Africa, with his regiment, the 7th Hussars.

Hampshire, in addition to being the most ancient of the cricketing counties, has another claim to fame nowadays, as the most military of the first-class county com-

binations, and in the Hampshire batting averages for the season of 1899, six out of the first eight places are filled by a Colonel, three Captains, an ex-Bombardier, and Major Poore, the latter being at the actual top of the list with the following figures:—sixteen innings, 1,399 runs, 304 highest score, four times not out, average 115.58. This constitutes a very astonishing record for a batsman; and on no less than seven occasions did he compile a century; moreover, he accomplished the double feat of scoring two three-figure innings in the same match, and of making three centuries in succession.

It was from the Somerset bowling that the gallant Hussar helped himself most liberally, making 119 not out and 104 in the match against the Westerners at Portsmouth, and 304 at Taunton in the return match, when Captain Wynyard scored 225, and the two enjoyed a partnership of 411 runs.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in connection with Major Poore's cricket, is the fact that it was at a comparatively late age that he identified himself with the game. His early cricket was played under Mr. Tabor, at Cheam, a school from which so many promising cricketers have gone on to our Public Schools. With the exception of two or three village matches Major Poore had no opportunities of playing cricket until he joined his regiment in India, and speedily demonstrated his great natural ability for the national game. He was responsible for many centuries at Poona and other cricket centres in the gorgeous East; amongst others, 100 against the Parsees, and 101 against the Madras Presidency, whilst upon one occasion he topped the second century with 202 not out, in 1892, for Government House, Poona. In Novem-

ber, 1895, he went with the 7th Hussars to Natal, a few weeks only before the stupid and wicked Jameson raid took place, and by his batting for 15 of Natal, against Lord Hawke's team, speedily gained a good reputation; at Pietermaritzburg he scored 112 and in the following match at Durban 107; this being against the bowling of George Lohmann, Tyler and Hayward, Messrs. Woods, Heseltine, and others.

Upon the cocoa-nut matting wickets uniformly used in South Africa the Major proved himself a most consistent run-getter, and upon his return to this country in the spring of 1898, it was with interest that his earlier appearances were watched. He made a promising start by scoring 51 for M.C.C. and Ground against Lancashire upon a slow wicket at Lord's, and his first innings for Hampshire realised 49 not out. Major Poore's success, however, last season upon wickets which were so strange to him, was a qualified one, and no one could anticipate the marvellous success which he has this season enjoyed upon the fast true wickets which have prevailed, when his fine *physique* and commanding height of 6 feet 4 inches enable him to push the bowling about the field hour after hour.

We have dwelt at some length upon his performances at cricket, but this branch of sport by no manner of means monopolises Major Poore's triumphs; it is matter of ancient history now that for each year since his return from Africa he has gained the chief prize at the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, for the best man at arms in the Army, and it was a grand experience to include, as he did in one brief fortnight of this summer, three such great and diverse triumphs as the

scoring of two centuries in one cricket match, the winning of the chief prize at the Military Tournament, and at Hurlingham, amidst the greatest excitement,

the hitting of the winning goal in the final tie of the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament. Major Poore may well be proud of his summer of 1899!

In East Anglia.

FROM London to Cromer without a stop, unless the ticket-taking at North Walsham can be reckoned as a stoppage, is good work on the part of the Great Eastern Railway Company. What a contrast to the state of the case when about forty years ago, after sundry changes, it took us the best part of the day to get to any place beyond Ipswich, and in those days this much-maligned company was dubbed the slowest and unsurest in England. Honestly speaking, although their permanent way cannot vie with that of the London and North-Western for smoothness, their train service is well managed, their carriages are good, and they certainly compare favourably with the Great Western in their all-round accommodation. For the latter, except on their main lines, are certainly behindhand, and steadily refuse to march with the times, as witness the fact that they take seven and a-half hours to convey me to London—about 160 miles!

Once in the heart of Norfolk you seem to recognise at the glance the reality of early British history, the fights of Saxons and Danes, in the inhospitable nature of our eastern sea, the rich corn-growing nature of the soil, the tall towered churches, perched on the highest ridges, irrespective of their congregations in the villages below, evidently carefully so placed as watch towers, from which could

be flashed the warnings of invasion, as well as other news from the coast landwards. Just as in the same way in my own border country of Wales, earthen mounds abound, which command the passes of every valley, and so placed as to communicate by signals with each other from the Bristol Channel to Chester, and the estuary of the Dee. This was indeed the wireless telegraphy of our early centuries.

Here in East Anglia was the first growth of our landlord feudalism. Here British enterprise in agriculture first flourished; from here came our food supplies, and here settled our lordly ancestors, who thrived on their peasants' labour. As witness the splendid piles of mansions that everywhere abound, some now alas! in ruins, yet all speaking to us plainly of the glories of this rich country, long before the idea of foreign competition in corn, or free trade, had been thought of.

To take a short flit into Norfolk in this holiday month of August was a thorough change of scene, and not altogether foreign to a sportsman's interest. As a hunting man you eye the fine coverts lying spread on the landscape, not as the abodes of foxes, but of pheasants. You know that in a few days those great turnip fields will be the rendezvous of hordes of desperate gunners, and that these broad acres command the

top of the market as shootings go—not even short of the average Scotch moors. In your mind's eye you see how each field will be driven to that convenient long line of bank and hedge, behind which the murderous and unerring Purdey will pour its incessant charge into the birds as "over" they come, and go, and you cannot resist the feeling that if shooting were really your bent it would be here you would come, where the light sandy and gravelly soil is indigenous to the "plump little partridge."

Yet, dear readers, you will hardly suppose that "Borderer" would make holiday merely to admire the Norfolk stubbles and turnip fields, or to gambol on Cromer sands. He admires a really good Hackney, he loathes a bad one, but he can see plenty of Hackneys nowadays without coming here in search of them. As for foxhounds, he must travel still further north to be within their ken, but it delights him to hear that one with the good name of Barclay has turned what was lately a great pheasant preserve into an abode for foxes, and that the shadow of foxhunting in West Norfolk is certainly not growing less under Mr. Seymour's management. As to the rearing of thoroughbreds, I cast about for the old landmarks, and they are gone—gone like the prosperity of wheat growing, and many of the old resident aristocracy are gone with them. Easton Hall, in Suffolk, it was a delight to pay a visit to in days of the late Duke of Hamilton. Lord Rendlesham, I believe, rears some; Lord Stradbroke's beautiful domain heralds the birth of a few young hunters; but Lords Suffield, Cholmondeley, and Orford no longer cherish the historical name hereabouts for breeding and encouraging racehorses.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has taken up the cudgels of the thoroughbreds at Sandringham, the extreme corner of this large county, and it is on him and Lord Hastings at Melton Constable that the mantle of racehorse breeding has fallen. Curiously enough in both cases have they begun for the honour of Norfolk in breeding a Derby winner in their first year. Melton, the expatriated, and lately returned prodigal to the country of his birth, was ever a great favourite of mine, and I well remember discoursing with old Mackerell at Hampton Court on the crime of his being about to be sent to Italy, and afterwards repeating my lament in print. Still more remarkable is the fact that Mr. Musker, his present owner, is about to bring back his young Meltons into Norfolk, having purchased an estate at Rushford, where he has started training, although his stud farm will still be at Westerham. Surely the glories of the county are not quite on the wane after all! To find myself at Melton Constable, and enjoying myself in the midst of this fine domain with horses and hounds, was worth a long journey and a commemoration in your pages.

Melton Constable Hall has been favoured by the advent of the Midland and Great Northern Railway in its vicinity, which has the important Yarmouth Junction within a mile of its gates, and I trust that the list of large landowners, who in the present day would drive away from their confines that all important fructifier and means of communication, the iron horse, are few and far between. At all events, Lord Hastings cannot be reckoned among their number. How many noble owners of land throughout England, and in Norfolk in particular,

have blocked the way to railway enterprise, and thus brought curses upon themselves and losses on their inheritants? Lord Hastings is an owner after one's own heart. His noble domain is made the most of in every department; faultless care greets your eye even from the station gates, "and what a place for a gallop!" you exclaim as you pass into the park, and swing through it for half a mile or so up to the house. The stables will vie with Badminton for their ample dimensions and excellent arrangements; and their splendid boxes were well filled with useful hunters just up from summer quarters. On these I dare not dwell here, although I stood beside several in admiration. Passing on in front of the main entrance to the hall across the deer park I soon found myself at the kennels, or, as old times called them, the menagerie. The late lord's fondness for wild beasts is well known. But now the lions and tigers, &c., have been banished by the present lord, whose tastes are quite sufficiently sporting without indulging in a love for captive Central African beasts of the forest. Here are the kennels of his harrier pack, until lately called the Baconsthorpe, but now the Melton Constable pack, under the personal supervision of Mr. Beard, whose acquaintance I had happened to make in the Old Berkshire country a few years ago.

There is a certain charm about harriers, quite apart from foxhounds, which few sportsmen perhaps recognise as fully as "Borderer." A harrier should not be a dwarf foxhound; quite the contrary. He or she should be a quick, sparkling, and light little fellow of eighteen inches, or even nineteen inches, in height, showing industry and persever-

ance in every movement and look. Sense, too, with the advent of age, to cope with the clever tactics on cold scenting ground, that make the hare of all animals the most difficult to tackle in the hunting field. Whereas the dwarf foxhound, heavier of timber, yet elegant and taking as he is, and no mean pleasure to gaze upon on the flags, lacks the characteristics of a true harrier. His dash is thrown away, because it continually overruns the line, and neither his tongue nor his hunting abilities are suited to hare hunting. Besides which you must be a paragon of patience if you succeed in building up a pack of harriers from dwarf foxhounds. Lord Hastings has as yet only the raw material to work upon, but "Borderer" was delighted to find at least fifteen couple of real harriers here of the Foxbush, Eamont, and Mr. Race's blood, as well as some of Lord Albemarle's, that were good enough for a start, and even if he turned aside from about three and a-half couple of nondescripts, whose height alone should bring their condemnation, he did not on this score the less enjoy his kennel day, and particularly was he pleased with the young entry, which Mr. Beard has reason to be proud of. "Quite fit to take the field in a fortnight's time," suggested "B." "Ah! not until the end of September," replied the huntsman, "on account of the shooting tenants." Oh, the pang that those words gave "B.," forgetting as he did for the moment that he was in Norfolk, and there at least the shooting tenant is paramount, just as much as the lowlander or Yankee is among the deer forests of the north. I am sure that Lord and Lady Hastings, and those nice Eton boys who helped to show us the hounds, will have

plenty of fun, notwithstanding the shooting tenants.

It was time to tear myself away from the kennels, and after lunch to pay a happy visit to the stud farm and its supervisor, Gilbert, whose father is an old friend, and has long presided over the destinies of the Blankney Stud.

I have before alluded to the great horse Melton, as the first-fruits of Lord Hastings' breeding experience. Would that he dwelt here still, for dreadful as it may sound, I always preferred him in make and shape to St. Simon, Donovan, or Ayrshire.

His legitimate place of honour here has, however, been taken by his second best son, Avington. I purposely say second best, because I consider Best Man stands No. 1 among the sons of Melton—more like Melton himself, short on the leg, and true made. Avington is perhaps the finer horse in point of length (if not a trifle too long), and stands on rare short and sound limbs, but is wanting in the quality of Best Man. The future will show whether this estimate is right or wrong. Avington certainly had three promising foals to his credit in the chesnut colt out of old Violet Melrose, who carries her twenty-four years most wonderfully; a bay colt out of Sylphine (by Galliard), and a bay colt out of Marish (by Lowland Chief). All these three had just been weaned, and certainly seemed to bear away the palm of this year's produce, although a big, loose-made colt by Childwick out of Pitcroy may fill out into something useful.

Petros, the once despised brother to St. Serf, occupies the stallion box next to Avington. I fear I was somewhat of a Balaam when shown into Petros' box—a nicely-turned horse, of a good hard colour, but wanting in the

reach and liberty of a true race-horse sire; his forelegs also are too much under him, and not growing nicely out of his shoulders as are Avington's. Nevertheless, Petros has sired a nice colt in Riccarton, and perhaps I am hardly doing him justice in these notes. Seaton, that is the remaining sire at Melton, is an own brother to Melton, but, having said this, I can carry my recommendation no further, for he lacks the quality or grandeur of Melton, and is coachy, and a commoner. If Seaton Delaval had been kept here, instead of being sent abroad, I should not, I think, have had to say this, as well as to express my regret that good mares, such as Belsamine, Sylphine, and Portree, should have been in Seaton's harem this season. Avington's chesnut colt out of Violet Melrose is an inbred one, indeed, but he is a sweet shaped little fellow. I was puzzled to remember where he gets his white legs and blazed face from, until I recollected that Avington's dam, Annette, is a chesnut of this stamp, and I believe that old mares often breed back.

The Melton Constable stud comprises fifteen brood mares, and they all looked healthy and well. Yet I could not help thinking, as the afternoon advanced, and I was wandering among dairy cows (red polls and Jerseys) on the home farm, how much to the advantage of those weaned foals in after life would be a few months on those marshy meadows, not horse tainted, where rough sheds could be constructed for a few pounds. But here I am on my pet hobby again, and it ought not be for me to teach a Gilbert anything in stud management. He is an enthusiast in his work, and I wish him and Lord Hastings all success. Few people enjoy such advantages in the race of horse breeding.

The pleasures of hound lore in Norfolk, however, were not confined to Melton Constable, for it chanced that I had not long ago done a bargain in Welsh ponies for Mr. Springfield, the whilom master of the Baconsthorpe harriers, and now in the same position for the Dunston pack, which is kennelled near Swainsthorpe, on the other side of Norwich from Cromer, under the ægis of Mr. Geoffrey Buxton, and it was at Mr. Springfield's invitation that I found myself on the Dunston flags. "Not a show pack," was the master's careful introduction, yet there was plenty here of the true harrier type to admire, especially a couple and a half of stud hounds, Anchor, Gamester, and Driver (the second of Mr. E. R. Portal's blood) and their progeny, and it tickled the pride of your scribe to find Welsh blood appreciated even in East Anglia, where Mrs. Pryse Rice's and Neuadd Fawr blood was in evidence, and did honour to its surroundings. Mr. Springfield is by no means a novice in his work, as he undertook some years ago the mastership of the Curraghmore after the late Earl of Waterford was driven to forego the pack, and struggled there with the bitterest foes to sport that Ireland has ever produced. At last in disgust he came away into Norfolk, and has been a devoted exponent of hare-hunting ever since. If therefore the Dunston do not succeed both in the kennel and field, we much doubt whether practical knowledge of the work can be of any avail. Happily, however, we had the assurance that the Dunston were proving themselves a capital pack, with plenty of country to hunt over, and good sport into the bargain. Who shall say, therefore, that pheasants and fus-

tians are able to kill even hare-hunting?

There are, however, the drawbacks to East Anglian hunting, those dry sandy and gravelly ploughs, which not only try the scenting powers of hounds, but also the temper of their huntsmen, and there are also those treacherously deep and blind ditches, which add danger to the banks, and help to make Norfolk by no means an easy country to cross. In this brief stay I had to give up several intended excursions—an investigation of the interesting old city of Norwich, especially its wonderful museum—a look in upon an old friend, Mr. Garret Taylor, and with him a visit to Sir Humphrey de Trafford's stables and model farm; a trip to Yarmouth and on the way home a halt in Suffolk, where sportsmen are come across in quite as great numbers as in the Midlands. Nevertheless, no visitor into Norfolk can fail to be struck with the singularly interesting character of the country. To a shooting man it is a paradise. To the driving man the birthplace of Hackney breeding. To the health seeker and holiday maker a paragon of sea air. To the golfer it is plentiful in rinks. To the boating man the Broads are ever an attraction; and what would the costermonger do if there was no Yarmouth, and no bloaters? To the hunter it is a proof that his sport can prevail over difficulties however great. To the racing man it is the scene of no racecourses, except at Yarmouth; yet, as upheld by Lord Hastings at Melton Constable, and in the future by Mr. Musker at Rushford, it is the home of breeding and training racehorses, and those of no mean standard.

BORDERER.

The Pointer.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

It may be of interest to your readers to consider the history of the modern pointer. At the time when George Stubbs painted his picture of the Spanish, or, as it was long denominated, the double-nosed pointer, the breed had been well established in England, and prominent sportsmen occupied themselves in improving the strain. That the Spanish pointer differed in some essential respects from the modern English pointer is obvious from this picture by the great animal artist; it was heavier in build, somewhat shorter on the leg, and the head was less elegant in shape. The peculiar formation of the nostrils which gave the animal its alternative name has long since been bred out of the modern pointer without sacrifice of scenting powers; but its colour, liver and white, is perpetuated in some of the best Field Trial Kennels of the present day.

The precise date of the introduction of the Spanish pointer into this country cannot now be ascertained. It is stated that a certain Baron Bechill, a Norfolk sportsman, was the first to import specimens from Spain about the year 1720. It is probable that the latter period of the seventeenth century or the first quarter of the eighteenth century was the period that saw the importation of this dog, for shooting birds on the wing was then becoming general among English sportsmen, and adoption of this practice would give good reason for employment of a dog which could render such invaluable assistance. Guns were of course used for sporting purposes long before that period; Edward VI., in 1548, passed an Act which

forbade "the shooting of hayle shot," but there is a passage in the statute which indicates that the gunner of the time shot his birds sitting. When shooting on the wing began to grow popular, the cumbrous mechanism of sporting firearms made the employment of dogs peculiarly necessary.

The circumstance that Spain was the country from which our sporting forefathers obtained their first pointers is not without interest; it reflects once more the high position Spain held among the nations of Europe. Spanish horses had long been prized in England as in France, Germany and Italy; and the fact that the best dog for the gun had been produced in that country points to the ability of Spanish breeders and to a taste for sports among the upper classes.

The advantage to be obtained in introducing into this country the Spanish pointer, with his undeniably good scenting power, was to improve the then existing breed. Owing to the dry, hot climate of Spain, the scent on the soil of that country is naturally meagre compared to the scent which hangs to our strong lands and moist climate, consequently the effect of cross-breeding was to produce a keener hunter.

In the middle of the last century the dog termed the pointer was well depicted in a large painting by George Stubbs, R.A., which work is now hanging in the mansion of William Fuller Maitland, Esq., at Stansted Hall, Essex. It was reproduced in mezzotint at the time, and is a splendid specimen of engraving of the last century. The dog portrayed was the property of Lord Claremont, and was named

George Studds, R.A.]

THE SPANISH POINTER.

[Engraved on wood by F. Babbage.]

"Phyllis." There is also in existence another sporting painting, by Stubbs, of a similar dog, now in the possession of R. N. Sutton Nelthorpe, of Scorby, Lincolnshire.

For many years the old breed, with the intermixture of the blood of the Spanish importation, satisfied the requirements of English sportsmen, but in course of time, probably in sympathy with improvements in guns which made more certain and rapid fire possible, endeavours were made to correct in the breed defects which had not before been held of consequence.

The famous Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire, is entitled, it is believed, to credit, for having laid the foundations of the modern breed. Colonel

Thornton, whose extraordinary career was at its zenith between 1780 and 1810, was famed for his sporting dogs—as well he might be, for he spared neither trouble nor money to procure the best of everything pertaining to sport. He crossed the then breed of pointers with the English foxhound, and produced a more speedy dog for the gun. The English pointer of to-day is descended from this mixture of blood of the three breeds, the early English pointer, the Spanish pointer, and the more speedy English foxhound.

George Stubbs' picture, here reproduced, was painted in the year 1768, and was also engraved at that date. The picture is now in the collection of the King of Bavaria at Schleissheim.

Racehorses from Australia.

To most English readers the name of Australia in connexion with sport will, at the present moment, instinctively suggest the exploits of Jones and Gregory and Noble and their colleagues. The Australian invaders whom I purpose to lay before the readers of BAILY are not bipeds, but quadrupeds. Between Australian cricketers and Australian racehorses I can only think of one point of likeness. Mr. A. G. Steel, in one of his delightful contributions to the Badminton ricket-book, tells how on the occasion when the first Australian team visited England, a distinguished and reverend member of the M.C.C. addressed him on the pavilion with "Well, Mr. Steel, do I hear you are going to play against the niggers on Monday," and was forthwith put to shame when Spofforth was introduced to him as "the demon nigger bowler."

Some such delusion seems to have got into certain people's mind about the Australian racehorses who have visited us. They are occasionally written of as if they were made of different material from our English thoroughbreds, descended, I suppose it is thought, from "brumbies" who have wandered free over the plains of Australia, instead of being animals whose ancestors, near or far, crossed the sea and who in common with their parents have been subjected to somewhat different influences of climate and treatment.

I remember reading somewhere or other a newspaper article which held forth on the conspicuous merits of Dieudonné's pedigree, though two crosses of Hermit might, I think, have inspired some little distrust. It was specially claimed for him that he was quite uncontaminated by any Australian

mixture. That criticism recurred to me somewhat forcibly when at Ascot in the St. James's Palace Stakes I saw Dieudonné with his race well won at the Spagnoletti board, suddenly curl up like a cheese maggot on the first symptom of pressure. And then I remembered how in the last Cesarewitch I had seen the horses sweep past me some fifty yards from the posts. The Rush, with his race seemingly in hand, and Merman at his shoulder, "faint but pursuing," and finally struggling home under as severe pressure as ever I saw put on a horse. I cannot remember to have seen with my own eyes such a display of pluck since Albert Victor and Sterling fought out the Queen's Vase—that was in the happy pre-Sandown days, when a Queen's Vase was thought worth winning—and Mr. Cartwright's horse worried down his speedier and longer-striding opponent by sheer game-ness. Not that there was any faint-heartedness shown by that good and unlucky horse, the Rush. But, take our horses all through, there is none too much of the Tom Sayers temper among them, and if the Australian blood can give us something of it, we ought to be grateful, even if it costs us a little of that high-class quality and dash of which we have no lack.

And if the Australian cross does not at once give us Derby winners, or even Cup horses, there is every reason to hope that it will revive that soundness of limb and hardiness of constitution, those "wear and tear" qualities which among our own horses are somewhat on the wane. Year by year it seems becoming more and more an accepted doctrine that a hard race necessitates a temporary retirement to the shelf. Time was when it was thought that a Leger

winner "feared his fate too much or his deserts were small" if he was not ready to face all and sundry in the Cup. Who thinks of such a thing nowadays? And yet our three-year-olds are in outer aspect far more mature. Ever should it be remembered to the honour of Voltaire that he begot two sons capable of winning the Leger "at twice," and then on Friday tackling, the one Beeswing and Lanercost, the other the hitherto unbeaten Dutchman. And Buckstone showed himself a worthy member of that tribe when on iron ground and under a June sun he ran a dead heat for the Ascot Cup in the remarkable time of 4min. 24secs.—anyone with half an eye could see that it was an exceptionally fast run race—and then won the decider in eight seconds less. His opponent, Tim Whiffler, too, inherited some rare old staying strains, on the one side Tramp through Lanercost and Van Tromp, on the other Venison and the stout blood of Lord Egremont. With such performances as those of Charles XII., Voltigeur and Buckstone, before one, it is strange that there should ever have been two opinions as to the overwhelming merit of the Blacklock blood.

Nowadays to divide a big race after a dead heat is looked on as quite the normal course, humane and sportsmanlike. I well remember meeting that old-fashioned racing enthusiast, Sir Francis Doyle, reared in reverence for the old northern giants, Filho and Reveller, and Fleur-de-lis and the like, just after the Derby dead heat of 1884. "Well, Sir Francis, what did you think of a divided Derby?" Those who remember him will understand how his stick came down on the pavement and the corners of his mouth became parenthetical: "The owners ought

both to have been flogged on top of the hill!" Corporal punishment publicly administered was, by the way, his favourite remedy for breaches of his unwritten code of Turf morals. I have a letter by me in which he vented his wrath on Lord Grosvenor, who sold Mambrino to the Americans—"for which he ought to have been publicly flogged on the quay at Liverpool—or I suppose Bristol."

I think his heart would have gone out to our kinsmen beyond the sea if he had known the kind of tasks that they ask from their horses, and that successfully. Take the doings of Aurum, now among us, as a three-year-old. At the Flemington meeting early in the season his "record" was as follows. (Let it be premised that here as is usual in the Antipodes, the racing is on alternate days.) As a two-year-old Aurum had run for eight races, and won them all easily. Consequently he was handicapped for the Melbourne Cup, to be run on the second day at Flemington with 8st. 6lb. This, be it remembered, is early in the season. We should think it rather a large order if even in these days when the Chester Cup is somewhat decadent, a three-year-old had to carry 8st. 6lb. for it. Perhaps the Kempton Jubilee would be a better parallel. I think we may be very sure that if a three-year-old did so adventure himself he would not be pulled out two days earlier. Yet that was what befell Aurum. On the first day of the meeting he started for the Victoria Derby over a mile and a half; 2 to 1 was laid on him, but he was, it is said, interfered with, and only ran second. In all likelihood the excuse was a good one. Amberite, who beat him, had twice finished behind him in the previous year, and at this very Flemington meeting they

again met three times, and each time Aurum had the best of it.

In the Melbourne Cup itself Aurum could only get third, while Amberite, with 2lbs. less, was nowhere. On the third day Aurum won a seven furlong race, with Amberite third. On the fourth and last day he won two races, the first, in which he again beat Amberite, over a mile and a quarter, the second at two miles.

I am not sure that the performances of Carbine's son Wallace are not even more impressive. Like many good stayers, Fandango, Skirmisher, Fisherman, Tim Whiffler and Hampton for example, Wallace showed little promise as a two-year-old, only winning once in eight attempts. Owners and trainers of Carbine's stock will do well to bear this in mind. Wallace began his three-year-old career by winning on October 12th (in the Australian spring, I need hardly remind my readers) the Caulfield Guineas, a mile race. At the Flemington meeting, not three weeks later, he, like Aurum, ran every day. On the first day he won the Victoria Derby, on the second he ran unplaced for the Melbourne Cup, on the third he ran second for a seven furlong race, and on the last he ran a dead heat over two miles. Nor should the performances of Wallace's rival and Aurum's sister Auraria at the same meeting be overlooked. She ran third for the Derby won by Wallace, she won, carrying 7st. 4lb., the Melbourne Cup, in which he was nowhere, and it was with her that he ran his dead heat on the last day. On February 29th, Wallace ran second over the Derby distance, on March 3rd he was second for a big handicap at two miles and a quarter, giving 21lbs. to the six-year-old winner, and on March 3rd, at weight for

age, he ran a dead heat over three miles with Quiver, a first-class four-year-old.

A bare month elapses and we find Wallace at the Australian Jockey Club Meeting winning on the first day the Leger at a mile and three-quarters, on the second the Sydney Cup, a two mile handicap, with 8st. 12lb., and on the third a weight for age race at two miles.

It is worth notice that both Aurum and Wallace are not only grandsons of Musket, but also possess the Fisherman blood, the former inheriting it on both sides, the latter twice and at close quarters, through his dam. And of all horses there perhaps never was one who combined as Fisherman did, the hardness of an every day plater with the brilliancy of a first-class Cup horse.

I wonder whether any supporters of the Australian Turf know how much they owe to the late Tom Dawson. My readers will no doubt many of them remember how Lord Glasgow used to have periodical *battues*, whereat wholesale execution was done on the useless or unpromising members of his stud. The conditions of his will, whereby his horses were left to General Peel and Mr. Payne, without option of sale, necessitated a continuance of the same policy. Among the victims one day led out into the yard at Tuppill for execution, was a brown colt by Toxophilite, who was judged by his early trials to be hopelessly slow. Tom Dawson thought there was promise in the colt and interceded. Happily Mr. Payne was one of those people to whose lips yes came easier than no. He gave way, somewhat grudgingly, it is said, and Musket was saved, much as Dr. Syntax was rescued by Mr. Riddell's trainer from a less tragic, if even more ignominious fate.

As a three-year-old Musket was good enough to win the Ascot Stakes under 8st. 12lb. But the company was very bad, and undoubtedly his reputation as a racehorse must rest on his performance that autumn in the Shrewsbury Cup, a two mile race then of considerable importance. He beat at even weights the four-year-old Cardinal York, just fresh from a Cesarewitch victory with 7st. 8lb. on his back. The Cardinal was a horse who could go fast as well as stay, as was shown by his second in the Cambridge-shire. This performance of Musket was supplemented by a victory next year in the Alexandra Plate. Nevertheless, when the conditions of Lord Glasgow's will expired and Musket came into the market, he was suffered to leave the country for the very moderate price of £700. Nor considering the very strong tendency to roaring which he inherited on the one side through Longbow, and on the other through Melbourne, can one fairly blame English breeders for letting him go.

Of his representatives who have come back to us Carbine has been already described in the pages of BAILY. Musket's other distinguished son, now with us, Trenton, is three years Carbine's senior. To have run second for the Melbourne Cup at five years old under 9st. 5lb. stamps him as a good horse, but I think there can be no question as to the superiority of Carbine on the turf. At the stud it is perhaps hardly fair to compare them, as Trenton had four years' start of his rival. But so far as their careers run parallel, Trenton certainly stands well away not only from his half-brother, but from all colonial sires. In appearance he is distinctly less of a typical Australian horse than Carbine. Whatever

imported strains may be bred from, there seems a tendency to develop rather long drooping hind-quarters of a greyhound type, with powerful hocks near the ground, and somewhat plain but business-like fore hands. That is the general type to which Carbine and Carnage, Abercorn and Merman conform. Trenton is an upstanding horse with a stylish fore hand, faultless shoulders, which he uses in his walk as few horses can, and rather doubtful hocks—not an uncommon failing in the Toxophilite blood, and one which will necessitate care in crossing it with the Galopin strain. In one point, however, the possession of excellent fore-legs, Trenton is quite a typical Australian. As to blood, I do not know that there is much to choose between Carbine and Trenton. It is in favour of the former that he goes back to Mulatto's daughter, Martha Lynn. There is no harder or stouter blood in the Stud Book than that of Catton and his son Mulatto. I remember an old Yorkshire racing man saying to me of Voltigeur, that he had contrived to combine Blacklock's stride with Mulatto's forelegs. Musket, be it remembered, inherits Catton's blood through Miss Bowe, and I have little doubt that Carbine owes much of his exceptional stoutness to his double portion of it. On the other hand, Trenton's dam is by Goldsborough. He was by a descendant of Weather-tit out of a Fisherman mare, and there can be no doubt that two strains of Sheet Anchor, one of them coming through Fisherman, form a tower of strength in a pedigree. So instead of endeavouring to compare the relative merits and the prospects of the two horses, I prefer to think that there is ample room for both.

Trenton's son Aurum, of whom I have already spoken, is of a wholly different type. The criticism which at once rises to one's lips is "a neat little horse—would make a nice 12st. hunter." But a closer examination shows that under that apparently cobby aspect there is plenty of length and power where it is really wanted. He is after the pattern of Touchstone and Hampton. An even closer likeness may be found in the portrait of Bedlamite in Mr. Taunton's Gallery of famous race-horses.

Carnage has left us, and I think it is to be regretted. He was a good, honest, not quite first-class racehorse, in appearance a smaller and more compact edition of Carbine, marvellously powerful for his size and with limbs which looked as if no work could shake them. His blood differs but little from that of Carbine. Both were from the same mare, Carbine by Musket, Carnage by Musket's son, Nordenfeldt, through whose dam came the invaluable Fisherman blood.

Australia has preserved for us another family more remote from our fashionable strains and more wholly extinct in this country than that of Musket. Turf tradition tells one that in running off the dead heat for the Derby Cadland defeated The Colonel wholly through Robinson's brilliant riding and the failure of Bill Scott's nerve. Looking at The Colonel's subsequent running and his known inferiority to his luckless stable companion Velocipede, it is difficult not to think that the best horse won. Be that as it may, there was nothing in The Colonel's stud career to make breeders lament over the disappearance of the blood. He got one rather brilliant but very infirm horse in Chat-

ham, and he figures in the pedigrees of Red Heart, Andover and Rifleman, and that is about all. About 1830 a son of his named Cap-à-pie was exported to New South Wales. His dam was by Sultan from a Waxy mare, excellent blood, no doubt, but the performances of his immediate relations (he himself never ran in England) would have led no one to foresee a great future for him or his progeny. But in a happy hour he was mated with a mare closely related to himself, by Sir Hercules, dam by Partisan. Sir Hercules and The Colonel, be it remembered, were got respectively by Whalebone and his brother Whisker, and they as well as Partisan were grandsons both of Pot-8-o's and Prunella. The offspring, called after his grandsire Sir Hercules, begot Yattendon, a horse whose services to the Australian Turf have been only second to those of Musket. His blood was carried on through Grand Flaneur, an unbeaten racehorse, and Chester, and of both these lines we have representatives in this country.

Grand Flaneur is represented by Merman and Patron. No one could claim for Merman that he is more than a very sound second-class horse. It is not often that a horse's stud record rises very greatly above his Turf performance (though it often falls short of it), and we can hardly anticipate that Merman is to be a sire of kings. Moreover, he is far from a good mover, and I think most of my readers will agree that this is no small fault in a sire. Still I venture to believe that if he goes to the stud in this country his name in a pedigree will always be a guarantee for gameness and hardness.

His half-brother Patron is quite a different type of horse. He is full 16h. 2in., with very light

action and with more style, and less length and "wear and tear" look than most of the Australian horses. Of horses that I can remember, Citadel is perhaps the best parallel to him in looks that I can think of. His Melbourne Cup victory, easily achieved as a five-year-old carrying 9st. 5lb., stamps him as a first-class horse over a distance of ground. And yet I must confess that he interests and appeals to me less than our other Australian visitors.

There is a story of an intelligent Hindoo criticising a certain Governor General: "We do not admire him as much as you do. You say he has a hand of steel under a glove of silk. We do not care for your silk glove. We can make that article so much better for ourselves." We can breed fine big horses of the Patron type, though not all, I admit, with such bone. Moreover, three crosses of Melbourne not far back hardly suggests stoutness and soundness. When horses of Patron's size and build stay, it is generally not from innate hardness, but because, as with Morion and Ladas, an ordinary opponent cannot go fast enough to extend them.

To me a far more attractive representative of the Yattendon blood is Chester's son Abercorn. His two- and three-year-old records were good ones, including the Australian Jockey Club Derby, the Leger and the Three Mile Champion Stakes at Flemington. Next season the mighty star of Carbine arose. Abercorn, however, held his own against his younger rival better than any of his contemporaries. In a rubber of seven Carbine just scored the odd trick. At a mile and a quarter, a mile and a half, at two miles and a quarter Abercorn was successful. Twice Carbine beat

him at two miles and twice at three, and one may fairly assume, I think, that the son of Musket was distinctly the better stayer. Like Trenton, Abercorn inherits through his dam the invaluable blood of Goldsborough, backed up by more of the old Bishop Burton blood, that of Tramp and Mandane through Liverpool and Lottery. To describe a horse in conventional fashion as low and lengthy with the best of limbs, or to attempt an inventory of his points, as Olivia did of her charms, does not produce any very definite impression, and the comparative method is when it can be adopted, I think, the best. But I cannot call to mind any very exact likeness to Abercorn. In his racing days I should guess that he was not unlike Border Minstrel, though probably stronger limbed and more angular. The portrait of Fandango suggests a likeness. That is confirmed by the "Druid's" description of "The low and lengthy Fandango, with those great hooped ribs knit into the most muscular of quarters." At all events, I feel pretty sure that if Abercorn had to meet all his Australian brethren in a show ring with a hunting judge the first prize ribbon would go to him, and a good many of our crack English sires might be thrown in without affecting the result.

It may seem matter for regret and even reproach that we should now be bringing back from Australia what we let go so cheaply. Neither in the case of the Musket nor the Cap-à-pie strains do I take that view. There were quite enough weak points about Musket reasonably to deter English breeders. I greatly doubt whether he had stayed here, and even if he had been well supported, he could have given us Trentons and Carbines. Roaring, be it re-

membered, is an unknown danger "down below." The blood has come back to us purified and renovated by its altered conditions, and even now breeders will do well to remember that it is not a strain with which to take liberties. Wider paddocks, a more natural system of rearing, the prevalence of long distance races, have all developed that hardness of limb and stoutness of constitution which were latent in the blood, but which under our conditions would never have come to the surface. Nor, as I have said, is there the least reason to suppose that Cap-à-pie would have had a distinguished career if he had remained in this country.

There is, however, one great Australian strain, for the banishment of which English breeders are, I consider, very blameworthy. It says very little for their judgment that such a horse as Fisherman should ever have left the country. His sire Heron, was not, it is true, a "fashionable" sire; but he was a most genuine stayer, and it was only, I believe, the whim of a couple of elderly ladies into whose hands he passed which kept him practically almost locked up when at the stud. In limbs, temper and constitution, Fisherman was exactly the horse to supplement the shortcomings of those brilliant but rather flashy strains which are now in the ascendant. Let me give one instance of his endurance, an instance which shows whence Aurum and Wallace and Auraria got the power which enabled them to go through the tasks that I have already described. Nowadays it is thought a rare exploit if a horse faces the iron ground of Ascot twice in a meeting, and if he does he is generally the worse for it. In 1859 Fisherman, then six years old, won the Ascot Cup. His owner

learnt that a friend had backed the old horse to win the Queen's Plate also. Mr. Starkie was not a gentleman ever likely to err on the side of caution. Fisherman reappeared and polished off a fresh field of horses at three miles. What should we say nowadays if a horse were asked to win the Cup and the Alexandra Plate on the same day? We could better have spared a good many Derby winners.

Our list of Australian visitors does not include a descendant of Fisherman in the direct male line; but his is evidently one of those strains which, like Touchstone, makes itself felt through all channels, male and female, direct and indirect, and even if we get no more of the blood, Trenton and Abercorn will bring it back in the female line.

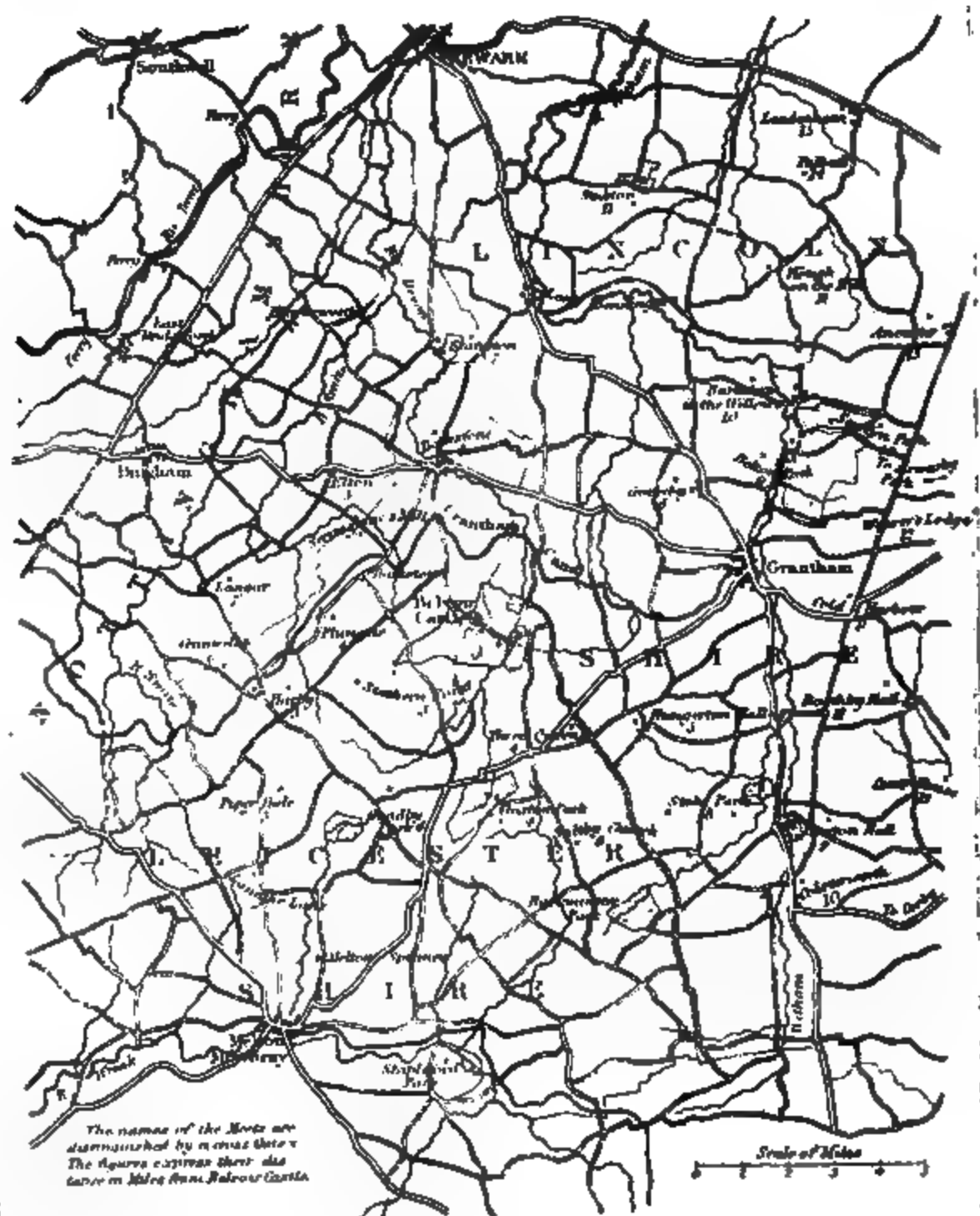
The less a man commits himself to definite and confident predictions on a matter so uncertain as racehorse breeding the wiser he is. In comparing English and Australian form, all that we have got to go by is the performance of Merman; he would seem to be here just what he was in his own country—a good, honest, handicap horse, and the chances are therefore that the form of the two countries will be found to correspond pretty closely. It is quite conceivable that the Australian sires bringing back our own blood invigorated by a new climate and conditions, may at once score a brilliant success. We may have a “boom” in Australian sires and their produce, and if so I shall expect the back swing of the pendulum. When Gladiateur won the treble event, we heard wailing as if the glory had wholly departed from the English Turf. I remember when, in the year of Iroquois' Derby and Leger victories, Foxhall achieved a feat in

the Cambridgeshire which no English three-year-old had ever attempted, an impulsive friend of mine declared “we can never breed horses to touch these Americans.” Yet there has been no second Gladiateur or Foxhall.

On the other hand, it is possible that the immediate offspring of our visitors may fall short in the qualities which are tested on an English racecourse. If so, I feel pretty sure that the breeder who looks out for young mares by Carbine, Abercorn and so on, will reap his reward. All that I really want to impress on my readers is that the Australian horses evidently do possess certain qualities which at present we greatly need. Those who look on a thoroughbred horse as something more than an instrument of gambling, as the ultimate foundation on which the hunter, the cavalry horse, the general utility horse must be built up, must surely feel that our racehorses are not doing all they might for us, and that it is well worth risking a little in any experiment which promises improvement.

I would plead on exactly the same principle for another Australian invader which threatens us, the starting-gate. The whole question is far too large a one to be discussed at the fag end of an article, even if I had the needful technical knowledge, which I have not. But it needs no technical knowledge to see that many a young one is ruined by being hauled about and swung round and fretted by repeated jumps off. And how can anyone be confident that a system which has succeeded elsewhere must fail here? Why cannot people, instead of taking the attitude of advocates on one side or the other, frankly say “let us give the thing a good trial and then make up our

MAP OF THE VARIOUS MEETS OF THE BELVOIR HOUNDS.



FROM "NIMROD'S" HUNTING REMINISCENCES.

minds?" All that I contend for is that those who recommend the change have made out a very strong *prima facie* case for experiment, and that it is neither wise nor honest to indulge in prophecies which prevent the experiment from being fairly made.

And in conclusion I should like to say a word concerning another innovation which has come to us from Australia, the so-called figure system of Mr. Bruce Lowe. I have already criticised that system somewhat fully in the pages of BAILY, and my friend and colleague, "Borderer," has also brought his large practical experience to bear on it. I have no intention of going over the ground again, but I should like to remind my readers that the only test of such a system is that of practical results. At the end of my article I set down certain definite conclusions which, as it appeared to me, after a careful study of Mr. Lowe's book, would follow. I

pointed out that if his theories were correct, among the young sires of the day whose merits had not yet been tested, a few, whom I tried more or less to place in order, should be specially successful. In some cases those expectations have been fulfilled, in others as yet falsified. But I should like to point out that Orme and Isinglass stood high on the list. And I should also like to point out that certain young sires in whose names great and wholly unfulfilled things were prophesied did not appear on that list. That I think at least confirms the view which I then expressed that if Mr. Lowe's theories do nothing else, they hang out signal lights to warn breeders off certain sires, who are almost certain to bring failure with them. And I would add that if I had to re-write the article to-day there is not a single horse of any importance who has gone to the stud since, whom I should care to include.

J. A. D.

History of the Belvoir Hunt.

MR. DALE has enjoyed the best opportunities for compiling his "History of the Belvoir Hunt,"* having had access to the voluminous records preserved at Belvoir Castle, and we may say at once that he has rendered more than justice to the facilities placed at his command. He has produced a book which is much more than its title promises, a book which stamps the author a man of cultivated and scholarly tastes and broad sympathies not less than a sportsman. He has indeed been fortunate in his subject. The famous

pack, since its earliest beginnings, has remained in possession of a family whose members have played no inconspicuous part in the social and political history of the country. It had been easy to write the history of the hunt without trenching upon the wider spheres of interest involved by the high position and varied abilities of the Manners family; but while Mr. Dale's record centres upon the hunting-field and kennel with scrupulous care for the detail that hunt history demands, he invests it with stronger claims upon attention by sketching the parts taken by the members of the

* "The History of the Belvoir Hunt." By T. F. Dale, M.A. Archibald Constable & Co.

family in the affairs of their time, socially and as soldiers and statesmen.

It is curious that we should owe the earliest mention of the Belvoir pack not to a sportsman but to Michel Maittaire, some time tutor to the third duke. Maittaire had plainly a profound affection for his noble pupil, and if, as Mr. Dale says, "nothing puzzles and vexes Maittaire more than the love of the duke for field sports and for hunting," the courtier-like Frenchman conceals his perplexity and vexation in his letters with remarkable success. There are four volumes of Maittaire's letters to the duke in the castle library, and the correspondence shows conclusively, says the author, that a pack of foxhounds had been in existence for some time previous to 1730, which date has been assigned by some authorities as that which marks the commencement of strict foxhunting by the Belvoir pack. The Belvoir *country* took shape at about this period, and it is certain that the third duke, who died in 1779, "was the first master of the Belvoir Hunt as we know it in the present day." Comparison of the map of the country drawn by "Nimrod" in the year 1825 with modern maps, shows that for the last seventy-five years, at all events, the area hunted by the pack has undergone little change in its boundaries. The history of the hunt during the time of the Marquis of Granby, who died in 1770, is practically unwritten. The marquis is better known to fame as a soldier than a sportsman, and Mr. Dale is no doubt quite correct in his conjecture that he was the first M. F. H. to lead a cavalry charge—at Warburg in 1760. It is quite in accord with his fame as a soldier that he should have been an enthusiastic foxhunter: he paid

great attention to the improvement of the family pack, and must be regarded as one of the founders of the modern Belvoir strain. What perhaps is more important from the wider point of view the Marquis of Granby's own popularity, due to his military successes, made for the greater popularity of foxhunting. In his day a hard and fast line, inexplicable to us under modern conditions, was drawn between "gentlemen and foxhunters." Town life and country life, owing largely to difficulties of communication, lay apart, and the man who identified himself with the pursuits of the one was held in contempt by the other. Lord Granby, equally esteemed among all classes, held a position which enabled him to do much towards breaking down these barriers of prejudice; and the fact that a master of the Belvoir Hunt was instrumental in laying the foundations of a great social change alone entitles the Manners family to a place of peculiar importance in sporting history.

It was during the long minority of John, fifth Duke of Rutland—1787-1799—that the most systematic and careful endeavours to improve the pack were made. The guardians of the young duke placed Mr. Perceval, brother of the Prime Minister, at the head of affairs; and Mr. Perceval, with the aid of his huntsman Newman, set themselves to improve the hounds by the importation from neighbouring kennels of sires boasting size, bone and other essentials in which the Belvoir kennel was lacking. The fifth duke, when he attained his majority, continued the system begun by Mr. Perceval; he purchased Mr. George Heron's Cheshire pack and eleven couples by the Pytchley Dancer, and also made use of Lord Fitzwilliam's best

stallion hounds. Mr. Dale doubts whether the famous "Belvoir tan" was derived from the use of Lord Monson's Dashwood, pointing out that there was no predominance of colour in the Belvoir kennels until Mr. Heron's pack was incorporated with the duke's pack. During the first thirty-seven years or so of the present century the history of the Belvoir hounds and their sport is fully

Contemporary writers have done something to repair the omission to keep journals from 1829 to 1855. The "Druid" in his famous Dick Christian lectures, "Cecil" and "Nimrod" among others, afford glimpses of the sport enjoyed during this period—which covers the greater part of Lord Forester's mastership. In the latter year, 1855, the journals are resumed and carried on in turn

GAMBLER.

(From the picture by Basil Nightingale at Belvoir Castle.)

recorded in the duke's own journals; and it is fortunate that this record should exist to prove the advances made in hound breeding by Mr. Perceval, for to his work and to that of the fifth Duke the Belvoir pack undoubtedly owes the foundations of its fame. Furthermore, this period embraces the first thirteen seasons of Goosey's career as huntsman.

by Lord Forester, W. Goodall, James Cooper, and Frank Gillard. Lord Forester was one of the hardest men that ever rode to hounds, and some wonderful runs were scored by the Belvoir during his reign; Mr. Dale does not forget particulars of the famous 33-mile run on December 18th, 1833, and we owe him thanks for tracing on the excellent map others less

well known and nearly as remarkable. Good runs during the "Golden Age" of the hunt, which the author defines as 1842-1859, were innumerable, thanks largely to the rare talents of Will Goodall.

It is safe to assert that no country has been the school of more and keener sportsmen than the Belvoir; and prominent among them have been the hunting clergy. The Rev. "Jack" Russell himself was not a more famous figure in the west country than the Rev. J. Houson in Lincolnshire and Leicestershire; one of the best horsemen of his time, Mr. Houson had been seen to lead the Belvoir field when eighty years of age, so wonderfully did he retain the nerve, seat, hands and judgment for which he was famed.

Mr. Cuthbert Bradley's recent "Reminiscences of Frank Gildard" has somewhat taken the wind out of the author's sails when he comes to deal with the Belvoir history of the last three decades; but the great huntsman's personal recollections are rather material for history than history itself, and Mr. Dale does rightly in giving us his chapter "The Old Order Changes," in

which he treats of events from 1870 to the death of the sixth Duke in 1888.

Though space has limits we must give a word of praise to the thought which prompted inclusion as an Appendix of the Hound List showing the Belvoir Entry, with sires and dams for every season from 1791 to 1876. The author awards to Gambler, whose portrait by Mr. Basil Nightingale is here given from the book, the palm as the best hound of modern times, but owns to admiration scarcely less for Dexter, the "pick of the basket" of which Ben Capell is so proud. Mr. Frederick Sloane Stanley contributes a chapter on "Personal Recollections" from 1858 to 1888, and thus lends completeness to an admirable piece of work.

Where so large a mass of facts and dates are marshalled errors are bound to creep in, but we may point out that George Stubbs was yet unborn at the date (1719) to which Mr. Dale refers a picture of Ringwood by that famous painter.

We have to express our obligation to Messrs. Constable for kind permission to reproduce the map and illustrations here given. Throughout, the illustrations are well chosen and of great merit.

THE REV. J. HOUSON,
LATE RECTOR OF BRANT BROUGHTON.
(From a sketch at Belvoir Castle.)

Deadly Snakes of India.

THERE has been some correspondence lately in the papers about the various poisonous snakes of India and enough was said to show how vague is the knowledge that many people have on the subject. It may not be out of place for a man who has seen and taken some interest in most of them to record in BAILY'S pages a few rough notes about animals which are credited with causing annually the death of at least 20,000 of our fellow-subjects. If this vast loss of life occurred among Europeans, it is probable that most energetic measures would long ago have been taken either to reduce the numbers of the deadly creatures or at least to guard against their fangs, but among the seething millions of the native population, the deaths of even so many thousands are hardly noticeable, and, though they may be regretted, are looked upon as an almost unavoidable portion of the year's mortality.

First, a word or two on the method of injecting its poison which the snake employs. The fangs that make the wound are not at all times carried erect in the jaw, but are generally laid recumbent and harmless. It is only when the animal is irritated and about to strike that the act of opening its mouth erects the fang and makes it the most terrible of weapons. The poison itself is contained in a bag or gland, behind the fang and the act of striking presses the gland, discharging the poison through a duct into the base of the fang, which is perforated and acts like a hypodermic syringe. A wound is made by the needle-like point through which pours the fluid that has been stored in the gland

and, if this mingles with the blood of the man or beast that is struck, death is the almost inevitable consequence. Snakes may be rendered harmless for evil by the removal of the fang, but this effect is only temporary, for by a provision of nature another hitherto embryonic fang takes the place of that which has been removed and in short space of time becomes as deadly a weapon as its predecessor. There is only one way in which a poisonous snake may be rendered harmless and that is by the excision or complete destruction of the gland in which the poison is secreted.

The danger to life that threatens Europeans in India from poisonous snakes is very small indeed. Long years may be spent in our Eastern Empire without ever encountering one on anything like intimate terms. Some may of course be seen but they will generally be in rapid flight. The well shod gentleman or lady makes so much noise by his or her approach that the nervous reptile takes quick alarm and removes itself before its presence can be detected, and it is only by the trail that it has left in dust or mud that it may be known to have its home somewhere in a garden or compound. It is the barefooted native, whose noiseless tread gives no warning of his movement, that comes suddenly upon the sleeping death and may be struck by the frightened creature that has not time to seek its quiet sanctuary. The Englishmen who follow field sports and are familiar with country villages and the wilds of the jungle may run some risks, but I have never heard of one who was injured and, though on every shikar trip

some snakes may be seen, it seems to be almost impossible that, if the most ordinary precautions are observed, their power for harm can ever be exercised.

Of all the poisonous reptiles in India, the one best known by reputation and indeed probably the most common is the cobra or hooded snake. It is found everywhere even to the height of many thousand feet in the Himalayan mountains. There has been some discussion and a good deal of misconception as to the size to which the cobra grows, but Sir J. Fayer, the most exact of modern observers, says that he has never seen one more than 5 ft. 8 in. in length. It is possible that larger specimens may exist, but it may be considered as certain that they very rarely, if ever, arrive at a length of 6 ft. There are apparently many varieties of this snake, distinguished by difference of colouring, &c., and snake charmers profess to be able to discriminate between them in regard to their powers of destruction: but the difference of colour is most probably due to the influence of natural surroundings and we may believe that there is really only one species, whose members vary in appearance, as do other animals according to the power of circumstances in which they are placed. Wherever the cobra is found and whatever size or colour it may present, there is no doubt that, if the animal is young and vigorous, the intensity of its poison is everywhere equal.

I have said that Europeans see venomous snakes comparatively seldom, but it does not follow that because they are not seen, the environs of a bungalow are not haunted by two or three families of cobras. They are nocturnal animals and, when they are in search of food, their quest com-

mences after nightfall. It is a prudent custom, pretty generally followed, that every man or woman who moves about a cantonment or village during the dark hours should stick to the middle of the footpaths and either carry a lantern himself or have a servant in front of him with a light to dispel the shadows in his way.

The food of the cobra is like that of other snakes, principally small animals, insects, frogs, fish or birds' eggs. The prey is never masticated but is swallowed whole and when it is of any size, the digestion is a prolonged operation, during which the snake is in a partially comatose and harmless condition. I remember on one occasion a cavalry regiment with its band playing was returning on foot from divine service at the cantonment church. Suddenly the crash of the musical instruments melted into a discordant quaver and then ceased altogether, the bandsmen scattering right and left upon the road. A sleepy cobra was trailing its slow length across the regiment's route and checked it most effectually. A sergeant at the head of the column drew his sword and cut its head off before it could escape and order was quickly restored to the ranks. There was a curiously large elongated bulge in the body of the cobra, and when it was brought into barracks and examined a small bandicoot was found in the stomach. Only recently swallowed, it was still perfect in every respect and its presence accounted for the lethargy of the cobra and the ease with which it was killed.

If this deadly snake is to be followed to its home, it will generally be found in old ruins, under logs of wood, in cellars or old masonry, the roof of an old hut, a hole in the wall, a fowl-house,

but even during the day the cobra may be encountered in any cool, quiet spot, even among the branches of a tree. It wanders far in search of food, and if it has found a comfortable shelter, it may remain there for the day instead of returning to its nest. Woe to the incautious native who steps upon or suddenly disturbs such a hiding-place. The cobra is known as a "do guntawalla," which means that its bite is fatal in two hours, and indeed the poison, when thoroughly inoculated by a fresh and healthy animal may take effect in even much shorter time. Paralysis of the nerves takes place, and no treatment has yet been discovered that has the smallest effect in saving or prolonging life.

It might be supposed that a being with such awful destructive power would find every man's hand against it, and would lead a most precarious existence near the dwellings of human kind, but the Hindoo theology makes the cobra an object of superstitious veneration, and in mythological histories it takes an important place. Vishnu is depicted lying asleep on the folds of the serpent Sesha, or piping under the shadow given by the outspread hoods of the great five-headed cobra. In a religion that deprecates the wrath of a cruel power by worshipping the deities in whom that power is vested, it is only natural to find that the incarnation of sudden death in a destructive reptile is regarded with awe and deference. Most Hindoos object to killing a cobra, and, if one takes up its abode in or near a house, it is propitiated, fed and protected, lest an injury done to it might bring misfortune upon the family. Even if the incarnate demi-god should so far forget itself as to cause the death

of one of the house's inmates, it may not be destroyed, but is caught, handled tenderly, and carried to some distant field where it is allowed unhurt to depart in peace.

Government rewards have been offered for the killing of venomous snakes, and the head of each snake had to be brought to the magistrate as a verification, but this system has only been partial, and has never formed part of an energetically conducted campaign throughout Hindostan, nor could it be carried out by any natives except those of the lowest castes. Four annas were given in one district for each snake's head, and the astonishing number of cobras may be gathered from the fact that between fifty and sixty heads were brought in daily. The reward was reduced to two annas, but this was not sufficient temptation. As the magistrate remarked, "There are few persons who would risk their lives for two annas." It may be worth while here to mention the best means of encountering a cobra as noted by one of the most delightful writers in Indian natural history. "In my walks abroad I generally carry a strong supple walking-cane. This is the prime weapon for encountering snakes; armed with it, you may rout and slaughter the hottest-tempered cobra in Hindostan. Let it rear itself up and spread its spectacled head-gear and bluster as it will, but one rap on the side of the head will bring it to reason, and another about the middle of its body will bring it to its end—without a stick you can do nothing. Twice have I fled before an angry cobra, having unwisely attacked it with stones. The cobra, though of a peaceable disposition in the main, is hasty in his temper."

Terrible as the cobra is, there

is this to be said in its favour, that it is "of a peaceful disposition," and never exerts its deadly power unless it is, or conceives itself to be, molested, and, even then, it confines itself purely to defence, and never follows up an assailant or assumes the offensive. Very different is it in this respect from the great Hamadryad, the Ophiophagus or snake-eating snake, which is the largest poisonous reptile that is known. Fortunately though widely distributed, it is not very common. It does not appear to be known in the North-west or in Central India, but it is to be found in the damp climate of Southern India, in Assam, Bengal and Orissa. It is hooded like the cobra and resembles it in many characteristics. It grows to the length of fourteen feet and is very active and aggressive. As its name implies, it feeds upon other snakes, though probably, if they are not to be procured, it contents itself with eggs, birds, fish, frogs, &c., like others of its family. But its great peculiarity is that it is not only always ready to attack but also to pursue any man or animal that has roused its wrath. Sir J. Fayrer records a very typical instance of this ferocity: "An intelligent Burman told me that a friend of his one day stumbled upon a nest of these serpents and immediately retreated, but the old female gave chase. The man fled with all speed over hill and dale, dingle and glade, and terror seemed to add wings to his flight, till, reaching a small river he plunged in, hoping that he had then escaped his fiery enemy; but lo! on reaching the opposite bank up reared the furious Hamadryad, its dilated eyes glistening with rage, ready to bury its fangs in his trembling body. In utter despair he bethought himself of his turban,

and in a moment dashed it upon the serpent, which darted upon it like lightning and for some moments wreaked its vengeance in furious bites; after which it returned quietly to its former haunts."

In this aggressiveness the Ophiophagus resembles the Black 'Mamba of South Africa, which is, as far as I know, the only other snake that is said to pursue a supposed enemy. Unfortunately the habits of African snakes have not been studied as closely as those of India and the neighbouring countries and the Black 'Mamba's reputation only rests upon popular belief which is sometimes wanting in scientific exactness.

The numbers of different more or less venomous snakes in India is legion and space is wanting here to enter upon a detailed description of each in the long list. Some from the shortness of their fangs do not, so often as others, succeed in dealing a deadly stroke; in some the venom is less powerful, some are sluggish and are easily avoided, and some are so rare that they are not often encountered. The Krait must however have particular notice and a word of warning must be given about it, for it is the snake which more than almost any other insinuates itself into dwelling-houses and may be met with in the most familiar places. It takes up its resting place in verandahs, bathrooms, on the ledges of doors, in book-cases and cupboards, and may even be found snugly coiled up under cushions or in beds. No place that is warm and comfortable comes amiss to its luxurious habits and a case has been known when, "after a night's dâk in a palanquin, a lady, in taking her things out on arriving at her destination, found a Krait coiled up under her pillow; it had

been a travelling companion all night."

The Krait is common all over India and, though, as I have said, it finds its way freely into the haunts of men, it is nevertheless to be met in field and plain, in rice cultivation, in scrub jungle and in old ruins. As a rule it is between two and three feet in length, though specimens have been known of a much greater size. Audacious as it is in entering dwelling-houses, it is fortunate that its fangs are much shorter than those of the cobra and its chances of giving an effective wound are therefore so much diminished. Its poison too is less rapid in its action and there is greater hope that medical aid may be able to save life. Even so, however, there can be no doubt that the Krait may be reckoned among the most dangerous and destructive of Indian poisonous snakes and it is certainly the one against which Europeans should be most carefully on their guard.

Towards the end of the last century there was living in the south of India a very distinguished scientist, Dr. Patrick Russell, who held the appointment of naturalist to the Honourable East India Company. He was the first to examine and classify the deadly snakes of India and, even in our day, his great work on the subject remains a standard authority. Recent investigations have added little to the practical knowledge which he collected and the classification which he made. His name has been given to the *Daboia Russellii*, which in Ceylon is dreaded as the *Ticpolonga*, and is generally known to Europeans in India as the chain viper. It seldom grows to a greater length than four feet and, though nearly equally deadly with the cobra, it has the merit of giving

warning of its presence by loud hissing when it is disturbed. It is less known than the cobra and is not credited with causing so many deaths. As, however, much mortality in official returns is ascribed to snakes unknown, it is probable that, if the real offender could be detected, the *Daboia* would have a more guilty prominence than it has at present.

Many as are the poisonous snakes of India, there are very many more that are quite harmless and do much good by waging war upon rats, mice and the superabundance of animal life which, if unchecked, would become an even greater nuisance than most Europeans and indeed natives find it. In the matter of destroying field rats alone, whose ravages would otherwise ruin many crops, both the poisonous and harmless snakes do good service to the State. It may be confidently said that practically no natives and very few Europeans can distinguish between the deadly and the innocent reptiles and that both share the same fate whenever and wherever they are met. Perhaps it is best that the primæval curse upon the serpent should always fall and in his case it is to be preferred that half a dozen innocent should perish rather than that one guilty should escape. *Apropos* of natives' conviction that all snakes are poisonous, it is worth while to notice their belief in the existence of what they call the *Biscobra*. This is, they say, a species of lizard and they credit it with even more deadly power than the cobra. It may be said at once that the *Biscobra* is purely fabulous. There is no lizard of any kind with a poison gland connected with a fang and though some lizards bite hard, they are all perfectly innocent as to venom. Natives have, before

now, pointed out what they called a Biscobra and it has invariably been found to be a young iguana or some other absolutely harmless animal.

Needless to say there have been numerous suggestions made as to antidotes to snake poison. From time immemorial charms and talismans have existed which have been supposed to secure immunity from the effects of the venom and even in Dr. Russell's day there were medical prescriptions which the natives regarded as a specific. Alas! careful experiment has established the fact that, when an effective bite has been given by a young and vigorous poisonous snake, no treatment can in any way control its effects. Of course the merits of charms and talismans may be put entirely out of the question. Doubtless treatment should always be undertaken on the chance that the wound may be slight or that the poison, for some reason or another, may only have been communicated in a weakened form. The snake that inflicted the wound may have been old and feeble or something may have intercepted the venom. I have known a case in which an officer on his way to mess was undoubtedly bitten through his Wellington boot by a cobra and, the leather having afforded some protection, the effects of the bite were slight and yielded to treatment. It may however I fear be taken for granted that, when a cure for snake bite is supposed to have taken place, either the snake was of a harmless species or else, from some circumstance or another, the bite was, at any rate partially, ineffectual. I may summarise the treatment that is recognised as most likely to be effective. It sounds heroic, but it should be remembered that it must be undertaken with the least

possible delay, so there is no time available for less painful measures. Ligatures should be applied at intervals of a few inches above the wound and tightened to the utmost. The wound itself should be deeply scarified with a pen-knife or cutting instrument. Better still, the punctured part should be altogether excised, or if it is a finger or toe should be at once cut off. The wound should be allowed to bleed freely and a hot iron or hot coal should be thrust to its very bottom or some carbolic or nitric acid should be applied. Diluted ammonia or hot spirits and water should be given internally. This is the immediate treatment which anybody can carry out, and if poisoning symptoms then appear, the rest will be in the hands of a medical man, who, it may be hoped, will be early on the scene. The rough treatment of the jungle is noted by that well known shikari Colonel Pollock. "If bitten there are two alternatives—to blow the piece out with a gun or to cut it out with a knife; there would then be some chance of life, but, otherwise, absolutely none."

I have said something about the land snakes of India, and the sea snakes cannot be left unnoticed. It may be said with certainty that many as are their varieties, all the sea snakes which inhabit the eastern seas, the estuaries and tidal rivers, are venomous and are to be dreaded accordingly. They seldom attain a greater length than 5 ft. and they exist in great numbers, feeding upon fish and aquatic animals, which their rapidity of movement enables them to pursue and catch. Probably they are seldom seen so well as on a calm day in the Bay of Bengal. As the great ship ploughed its way through the glassy, oily sea, I have watched

the snakes lying by scores on the surface, basking in the scorching rays of the midday sun. They hardly took any notice of the steamer's passage but allowed themselves to be rocked on the swell caused by its displacement of the waters. Marvellous how true to nature is Coleridge in the *Ancient Mariner*.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire.
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

The fishermen on the coast know well their dangerous qualities and carefully avoid them. Fortunately, when they are thrown on the land by the surf, as they constantly are, they are helpless and nearly blind. The only occasions when their presence must be carefully watched for are when nets are being drawn in which they may be accidentally enclosed.

No remarks on the poisonous snakes of India would be complete without a few words about the snake charmers, those wonderful men who claim to have, and I believe do have, such extraordinary powers of persuasion and control over animals which might so easily and so quickly strike them to death. Everybody who has visited India has seen a snake charmer give an exhibition of his craft, has seen him produce cobra after cobra from the recesses of some basket and, piping to them on a rude instrument, cause them to rear themselves with inflated hoods and, as if fascinated, to follow the movements of his hands. Of course the snake charmers profess to attribute their apparent immunity from the danger of the poison and their power of handling and to a certain extent controlling the deadly reptiles to the influence of

muntras or spells, and there is no doubt that the mass of the people look upon their performances with wonder and superstitious awe.

We cannot help admitting that this faculty of handling snakes is like many other things in India, a matter so strange that we can hardly offer any explanation of it. It has never I believe been acquired by any European and some of the performances of the best snake charmers are so marvellous that, even after seeing them, one is hardly able to believe the evidence of one's senses. Cobras are the favourites of the snake charmers and I have frequently seen them seized, handled with ease and freedom and compelled to follow the will of man, even when I knew that they had been newly caught and were in full possession of their fangs and poison glands.

It is only reasonable to believe, however, that snake charmers depend entirely upon a full knowledge of the character and qualities of the animals that they handle and extraordinary deftness and boldness in handling them. In many cases also the snakes, with which they take the greatest liberties, have certainly been deprived of their fangs and have been rendered innocuous. Besides giving exhibitions with more or less trained and familiar snakes, the snake charmers will, for a trifle of money, find and catch the snakes in your garden, or at any rate some of them. It may however be believed that if a local man is employed to do this he is careful, like an English professional ratcatcher, to leave a sufficient stock on the premises to secure that he shall have a future job of the same kind.

I cannot conclude better than by again quoting from the de-

lightful naturalist whom I have cited above:—

“Poisonous snakes are a great mystery. Out of a class of animals so harmless, so gentle, and so gracefully beautiful, one here and one there, for no assignable reason, carries with it an instrument exquisitely contrived for inflicting almost instant death on creatures fifty times its own size. And this provision is of no conceivable use to itself. It cannot be necessary for self-defence, since for one that has it many do without it; nor can it be of much service in overpowering

prey which consists of nothing more formidable than rats and frogs. And those which bear this poisoned dagger often belong to totally different genera, and resemble each other far less than they resemble kinds which are innocent, thus the more effectually blasting the reputation of the whole family, and making us shun and abhor a race which would be universal favourites, not only on account of their grace and the brightness of their hues, but for their intelligence, and the pleasantness of their dispositions.” C. STEIN.

Curiosities of Shooting.

It happens to all of us at times to make shots or to witness incidents which inspire the resolve to “write to the *Field*” as soon as we get home. That resolve, hastily made, is too often forgotten and we content ourselves with reserving the anecdote for after-dinner consumption when stories are going; but fortunately some men are as good as their intentions and place these incidents on record, to be believed or doubted according to the disposition or experience of the reader.

Having made a collection of “shooting incidents” for some years it may possibly be worth setting a few of them out in detail for the information of sportsmen in search of precedents; I think it will be conceded that it is difficult for us nowadays to perform a feat which has never been performed before, whether by design or accident. Only one incident in my collection stands without parallel and will probably retain its proud isolation; it can hardly

be called a “shooting incident,” but as it occurred on a grouse moor may have a place here. Mr. Tower Townshend, shooting at Drumoleague, co. Cork, in 1891, had the pith helmet he was wearing blown from his head in a high wind; and the fates so guided his head gear that it literally “bonnetted” a sitting grouse; the bird was unhurt and took wing promptly when the astonished keeper picked up the helmet. The nearest approach to this—distant enough—was a capture made by an officer in the Telegraphs Division of the Public Works Department in Burma. He was inspecting a line of wire carried through remote jungle districts, and found occasion to mount the ladder against a telegraph post to examine the insulators; by some accident he kicked the ladder down; it fell upon and stunned or killed, I forget which, a fawn lying *perdu* in the long grass.

Accidental double kills are com-

moner than many men suppose. Mr. Edmund Loder (as he was then) made an extraordinary shot in a deer drive on a Rosshire forest in 1872. His first shot cut through the jugular vein of a barren hind, and his second severed the neck vertebræ of one deer and entered the eye of another beyond, making three deer to two barrels. The deer were going fast and the range was about 150 yards. A hunter of Lunenburg county, Halifax, N.S., once killed a moose and a hare with the same shot; one regrets to observe that the moose was lying down, which position made the accidental double event possible. In 1887, a gentleman who preferred to remain unknown to fame, made a curious shot. He knocked over the hare he had fired at, and the remainder of the charge went on to kill a brace out of a covey of partridges which rose to the report just beyond the hare. Major H. L. Mackenzie, R.A., shooting one day in 1887, on the shore near Kirkwall in the Orkneys, made quite a respectable bag of snipe with one shot; a wisp got up and he fired at the leading bird, killing that and nine more. Five couple of snipe to one cartridge must be considered a record. An Anglo-Indian sportsman, shooting at Chingleput, thought with good reason that he had done something worthy of record in a Madras paper, when he dropped three snipe out of five with one barrel, but his achievement pales beside the one above mentioned. Rabbit and (crouching) cock pheasant; woodcock and blackbird; rabbit and partridge are among the many accidental doubles recorded. Perhaps the famous stag, grouse and thirty pound salmon legend may yet take its place in sporting history as an actual occurrence!!

The sportsman who, on October 30th, 1879, flushed six pheasants as they were running in an unused grass lane near Rudge-wick in Sussex, and dropped five of them to one barrel, would no doubt put the performance down to luck; so probably would Captain Ilderton, who, while shore-shooting near Tralee killed three wild swans with one shot from a shoulder duck gun. A particularly bad shot of my acquaintance once betrayed himself in rather comical fashion over a double—or to be accurate treble—shot at rabbits. It was in a Scottish shooting on January 2nd, and the sportsman was one of a party who had “seen the New Year in” with more than common enthusiasm. He killed a rabbit in covert; then in his own words, “I saw a kicking and I said to myself ‘I’m not so bad as I’m feeling,’ and went to raise it; while I was putting it in the bag I saw kicking beyond and went to look, and man! I just shook, for there was another rabbit. It was just a relief when I found it *was* a rabbit, but when I’d pouched that and a step or two along saw another I *dared na’ touch it*. I put the gun against a tree and sat down, and I said X—Y—, you’ve got them this time.” He was more accustomed to spend three cartridges for one head of game than to get three head with one shot, and in his “weak state” the unexpected was too much for him. He could hardly be convinced that he had really and truly killed three rabbits with one shot; but he told the story against himself with gusto for years after.

A curiosity among intentional doubles was one scored by Mr. Alexander Henderson of Stemster, Caithness. Shooting along the margin of a loch one day he dropped a couple of wild duck

with his first barrel; one fell into the water and was seized by an otter, which he killed with his second.

We will not consider records with the punt gun; such a shot as 700 dunlins killed at one discharge (2 lbs. of shot) rather nauseates than inspires admiration.

Nor do successful shots at unsportsmanlike ranges appeal to us, though they undoubtedly possess interest as showing what a good gun may do. In 1864, the late Marquis of Anglesey, shooting from a pony, killed a partridge at the astonishing range of 97 yards. The late Mr. Francis Francis, of angling memory, records having fired in a moment of impatience to "dust the jackets" of a wild covey, and to his own and keeper's amazement brought down one of the lot at 90 yards. A woodcock fell with one wing broken and three or four pellets in the body at 94 yards; but most notable, perhaps, was the clean killing of a hare with a charge of No. 6 from a 12-bore at 85 yards. One is inclined to ask, Did the shot ball? on reading that "the whole charge" struck the hare in the head; but perhaps we shall be right if we understand the phrase to mean "all the pellets that did strike" found their billet in the head. We do not record these performances as feats worthy of emulation; on the contrary, the ranges are far beyond those prescribed by the rules of the game.

Two cases are recorded in which gamekeepers, firing at a single weasel, have killed a whole family; on one of these occasions the bag was seven, father, mother, and five young ones; and on the other nine, mother and eight young cut off at a shot as they were playing about a tree.

Two gun accidents deserve in-

clusion among our collection of curiosities. A poacher, named Dixon, in 1870 was shooting with a muzzle loader, and having made as good a bag as he thought safe to carry home, essayed to draw the charge in his gun. He extracted the top wad and poured out the shot, but in trying to withdraw the next wad, somehow managed to pull the trigger, with the result that he received the blank charge in his arm. He walked home and was duly attended by a doctor; but after a week lockjaw set in, and he died in twenty-four hours. It may be doubted whether there is another case on record of fatal wounding by powder and wads only. Another more singular case which happily had not a fatal ending was that of Mr. Bower, a young gentleman seventeen years of age, who was out ferreting on the Craig shootings in Ayrshire. He was using a muzzle loader (it was in 1869), and having discharged the right barrel he reloaded it and was in the act of putting a cap on the nipple when the hammer fell. The recoil threw the gun out of his hand behind him, and impact with the hard ground (probably) discharged the left barrel, which lodged its contents in his thigh. By way of accidental compensation the charge struck the shot bag in his right pocket and drove its metal cap into him; but being thus deflected from its course the shot missed the bone and lodged in a lump under the skin on the outside of the thigh.

A curious accident, which may be usefully quoted as a warning against carelessness in leaving firearms about, occurred in 1876 at Panishill House, Cobham. The farm bailiff left his gun at full cock on the corn bin in the stable; a fowl happened to fly at

to the bin, perched or stepped on the trigger and fired the gun into the face of an old stable helper.

Worthy of place among Baron Munchausen's adventures, but nevertheless said to be well authenticated, are two instances of men being shot by the game they were pursuing. One of these comes from Ceylon. A native was shooting in the Bootala jungles in 1873, when quite unexpectedly he found himself face to face with an elephant. There is nothing in the least improbable about that; I have more than once come within a few yards of an elephant drowsing at noon on a still day in heavy jungle without either of us being aware of it. Well, the man was not prepared for elephants, and immediately turned to bolt, which is also quite easy to believe. Then we are told the elephant chased him: that is the unlikely detail. The only way of explaining it is to assume either that the beast was in *musth*, or was a solitary rogue and vicious. An unwounded elephant not in the state of sexual excitement would have fled from man on scent or sight. However, we are assured on authority said to be excellent, that the elephant did chase the native, and either striking or seizing with his trunk the butt of the gun he carried at the trail, discharged it, the contents lodging in the sportsman's leg. The report frightened the elephant off; he retired to the jungle, and the man succeeded in crawling home, whence he was taken to hospital.

The other story is told by the Rev. John Mackenzie in his book, "Ten Years North of the Orange River." A Dutchman was the hero in this case; he was hunting on the veldt on horseback, when a buffalo charged out from some bush, and bowled man and

horse over. He gored and killed the horse, while the Boer, much shaken, lay as flat and still as possible, hoping to escape the brute's notice, or if it were turned upon him, to escape being tossed. The buffalo did turn upon him, but while skirmishing around he kicked the man's rifle, and a twig or creeper having become entangled in the trigger it went off, and shot the owner through the arm. In this case also we are told that the report frightened the beast into hasty retreat.

With the diffidence born of others' scepticism a gentleman ventured to place the following on record in 1891. He was one of a party walking up partridges, and appears to have been at the end of the line. A covey of birds flushed at the other end swept past him where he stood, on ground lower than his companions. He shot one bird, and as he stooped to pick it up, another struck the butt of his gun and fell behind him, half stunned, and with a broken wing. There is nothing in the incident that need cause qualms of doubt, when we remember that collisions between flying birds are by no means uncommon; that pheasants occasionally fly through windows; we find the simple explanation in the obvious inference that frightened birds sometimes lose their heads, and do not look where they are going. Under such circumstances a partridge might fly into anything that came in its path, with disastrous results to itself. Sheer stupidity would seem to account for such a singular accident as that witnessed in 1869 by Mr. Oakeley, of Kilmaronaig. He saw a pheasant rise, strike its head against a comparatively small bough of a beech tree, and fall dead with a broken skull. C.

Head-Stalls and Halters.*

By M. H. HAYES, F.R.C.V.S.

AN ordinary head collar (fig. 1) consists of a nose-band, two cheek pieces, a throat-latch, a forehead-band (front), an under-piece which connects the nose-band and throat-latch together, and a crown-piece which is provided with a buckle, so that it can be lengthened or shortened. The nose-band is divided into three parts, which are connected

The best head collars are of leather, and cheap ones of webbing. For stable use leather head collars are almost always made of brown leather, except the forehead band, which may be of pipe-clayed buckskin or patent leather, either white or coloured. The use of pipe-clayed buckskin fronts is generally reserved for horse show purposes, and is then as a rule

FIG. 1.

together by rings that are made square, so as to give rigidity to the nose-band. The ring of the nose-band which is underneath the horse's lower jaw serves as an attachment for the tying-up chain, rack-chain, or leading rein. The under strap is fixed to the lower ring of the nose-band, and its upper end is provided with a loop, through which the throat-latch slides. The throat-latch is generally made round.

* Right of reproduction reserved by the Author.

limited to Hackneys and cart horses. Patent leather does not wear well, as it is liable to crack.

It is evident that the ring formed by the crown-piece and the throat-latch is greater when the forehead-band is employed than when it is absent, and when this leather ring is placed more or less at right angles to the horse's neck; supposing that this leather ring is equally tight in both instances. Hence, removing the forehead-

of his tying-up chain or tying-up rope, which, as a preliminary movement, he got over his neck.

HALTERS.

A halter is a head-collar whose nose-band forms a running loop with the rope or chain to which it is attached. Halters are generally made of webbing.

The simplest way to improvise an ordinary halter is to take a rope about half-an-inch in diameter, and about nine yards long; make it double for about 3 ft. 6 in., and put a knot on the doubled part, so as to form a large loop, in which make a small loop for the loose end of the rope to pass through. The second knot should divide the large loop, so that the head-piece may be about twice as long as the nose-band. This halter will now be ready to put on (Fig. 3). The nose-band should be made sufficiently long to prevent it from hurting the horse's nose or jaws, when the free end of

FIG. 3.

the rope is drawn tight. Or a knot may be made with that part of the rope which serves as a leading rein, at the ring through which

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Percy Brown.*

COME, lend me a moment and lend me an ear
 Ye riders, who ride to the chase,
 Come, lend me a moment, and lend me an ear
 And join in the chorus and give him a cheer,
 For the Sportsman I mean may be praised without fear,
 You may read the man's life in his face.

In point to point races 'tis always the same,
 He leads on the gallant old grey,
 With Portman's, the Vale and the South Wilts he came
 Out best in all three, in one year, and the fame
 The two have won down in the West, show how game
 Both rider and steed are to-day.

In hunting the country, he's courteous and fair,
 The hunt goes on smoothly and well,
 There's never a note of dissent in the air,
 And quarrels are settled and farmers declare
 He's the man for the job. There are few can compare
 With the one whose life's story we tell.

And ever in chase, on the Downs or the Vale,
 His back is a beacon, they say,
 When the gallant pack, gallantly, gallantly sail,
 When it's "Forrard away," over bullfinch and rail,
 When it's over the open you see him and hail
 A Sportsman, courageous and gay.

A Sportsman? Why yes, there's the root and the test,
 The Chase claims the credit, you see,
 For hunting makes men such as this, and the best
 Are the type of the man who lives down in the West,
 Who rides to his hounds with such judgment and zest,
 And greets you with such courtesy.

A Sportsman? We know them, the kind and the sort
 Who live in this England so fair,
 Who hold that a man should be tutored and taught,
 That courage and courtesy gracefully wrought
 Into one happy blend are not counted for nought,
 By the men who love England so fair.

So, here's to the chase, to the hound and the horn,
 The music that sounds through the dell,
 To the fox who steals out of his lair in the morn,
 To the game disposition to which he was born,
 To the sportsman in question, long may he adorn
 The country he governs so well.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

* Master of the South and West Wilts Foxhounds.

A Day with the Otter Hounds.

A FEW summers ago, taking advantage of an old friend's invitation to spend a few days' much needed holiday with him in the country, I packed up my bag, adding to my ordinary wardrobe (as his letter advised) the oldest suit of clothes I could find, and a pair of stout boots and gaiters.

After a pleasant journey, passing through the heart of the New Forest (surely part of the most lovely scenery in England), I found myself landed at a wayside station between Dorchester and Yeovil, where my host was awaiting my arrival. I had come down with the express purpose of putting in at least one day with the otter hounds, a sport of which I had had no previous experience.

We left Yeovil the next day, making our way both by train and coach, to Winsford, a peaceful old village in the valley of the Exe, where my friend had arranged for us to stay the night, so as to be on the spot for the meet of the Culmstock otter hounds at an early hour the following morning. We walked from the nearest station to our Inn, which is one of the old-world-looking public houses of the "good old times," with its quaint windows and curious old doorways. The landlord, one of the right sort, ever ready to "welcome the coming guest," met us with a genial smile, saying that we should have to share the only sitting room the house afforded in common with his other guests, as more visitors, on otter hunting bent, were already in possession.

Amongst them we found that fine all-round sportsman and good fellow, Colonel Mount Batten, Mr. Cecil Archer, *facile princeps* after both otter and badger, and a few more of the same calibre.

We went to bed in good time, having to meet the hounds somewhere about 5 o'clock, and judging by myself, I think we all enjoyed the rest which pleasant surroundings, a good dinner, and easy consciences ought to afford. Rising in good time, we snatched a hasty breakfast, which included, I recollect, some lovely trout, freshly caught.

After a short walk, we came up with Mr. Fred Collier, the popular master, Captain Kinglake, and other well-known members of the hunt. Before starting work, I had, through the courtesy of the master, an opportunity of looking over the hounds. They were a good level lot, but to my surprise, were, with very few exceptions, drafted from fox or stag hounds, only two or three of the old rough coated, otter hound blood being requisitioned. Setting to work as soon as possible, under a warm sun, we were for some time unable to get on the trail, and even then scent was very thin. Having made one or two futile casts, owing to the depth of the water, we moved on higher up stream, and were soon rewarded by the sight of an otter, hounds working steadily.

After several checks, some half dozen members of the hunt lined across the stream, knee-deep, with a net to prevent the otter passing into deep water, being then near a mill-dam, nearly an impregnable stronghold for our quarry. The master had tried back and soon we heard the sound of his horn, giving us, who had remained by the net, notice that the otter was working our way; the hounds too, crossing and recrossing, took up the note like a musical peal of bells, rather marred by the short, sharp yapping of a couple of wire-haired terriers,

necessary accompaniments of the pack. Hurrying along, we found that the otter had taken refuge under the bank, on a ledge in some deepish water, inaccessible to all but a terrier, and neither of those to hand proved good enough to bolt our friend.

Drawing off the pack, most of us then jumped simultaneously, with what must have seemed to him a thunderous noise, over the otter's lair, which eventually succeeded in dislodging him. He again got away, travelling at the bottom, faster than a trout can swim, when three or four hounds, who knew their work thoroughly, drew the attention of the rest of the pack, and after another short run the otter landed and was killed in the open.

It is a very moot point whether otters are so destructive as they are painted. That grand hunting parson, who has lately passed away, the Rev. William Awdry, rector of Ludgershall, in Wiltshire, himself an ardent fisherman, always maintained that the otter

is a much maligned animal by trout fishers. The animal lives mostly, he asserted, on frogs, coarse fish, and was far from being destructive amongst "sporting fish."

One can say without exaggeration that a few days spent with Mr. Collier's hounds in the lovely neighbourhood of the Exe Valley, repays many a month of hard work in town.

This, moreover, is one of those countries which can show three different kinds of sport within a day of twenty-four hours. Given fine weather, and the necessary physical capacity, one may, during the month of August, have a run with the otter hounds—being up betimes in the morning—ride with the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds at mid-day, and after dinner hunt the badger by moonlight with terriers, in the open. Surely this is a perfect Arcadia for those who are seldom able to steal a few days away from the burdens of business. PHILOCUNOS.

Bowls.

ALTHOUGH for half-a-dozen centuries at least, bowls has more or less flourished, no international events had taken place on our country's greens until during the present month, when a team of Australian bowling men, now resident in England, tried conclusions with the Saxe-Weimar, Southsea, Priory Park, Chichester, and Southampton County Bowling Clubs; and these may be considered as introductory games to the matches being arranged for next summer, when a number of bowlers from the Antipodes will come over to compete with the mother country's champions.

Mr. John Young, who twenty years ago initiated and arranged the first intercolonial matches between the New South Wales and Victoria Bowling Clubs, is now in England, with Mr. C. Woods, of Melbourne, and several other prominent Australians, endeavouring to bring about a most successful series of games with the mother country clubs. Mr. S. E. Yelland, of Southsea, is equally zealous by way of taking a lead on behalf of the home organisations.

Although no definite programme has yet been drawn up for next summer's international events, the decision has been arrived at for

the colonial players to be the guests of each club visited, and admission to the greens being entirely by invitation, and not by gate money, the company present in each case is likely to be particularly select, while the proverbial social qualities of bowling men generally, are likely in such festive foregatherings to produce a generous display of good fellowship and kindness.

More than half-a-hundred British Clubs have already signified their intention of inviting the Australians to compete, and there appears every probability that before anything like a definite programme has been arranged, not a few such applications will have to remain unaccepted.

It is not a little remarkable that just as there are different rules governing the counting of points for game in this country, so in Australia the greens vary in size, those in Victoria being thirty feet or so longer than the grounds of New South Wales.

There might well be, as an outcome of the international events of next year, the adoption of a general standard of regulations for the game of bowls. The Australians usually play the same version as the Scottish Clubs, the greatest number of points in two hours and a half securing the victory.

The Earl of Jersey, in accepting the Presidency of the newly formed Inter-Colonial Bowling Association, will in a remarkable way bring the Australian clubs into line with those of the Mother Country, both Lord and Lady Jersey taking the greatest interest in both the playing and social

side of bowls at the Antipodes, while also welcoming the Colonial bowlers in the present tour.

There is quite a probability that other ladies will follow the recent example of those of the Saxe-Weimar Club, who instituted bowls as a pastime for the fair, the game thus being brought on a par with croquet, tennis, golf and archery, in all of which ladies display the highest-class form.

Mr. John Young is leaving for Sydney, and Mr. C. Wood for Melbourne. Both, in the course of a week or two, will, as the leaders of Australian bowling, carry back the hearty good wishes of the many clubs in England which they have visited; while the bringing over their representative team next year is likely to be a most popular feature in our national coming events.

Widely as the game now finds favour on both sides of the border, yet there are not a few towns and districts, both in England and Scotland, in which so well favoured a pastime does not find representation, and with the ever growing popularity of all that pertains to healthful and pleasant recreation, there may well be brought about a greater spreading of the game, as a result of the England and Australia bowling engagements.

The London and Southern Counties Bowling Association has concluded a most successful season of inter-club matches, Mr. H. Childs, of the Reading Bowling Club, winning the Championship Gold Badge. Mr. Ernest C. Price, the Hon. Sec., holds a similar important position in the International Bowling Association.

The Chances of the Game.*

SOME TALES OF PLAY.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Author of "My Grandfather's Journals," &c., &c.

VI.—FARO'S DAUGHTER.

THE passengers for the s.s. *Derwentwater* were to join her at Ismailia, and they left Cairo by the morning train in time, as they thought, to catch their ship. But on reaching Ismailia they found she had passed, and that they must follow her to Port Said. It was a nuisance to change into the narrow gauge line that runs by the Suez Canal nearly all the way between the two places, and the vexation felt was increased by the sight of the masts and smoke stack of the *Derwentwater* as she steamed along a stone's throw away. The failure to connect seemed specially to annoy one gentleman who, with his daughter, was to sail in the *Derwentwater*.

He was rather a gorgeous person: puffy, plethoric, consequential. A man of wealth, presumably, and of recently acquired wealth, who gave himself the airs and claimed the special consideration often noticeable in *nouveaux riches*. Mr. Jaspar Crookes was very indignant at the breach of faith committed by the captain of the *Derwentwater*. Why had he not waited for his passengers? Why should they be obliged to transfer themselves and their baggage into a tin-pot, tea-kettle line, instead of going straight on board? He would demand an explanation of the company, have the law of them, write to the *Times*. All the while his daughter,

well trained to his tantrums, no doubt, sought to pacify him, and was assisted to the best of his ability by her friend Major Forrest, of the Egyptian Army. He had been her frequent partner in the dances at the Gezireh Palace, and was now taking short leave for the pleasure of travelling home in her company.

Mr. Crookes did not cease from his complaining when they arrived at Port Said. They had beaten the steamer, which had been detained at the Canal crossings, and so had to go to an hotel, to dine there, probably to sleep there, and be prepared to turn out at any hour to get on board amid the dirt and noise of coaling. It was altogether abominable. But Miss Cissie and her Major took it very philosophically, which meant that they sat about among the baggage in the hall or in dark corners, where they flirted undisturbed by the delay.

It was all over before daylight, and they were safe in their berths by the time the *Derwentwater* got to sea. Mr. Crookes was in better temper when he came on deck, although he glared at the many strange faces around, for the ship was coming from Burmah, Galle and Aden. He knew no one as he thought, until one, a seedy, rather tall, and debauched-looking person, came up with easy greasy swagger and claimed acquaintance.

"Why, Jaspar, old pard, who'd have thought of meeting

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you! Where have you dropped from? What cheer?"

"I want to have nothing to say to you, Gunther," was Mr. Crookes' short, surly reply to the familiar greeting. He was very stiff and dignified, but his fingers twitched and his lower lip had dropped.

"Come, I say; after all these years—would you turn your back on a pal? Shan't stand that, I tell you—straight," said the other in angry remonstrance.

"I do not know you," went on Mr. Crookes, still trying to brave it out.

"But I do you, and I haven't forgotten old times. You've got to be civil, ay, and more, obliging, to the tune of a couple of hundred quid, or I'll expose you before the whole ship. Is it to be peace or war?"

The defiance had faded out of Mr. Crookes' face before this speech was ended, and the self-sufficient, arrogant demeanour was much toned down. He looked round nervously to see if anyone had heard or was watching them, and he answered quite humbly—

"Very well, I agree to that; you shall have your two hundred, not quite the whole sum, but all I can spare, and the rest at the first place we land."

"And no more of your hoity-toity airs, Master Jasp," went on Gunther insolently. "We were partners once, and I stand on that; what though you've made your pile and I'm a little under the weather. We must be good pals all the voyage, or I shall be nasty."

He was nasty enough, nevertheless, in fixing his society on Mr. Crookes, and claiming to be his familiar friend.

"That your little girl?" he asked. "She's a clipper. Favours her mother, as I remember her. Old woman's gone—eh?"

"My wife died many years ago."

"And the young 'un's preparing to flit. Got a sweetheart, I see."

Mr. Crookes groaned aloud, and walked away, but his persecutor was still at his heels.

"Your father seems to have found some one he knows," said Major Forrest, who was, as ever, in Cissie's pocket. "Proper bounder he looks."

"He's known a lot of rough people in his time, at the diamond fields. This is probably one of them. I've never seen him before, and don't want to see him again."

"No more does your father, by the look of him."

Till now very little notice had been taken on board of the shady personage who called himself Gunther, who had loafed about the smoking-room bar cadging for drinks, abjectly grateful for a cheap cigar, looking wistfully at the card-table, but never taking a hand, for the obvious reason that he had no funds.

But he came out in a new light soon after his meeting with Mr. Crookes. He made at once for the bar, and called upon the bystanders to name their poison, filled his pockets with Trichinopolies, and seized the first chance of a seat at poker, where he played uncommonly well.

It was only a small game, three-penny "ante," and it did not satisfy Mr. Gunther, who was a gambler, evidently, to the finger tips.

"Any gentlemen here seen the game of faro? There's not enough snap in this."

"How is faro played?" some one asked incautiously.

"I shall be very happy to show you. It's easy as pie. Only wants one or two bits of appar-

atus, a faro box, and a 'lay out.' They're about the most important—eh, Mr. Crookes?" He looked up and winked knowingly, whereat Mr. Crookes, who had weakly ventured into the smoking-room, turned tail and fled.

That same afternoon a faro table was started, all in proper form, with the usual appurtenances, the "faro box," "check rack," "cue keeper," "shuffling board" and "lay out." It was hinted that Mr. Gunther travelled with them in his port-manteau, but his baggage was of very limited dimensions, and his own story was that the ship's carpenter had knocked the things up very handily. The "faro box" was ingeniously contrived from an old cigar-box, and the springs which keep the cards against the square open panel on top were pieces of whale-bone from one of the stewardesses' stays. A backgammon board had been converted into a "cue keeper"; on this the index cards had been pasted, and the balls that were slipped from left to right as the game marked were ordinary Spanish nuts strung on wire; the "lay out," in other words, the staking table, was a large strip of canvas upon which cards of all the values, ace to king, as used in faro, had been stitched in two parallel rows. Gunther, who appointed himself both banker and dealer, took his seat in a corner of the smoking-room, with his table across, and was ready to face all comers.

The faro bank was an immense "boom." Now that the voyage had lasted some weeks the inevitable boredom had set in, and this new game was a great fillip to the amusements on board. Everyone, even ladies, flocked to the smoking-room to stake against the bank, and a great deal of

money changed hands. The luck was mainly on Gunther's side, who played with great *sangfroid*. In front of him was the faro box, from which he drew a single card alternately for self or company; the card left exposed through the opening or window on the top of the box decided the *coup*. Players won or lost according as they had staked on the "lay out," either on ace, two, three, four, and so forth, for in faro it is the value of the card alone that tells: suit or colour have nothing to do with the game.

Gunther, as has been said, had generally the best of it. He won steadily, if not largely, and it was explained that the bank, as a rule, did win. To lose with equanimity, however, is not given to all, and there were some of the victims who chafed enough to go to the captain protesting against the continuance of the play. Games of hazard should not be permitted on board any decent ship, the *Derwentwater* was becoming as bad as any "hell," and this man Gunther was "skinning" the passengers shamefully. No one knew anything about him, where he came from, or where he was going, and no one believed he played fair.

The Captain, thus adjured, took the matter up and tackled the keeper of the faro table, who coolly referred him to that eminent millionaire, Mr. Jaspar Crookes, who was his partner in the business. He would tell them (this was in the Captain's cabin before a sort of enquiry at which Major Forrest assisted) that the game of faro was simple and straightforward, as harmless as the sweepstake on the day's run which went on regularly on board the *Derwentwater*.

Mr. Crookes was summoned

and came, accompanied by his daughter Cissie. He entirely repudiated the statement made by Gunther.

"I know him, yes, but I have had no dealings with him on board." It cost him much to say this, and he spoke with averted face, but he said it, braving the consequences.

"You mean hound!" cried Gunther, with a sudden access of hideous rage. "By the Lord, I'll expose you here and now, before them all."

"Do not believe him, I beg," began Crookes, with a white face.

"It is the solemn truth. This smug high-toned plutocrat before whom you all bow low is Faro Crookes, once the most noted gambler in South Africa. His saloon at Dutoit's Pan was notorious as the worst swindling, thieving, cheating den in South Africa. He robbed all who came, skinned them alive, crunched their very bones!"

"It's a lie, a lie, no one could accuse *me* of foul play. But I had a partner, for my sins—"

"Whom you sent to the breakwater at Simon's Bay by your false perjured evidence, when yours was the guilt and yours should have been the penalty. Retribution has reached you at last. I will publish your shame everywhere, far and wide—"

"Lies, lies, lies!" retorted Crookes in a thick guttural voice, which suddenly failed him. He gasped for breath, threw out his hands, clutching convulsively at space, and then fell heavily to the ground.

"You've killed him, you base black-hearted villain!" shouted Cissie hysterically, "his blood will be on your head."

But now her father needed all

her care. They lifted him and removed him to his berth, the ship's doctor was called in and looked grave. He feared cerebral hæmorrhage.

Major Forrest, left with the Captain and Gunther, spoke with great firmness to the latter.

"This can go no further. Don't dare repeat your libellous story. If I hear another syllable of it you will have to do with me."

"I do not choose to be hectored and brow-beaten by you. I will speak when and where I please," said Gunther hotly.

"Not on board my ship, anyway," interposed the Captain with authority, "for I shall make you keep your cabin for the rest of the voyage; and if you attempt to break out, by George, I'll put you in irons. I'll have no more faro, and you shan't talk. See?"

Mr. Crookes' sudden seizure was a shock to the whole ship. He had everyone's sympathies; Gunther none. Some whispers got abroad of the charges he had brought, but Forrest took up the talkers very short, and the story was never exactly known.

Nor was the last episode on board the *Derwentwater*. On the third day after Mr. Crookes' attack, when he was slowly mending, although complete cure was hopeless, Cissie left his cabin and sought out her lover.

"Will you see me through something desperate, Frank, and think no worse of me whatever I do?"

"I shall think no evil of you, Cissie, whatever you do."

"Come, then, I'm going to bring that scoundrel to book. Let's find out his cabin."

He lay on his sofa smoking when the pair entered, and stared in amazement when Cissie stood in front of him, with her father's revolver in her hand.

"See to the door, Frank. As for you," to Gunther, "you don't deserve to live, but I will spare you on condition you sign this paper. I mean it. My blood is up. You have done a foul wrong."

"It's gospel truth, s' help me!" protested Gunther.

"Sign this. Quick. It is an acknowledgement of your falsehood, and a complete exoneration of my poor father. Sign. You had better."

Gunther looked at the brave girl, wondering whether she would dare enforce her threats, and then,

cur that he was, tried to make terms.

"You can buy my signature."

"Sign first. After that we may pay you a price on condition that you never show your face within a thousand miles of us. You shall go back to South Africa, to Hong Kong, Chili, where you choose. That will do, good day."

Mr. Crookes never fully recovered, but he was no more troubled by Gunther, and he gladly gave his daughter to Forrest when he knew what she had done.

Music and Morals in the Kennel.

Is the music of foxhound packs less than it used to be? If we may trust the complaints that find their way into the *Field* on this subject every hunting season, a great many people think so. Indeed, it seems to be taken for granted on all sides that whether because he is required to go faster or for whatever reason, the foxhound is losing his tongue. And on scientific grounds this seems not unlikely. The custom of "speaking" on the line of the quarry is a "wild trait," as Dr. Louis Robinson would call it, surviving in our kennels from the days when the hunting dog was one of a clan which worked together for the common good, and therefore learned to proclaim a find for the benefit of all.

Of course the giving tongue is not now really necessary to the existence of the hunting dog in domestication, and we might therefore expect that it would be the first attribute of its natural state the dog would lose, and

this is actually the case. All hound-breeders will agree that nothing is more easily lost in a pack than tongue. Nor is the tendency to silence a new thing, as some people seem to think; it has always existed, and chariness of tongue or even positive muteness has appeared in all famous kennels from time to time. The older writers are just as decided in their outcries about the growing silence of the foxhound as we are at the present time. Thus Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds were very chary of their tongue, Sir Thomas Mostyn's were almost mute. Mr. Horlock says of the Badminton pack of his day, "They have the knack of getting away pretty close to their fox, without saying much about it either." Twice at least in the present century the Belvoir have been very light of tongue, and it is recorded by Mr. Cuthbert Bradley in his interesting "Reminiscences of Frank Gillard" that when Gillard became huntsman

the first problem in breeding he had to solve was how to give the pack more music.

The lack of tongue is, then, no new thing; on the contrary, it is a kind of malady which has broken out in all kennels from time to time, and does so still. In this paper I wish to suggest that the appearance in any pack or in any strain of hound of lightness of tongue is the first sign of decay of stamina and of hunting qualities.

Let us go back for a moment to the wild hunting dog of primitive times. The animal that most often called the pack to the scent of their prey with a deep and powerful note was naturally the strongest, most active, and boldest dog—that is, he possessed the greatest vitality and the soundest constitution, and he naturally became the father of puppies that would be likely to survive and take a leading place in the pack. There was therefore no doubt in those times a correlation between tongue and strength, activity and courage. But this still exists in every kennel; for the leading hounds, those to which the others fly in the field and yield in the kennel, are hardly ever mute ones. Muteness is often found with shy, jealous, or sulky natures, and in the kennel, music and (canine) morals go together.

Let us take an example well known to all hound-breeders. When Frank Gillard wished to give back their lost melody to the Belvoir, he chose for this purpose a certain hound named Wonder, a great grandson of Brocklesby Rallywood and of the famous Belvoir Caroline. Wonder had, the huntsman says, a beautiful voice, "like a bell," which "he did not fail to use at the right moment." To Wonder's son Warrior was born the celebrated Weathergage,

the founder of a line of hard workers. I have a boxful of letters from huntsmen and hound-breeders telling of the wonderful stoutness and working qualities of this strain. From the ploughs of Yorkshire, the forests of Northamptonshire, or the grass of Leicestershire, the witness is the same, while of the symmetry of Weathergage's descendants in the line of Gambler, Watchman and Dexter let the prize list this year at Peterborough tell. From Wonder, then, the hound with the voice "like a bell" come many descendants who all inherit sound constitutions and working power. Wonder was chosen, no doubt, for his voice in the first instance, but of course it could not escape so fine a judge of hound-breeding as Frank Gillard that Wonder was bred for stoutness on both sides.

Of Brocklesby Rallywood everyone knows, but Wonder's great grandmother Caroline was a bitch of extraordinary boldness, hunting power and endurance. On this instance, and others which have come under my notice, I formed the theory that tongue, constitution and hunting qualities, are closely correlated in the foxhound, and I believe, therefore, that lightness of tongue in any family or in any kennel should be taken as the first sign of degeneracy, of failing stamina, and a loss of that vitality which is so necessary to the hunting qualities of a pack. All the evil consequences of light tongue may not, indeed I know they do not, appear all at once, but none the less, chariness of tongue is a sign of weakness and slackness, nay, it is a kind of slackness in itself.

I do not know whether the foxhound is faster than he used to be in the days of our ancestors, but I am sure that our method of hunting is quicker, so that only

the very best and stoutest hounds can give tongue when the pack is running hard. Many hounds that would speak at a slower pace are fairly swept off their noses, and have no power to speak, or indeed to do anything else but strain to keep their place in the pack. So that when hounds are racing over grass it is only from the middle of the park where the Rallywoods run that there comes the few notes to which we are treated. Many of the weaker hounds would gladly speak if they could. I well remember watching a very famous bitch pack hunting a fox over a park in which long stretches of grass were broken by little clumps and spinnies. As it happened, the fox had run through every one of these, and it was noteworthy how few hounds spoke while straining over the open pastures of the park, yet when the pace was checked by the undergrowth the whole body broke out into an eager burst of melody.

I have no doubt that many of the complaints of silence in foxhounds we hear from hunting men are not well founded, or are perhaps only another way of saying that the writers are growing old, but it is equally certain that silence is no new thing, nor is it a matter to be passed over lightly when it is noticed by masters, huntsmen and others able

to judge. Roughly speaking, silence in a pack is (to make a bull) Nature asking for new blood to restore vitality in constitutions that are degenerating. I am aware, too, that many men are indifferent to music in their pack, treating any complaints of muteness as rather a sign of slowness in the complainer than of faultiness in the pack, and a half silent hound may do very well, but in the next generation all sorts of vices will appear, skirting, jealousy, and sulkiness. It will be noted that no great hound-breeders of our day have really been indifferent to tongue: whether they have noted the correlation between music and morals, tongue and stamina which I have suggested, I do not know, but they invariably act as if they did. My theory is, at all events, well founded on established facts, and is in any case well worth considering by practical hound-breeders. On the other hand, those who believe that foxhounds are being bred mute may be comforted by knowing that the fear of this is no new thing, but that the malady has broken out at all periods in the history of fox-hunting, and can be bred out by judicious choice of the fathers and mothers of the pack.

T. F. DALE.

The Sportsman's Library.

M. EDOUARD FOÀ is already known in France as the author of "Mes Grandes Chasses," a spirited record of sport in Africa. He has enjoyed opportunities of collecting material for a dozen books, since the last fourteen years of his life have been passed in exploration and in collecting speci-

mens for the Natural History Museum in Paris. His new work* renders an account of sporting incidents during thirty-nine months spent in the country north of the Zambesi and south of Lake Bang-

* "After Big Game in Central Africa." By Edouard Foà, F.R.G.S. Translated by Frederic Lees. Adam and Charles Black.

weolo; and very graphic many of his pages are. As a collector it was his business to kill, and he pursued his business systematically, his own large experience enabling him to direct his native *aides* to the best advantage. His bag was a very heavy one, 488 head of large game, including 39 elephants and 16 lions; he shot 520 head of small game, birds, monkeys, and lemuridæ; and snared or caught alive over 200 animals, varying in size from zebra, waterbuck and leopard, to a civet cat. As may be supposed, he had some exciting adventures; one of the most dramatic anecdotes in his book is that which describes his narrow escape from an elephant. The Briton may perhaps think the author occasionally theatrical, but allowance must be made for the Gallic character, and his method has the merit of rendering his narrative of interest to readers other than sportsmen. The dimensions he gives of his largest specimens invite speculation concerning the means employed to arrive thereat; as when he makes an elephant 12 ft. 2½ in. high at the shoulder: 1 ft. 5½ in. more than the biggest yet recorded! His translator, on the whole, has done justice to a most entertaining and vividly-written book; but he may be reminded that English does not include such a word as "corpulescence," and that the hinder parts of an animal are called the "quarters," not "cruppers," a too literal rendering of the French *croupe*. The illustrations, chiefly from photographs, are exceedingly good.

A perfectly ideal work* for the library, billiard room, smoking room, or whatsoever place men

do congregate in to talk horse and hound, is this Album, by Mr. George A. Fothergill. The conspicuous feature of the book is the series of portraits of members of the Old Raby Hunt Club; these are inimitable. Mr. Fothergill has studied his sitters with the eye of a true artist, and invests each one with a character and individuality that stops short of clever caricature. An outline history of the Club, which was established in 1872, long after the old Hunt had become extinct, and brief biographical sketches of the members occupy the first thirty pages; then we have forty-three full page portraits in colour. The Album has interest beyond the circle of the Club, for among its members are such well-known men as Lord Zetland, the president, Lord Londonderry, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Barnard, Sir William Eden, six members of the Pease family, including Mr. Joseph Pease, M.P., Mr. W. H. A. Wharton, the Hon. G. W. Hamilton Russell, and Colonel J. G. Wilson. Some few of these portraits have already appeared in *Vanity Fair*—a fact which of itself is a hall-mark of no mean significance. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the Album, for the clever artist has been fortunate in printers who have preserved the character of his work and have rendered justice to the very uncommon skill with which he catches a likeness. We observe that only fifty copies of the *edition de luxe* are to be published.

Major Drury, of the Royal Marines, has published a collection of fourteen most excellent short stories.* These deal for the most part with members of

* "Old Raby Hunt Club Album." By George A. Fothergill. Printed by George Waterston & Sons, Edinburgh.

* "Bearers of the Burden." Being stories of Land and Sea, by Major W. P. Drury, Royal Marines. (London: Lawrence and Bullen, Ltd., 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 1899.) Crown 8vo, fancy boards. Price 3s. 6d.

that most interesting service, the Royal Marines, and the author is obviously well qualified to write of "Her Majesty's jolly, soldier and sailor too," as Rudyard Kipling sings. There is a keen vein of observant humour running through the stories: and we have gained great pleasure from the perusal of this neat little volume.

The second edition of Colonel Sir Henry Smith's work upon "Retrievers, and How to Break Them,"* published at the very modest price of one shilling, is welcome to all lovers of one of the most charming and useful of our sporting breeds. Originally in the form of an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1897, Sir Henry's views appeared, and the article was so much appreciated that the author has reprinted it with some additions, as a separate contribution to our sporting literature.

A very useful little work on "the sport of kings" is "Flat Racing Explained;"† and "Analyst" succeeds in affording in a small space a large amount of valuable information.

It was the immortal Peter Beckford, if we do not mistake, who first voiced in print the difficulty of finding suitable names for hounds; and though the day is long past when a master could reconcile it with the rules of orthography to name the sons of Jester "Gowler, Govial and Jasper" in order to preserve the sire's initial, the business of christening the youngsters

grows by no means easier. To masters and huntsmen, therefore, we heartily commend "Kennel Nomenclature,"* compiled by Mr. Lloyd Price, M.H. This little book contains more than 2,000 exceedingly well-chosen names for dog hounds and bitches, and also a list of names appropriate—very appropriate in most cases—for terriers. Mr. Lloyd Price has earned the thanks of all who find themselves called upon to name hounds. When pedigrees are as carefully registered as they are nowadays, a large choice of names is an invaluable aid to him who seeks to avoid the confusion sure to arise from repetition. The book can be obtained only from the compiler.

Every hunting man will have a ready made welcome for this new edition† of an old favourite, illustrated by the capable pencil of Mr. Charlton. Good print and paper are Whyte Melville's deserts and this neat volume does his work justice.

Golfers will do wisely to provide themselves with the handy booklet‡ which contains particulars of the numerous links within reach of the North British Railway Company's system. It is packed full of the information a golfer requires, and the idea on which it is based might be applied to other fields with advantage.

All farmers and estate agents should read this lucid and well-written pamphlet§ on Hedges, by Mr. W. J. Malden, into the thirty-two pages of which the author has succeeded in packing

* "Retrievers, and How to Break Them." By Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B., with introductory chapter by Mr. Shirley of Ettington, President of the Kennel Club. Second edition, revised and enlarged. (William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1899.) 8vo, paper. Price 1s. net.

† "Flat Racing Explained." By "Analyst." A practical treatise on Racing, designed to meet the requirements of owners, breeders, trainers, jockeys and the general public. (London: Edmund Seal, 10, Imperial Arcade, E.C. New York: Goodwin Bros., 1899.) Small cr 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

* "Kennel Nomenclature." By M. L. W. Lloyd Price, M.H., Bryn Cothi, Nantgaredig, S. Wales. 1s. 6d.

† "Riding Recollections." By Whyte Melville. New Edition, 3s. 6d. Ward, Lock & Co.

‡ "The N.B.R. Golfers' Guide." By James Fairbairn and G. I. Moriarty, 3d. Fairbairn, Ltd., Edinburgh.

§ "Hedges and Hedge-making." By W. J. Malden. John Murray.

all the information on the subject the practical husbandman is likely to require. It is an expensive matter to raise a hedge which shall prove a reliable fence, but once raised it is not a costly business to keep it in repair. The great thing to aim at is density of lower growth: as Mr. Malden happily puts it, "a big-topped

hedge with weakness below is as much a mistake as a big-topped horse with uncertain legs." White-thorn is, above all, the plant with which to form serviceable and lasting hedges. Hunting men will perhaps read with sympathetic interest the directions for creating bullfinches: this, as may be supposed, is the work of years.

Life's Run.

BRIGHT shines the sun on November's first morning,
Decking with diamonds the dew-laden spray,
Clouds in the distance conveying a warning;
Autumn yet lingers, suggestive of May.
Eagerly waited for, now the day beckons on
Youth, ever ready to take his place there,
Down by the covert-side; all that he reckons on,
Twang of the horn, and a cap in the air,
Faith in himself, and the good steed that carries him;
Fight to the valiant, and race to the fleet,
Gone is the care, and the sorrow that harries him—
Care finds no place on the way to the meet.
For'ard away! 'ere we know it we've started!
Racing and jostling, we're in for the run,
Striving to pass by our fellows, light-hearted,
Only concerned to lose none of the fun.
Soon the field changes; and while some are beating us,
Some that we loved have fallen far in the rear,
Fresh faces flit by us; fresh voices greeting us,
Some, started badly, now drawing up near.
Still for'ard on—though the effort be weariness,
Still struggling on for position and place—
Gone the glad vigour of morn, and its cheeriness;
Left but the fear to drop out of the race.
Westward the sun sinks, in splendour and glory,
Tinting the hill-tops with orange and gold,
Swift to its close draws the day and its story,
Day drawing nightward—the tale well-nigh told.
Gone all the eagerness, morning's gay blithesomeness;
Stiffening the muscle, and weary the brain.
Pleasant fatigue comes in lieu of the lithesomeness;
Who would commence the day's struggles again?
Who will regret, when the shadows are lengthening,
Bidding us cease, and no farther to roam?
Memory is cheering us, sweet Hope is strengthening;
Welcome the mandate—" 'Tis time to go home."*

HARRY L.

* "... the whirl and tumult of the day are over, and it is time to go home."—WHYTE-MELVILLE.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

CHARLES I. was an enthusiastic golf-player, and it is alleged, though some antiquarians question the veracity of the statement, that he was playing on Leith links when a letter was put into his hand announcing the first news of the rebellion in Ireland. He did not, however, display on this occasion the *sang-froid* which heroes in like circumstances have evinced when engaged in a favourite recreation. He did not deliberately finish the round, or even allow the fate of the first hole to be ascertained, but took the arm of an attendant, and in great agitation rode to Holyrood, from whence he next day set off for London. The Duke of York, afterwards James II., was also a keen golfer, and when, visiting Scotland in 1681-82, in the capacity of Commissioner to the Scotch Parliament, he kept court at Holyrood along with the Duchess, H.R.H. was often a competitor for golf honours on the Leith links.

At this time golf was also practised at the English Court (most likely because patronised by the Stuarts), and two noblemen in the Duke's suite insisted that it was as much an English as a Scotch game. There being no historical data for the settlement of the question, it was agreed to decide it by a passage at arms. The two noblemen were to be on one side, and the Duke was allowed to select an Edinburgh player as his partner. Inquiry was of course made for the champion golfer in Edina, and universal suffrage pointed to

one Paterson, a poor shoemaker, whose ancestors had been equally famous for the like prowess. With some difficulty Paterson was induced to play, and whether from real superiority or by favour of their antagonists—for sincerity is not always found amongst the train of the blood royal—the Duke and his humble coadjutor gained the day.

For what stakes the match was played is not stated. But I presume they must have been heavy, for Paterson's share was so large as to enable him to build a house in the Canongate, to which the Duke contributed a stone, bearing the arms of the Paterson family, surmounted by a crest and motto appropriate to the distinction which its owner had acquired as a golfer. The crest is a dexter hand grasping a golf-club with the motto, "Far and Sure." The house is, I believe, still standing.

But enough of the antiquity of golf—it is with its later development that I am concerned. It has been a severe blow to the *amour propre* of the patriotic Scot to find what he maintains to be his own national game gaining a popularity among the Southron far greater even than that which it enjoys in the land of its birth. What the feelings of Scotchmen were when they saw their best golfers, both amateur and professional, beaten at their own game and on their own links by Mr. John Ball and Mr. Hilton—who are not only Englishmen, but amateurs—the imagination shrinks

from picturing. And it is still more galling to Scotsmen to remind them of the fact that the oldest golf club in existence is to be found not in Scotland, but in England, for the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, founded by James I., is more than a hundred years older than "The Royal and Antient" of St. Andrews — the oldest in Scotland.

Another sore point with your Scottish golfer is that Englishmen will *not* learn the true pronunciation of the name of the game. It is "goff." The "l" is not sounded. In this connection I recall rather a good story. Some years ago a friend of mine, whom an enthusiastic Scottish "goffer" had inoculated with his own craze for the pastime, was advised to supplement his practice by studying a "handbook" of the game. He accordingly ordered by word of mouth from his English bookseller a "Handbook on Goff," and in due course received "The Hand of Providence Exemplified in the Life of J. B. Gough." I need hardly remind my readers that at that time the name of J. B. Gough, the great temperance orator, was familiar in men's mouths as a household word.

Canon Lyttelton, in the address to which I have already referred, had something to say about golf. "As people got on in life and tried to recoup they took to golf. He had come to the conclusion that golf was good for elderly men, but not a good game for boys, and he hoped it would never be extended to girls' schools. It was lacking in co-operation." I agree with him to a certain extent. I don't think golf is a good game for boys for the reason he assigns, viz., lack of co-operation. What

is wanted in boys' games is something to promote a spirit of fellowship, to foster *esprit-de-corps*, and not to encourage individual prowess, and the natural conceit which it engenders. The same argument would apply to girls' schools; but if Canon Lyttelton means to imply that golf is not a fit game for ladies—I beg to differ from him. It is true that the attitudes of the correct golfer are not elegant or attractive when ladies assume the pose—but, after all, elegance is not everything, and a woman who is naturally graceful in her movements will contrive to make even the driving posture attractive. It is absurd, however, in these enlightened days, to credit women with no other motive in their games than the desire to look "fetching" in the eyes of men. The athletic girl-graduate of Girton and Newnham would justly resent that insinuation as an insult. So let them play golf, and more power to their elbows! Though their introduction into the game robs of its point the story of an enthusiastic old golfer, who on hearing that there had been an addition to the family of an intimate friend, asked anxiously, "Is it a gowffer?"

It has been objected to golf that it is a game trying to the temper of even veteran players, and sorely provocative of profane language, even in the most staid and sober of its votaries. Dean Boyd of St. Andrews (the once well-known A.K.H.B.) tells the following story illustrative of this peculiarity of golfers:—

"On a day in April I walked round the links with a 'four-some,' the only time I ever did so. It is sad to make such a confession, but truth must be told. My brother Alexander and Lord Colin Campbell played against

Tulloch and a departed golfer. It was extraordinary how peppery the golfers became. Tulloch and his partner were being badly beaten, and became demoralised. Tulloch seeing his partner doing something stupid, made some suggestion to him, on which his irate friend brandished his club in the air and literally yelled out, 'No directions! I'll take no directions!' Tulloch used to complain that an old story of the Links and their provocations, applicable to another Principal, had come to be told of him. 'How is the Principal getting on with his game?' was asked of one of the caddies of a returning party. 'Ah!' said the caddie, with an awe-stricken face, 'he's tappin' his ba's, and damnin' awfu'.'"

But perhaps even more painful to the onlooker is the suppressed swear when the player is debarred by his profession from the relief so welcome to the profane layman.

A well-known Anglican divine, a dignitary of the Church, was golfing on the St. Andrews Links, and like everybody else got into trouble in a bunker. Stroke followed stroke, but he couldn't get out. At length, his lips moving with extreme irritation and the effect of continued muscular effort, his caddie interposed, and coming up to the Rev. Canon, exclaimed, "Wull I say it for ye, sir?"

There are still some sportsmen, who at the risk of being sneered at as "fogies" by the present generation, agree with me that shooting over well-broken dogs is the highest and most enjoyable form of the sport. It may not be out of place, therefore, to chronicle some notable exploits of dogs in the shooting-field. I have before me as I write, a letter of

the late Mr. John Tharp Phillipson, one of the finest sportsmen of his day, in which the following passage occurs: "I am celebrated for my breed of milk-white setters which I sell at long prices as fast as I can breed them. I break all my own dogs, and all who see them are astonished at their perfection. I can take a brace and a half of setters out with a retriever at my heel; they find and I kill—not a dog moves till ordered. I then tell which of the four I like to fetch the bird and the others remain down. The advantage of the white setters over the dark-coloured dogs is that you rarely lose them. I have known people looking for hours for a staunch dog the colour of the heather, or indeed, black, without finding him: the white you can see at any distance."

George Osbaldeston, "The Old Squire," one of the finest game-shots that ever lived, had a brace of pointers, Mark and Flirt, for which he refused two hundred pounds, a very big price indeed in those days. Their excellence in the field was so extraordinary that the Squire offered to back himself and the brace of dogs for £10,000 against any man and brace of dogs in the kingdom. Of Mark's staunchness his master used to tell the following story:—"One day he made a point. I watched him for ten minutes or more, during the whole of which time I could see a fly on his nose, but so staunch was the dog that though his foot was up and near to the fly the whole time I was watching, he never offered to brush off the fly. On my walking up and flushing the game (partridges), I found the fly had so stung the dog all the time as to leave a lump of congealed blood on his nose."

But not content with orthodox shooting-dogs, "The Squire" trained a bull-dog as a retriever and trained him so well that there was no fault to be found with him, except that from the shortness of his legs he used to tread the pheasants' tails out as he carried them in his mouth. A more remarkable feat than this, however, was that of Sir John Sebright, who trained a pig to point, and not only that, but taught an Italian greyhound to fetch sticks from a half-frozen pond and a Newfoundland to play cards. But Sir John's pig pointer had a rival, for Mr. Toomer, a New Forest gamekeeper, had a pig which would not only beat for game, but stand and back as staunchly as the best bred pointer-dog.

There is a story, too, of a pony who would point—but there was a trick about this. A horse-dealer who had not even the small amount of conscience conceded to his class, had a pony which he was anxious to sell to a sporting squire. The dealer declared that the pony would find a hare and stand it as staunchly as any pointer in the Squire's kennels. Riding to a place where hares abounded, the dealer, who was quick at finding a hare, soon spied one. Knowing that a dig of the spur would instantly bring his pony to a dead stop, a sharp dig was accordingly given and an equally sharp pull-up resulted. "A hare somewhere," said the dealer, and a moment later up got puss. The simple-minded Squire was satisfied and agreed to buy the pony. He mounted his new purchase to ride to the Hall and hand over the purchase money. In crossing a bridge he applied his spur, as the pony hung a bit at a little rise on the bridge. Instantly the pony

stopped and "pointed." "Here, I say, what does this mean?" exclaimed the Squire testily. "Why, by Jove, he's stood a trout," cried the dealer, "If I'd ha knowed he'd stand trout I wouldn't ha' sold him for double the money."

There was, however, an eccentric old sportsman named John Parsons, who, having lost the use of his legs and being passionately fond of shooting, was drawn about the fields in a light gig by a donkey, which donkey he declared would find a hare and stand like a pointer. And I believe the late Mr. E. H. Budd, the great cricketer, athlete and all-round sportsman, was one of several gentlemen who tested his declaration and found it true.

I remember some thirty years ago seeing a wonderful feat of retrieving performed by a spaniel bitch at Rugby. A penny piece was thrown, as far as a strong arm could send it, into a field of standing corn—the spaniel was ordered to fetch it, and fetch it she did in an extraordinarily short space of time. In order to bother her, if possible, the thrower would pretend to throw the penny in one direction, and directly the bitch darted forward would send it flying in the opposite direction. But the sagacious bitch always discovered the trick and brought back the penny. She always fetched her master's slippers from the cupboard at night, and in order to save a second journey used to push one slipper into the other.

Mr. E. H. Budd, to whom I have already referred, had a fine retriever named Porter, and the way he came by him was this. A man named Douglas had a won-

derful bitch, who when her master was out shooting one day, to his great surprise brought his watch and laid it at his feet. He had no idea that he had lost the watch, but imagined that it must have been pulled from his pocket in getting through a hedge some distance back. Budd told Douglas he must have a pup from that bitch's first litter. Porter was that pup, and Mr. Budd, in training him, used to keep a stick dropped into a staple in the outer hall and the dog would fetch it when told, but not otherwise. One day Porter had followed his master indoors and received orders to fetch the stick. It so happened that someone had removed it, and the dog, thinking he must not come back empty-mouthed, lugged in the double-barrelled gun which had been left outside.

The following anecdote of a retriever's sagacity I give in Mr. Budd's own words. "When the Regent's Park was pasture-land and had on it but one house, Willan, the occupant of that single house, kept his thousand cows there. I happened to be in the hay-field with a friend named Powell, son of the Equerry to the Duke of Sussex. Powell, speaking of the wonderful sagacity of a retriever he had brought with him, said that I might hide his (Powell's) glove anywhere in the field and the dog would find it. The owner held the dog's head pointed away from the direction I

took. I pushed the glove right under a large summer-rick; but the dog, on being released, quickly found it."

One of the best trainers of setters, who was known as Old Potts, gave out his experience of the art usually in the following manner:—"Come and take a walk with me this morning, and see me take the first steps to break in this young dog; but stop a moment. Come in, here, Cato, or Cæsar, or whatever the name might be. See, this wanton young devil has got a hundred yards ahead already. Come in, I say. Remember this is one of the first secrets," he would add, "in the science of dog breaking, and it has an influence far beyond your power to conceive. Never suffer your dog on his road to the ground to have his nose an inch ahead of you. Even an old dog should be at heel; but with a young one it is indispensable. Keep him literally close to your knee, checking his anxiety to ramble with the voice or a crack of the whip, and should these fail let him feel the lash. The words 'Come in, here,' should be obeyed. Then with a whip in one hand, a powder-trier in the other, the dog close to your heel, proceed to throw him off. Choose a piece of ground of good extent, where you are likely to find game. Perhaps you would soon tire, but depend upon it that game killing and the breaking in of dogs are very much mixed up together."

The Veterinary Profession.

MANY who feel an interest in the treatment of animal diseases, may be astonished to learn that, although institutions for instruction in Veterinary Science had long been established in France, Germany, and other European states, it was not until the year 1791 that a well-recognised Veterinary College was founded in England.

There is no necessity for us to draw comparisons between the ancient and modern veterinary student, to the detriment of the former. Suffice it to say, that nowadays those who take their "diplomas" at this seat of learning, situated in Camden Town, London, have their industry more severely tested than would have been the case had they entered a century ago.

In order that we may sufficiently appreciate their labours, we will try and glean an insight into "The Royal Veterinary College" course, and briefly describe the career of the full-blown "vet.," finishing up with a few hints that may be useful to whomsoever cares to choose this profession.

Before students can enter the college, they must pass a preliminary examination in general education: such subjects as English grammar and composition, Latin, mathematics, and either Greek, a modern language, or logic are compulsory. Those who can show certificates that clearly prove they have passed a precisely similar or a more difficult examination embracing these particular subjects, are exempt from the veterinary matriculation.

The college fees are eighty guineas, which can be paid in four instalments. There is a Winter and a Summer Session, but the Winter Term—it begins

October 1st—is the more strongly recommended by the college authorities.

Speaking generally, the students' ages vary from sixteen to four-and-twenty. Regular attendance at lectures is strictly enforced, and the professors examine their pupils monthly.

Even supposing a diploma-candidate possesses only medium ability, he ought, with eight hours' work a day, to "pass" in the prescribed period—namely, four years. Yet no candidate can receive "The Diploma" until he has attended four sessions of not less than thirty weeks each, and also have satisfied the Court of Examiners of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons; which is totally distinct from the Educational Staff.

In order to explain how scientific the veterinary course has become, it may be advisable to mention the mere headings of subjects that students receive instruction in.

Examination for Class A—(first year).

- (a) Anatomy of all domesticated animals, including bones, ligaments and joints.
- (b) Chemistry and Elementary Physics.
- (c) Biology, Elementary Zoology and Botany.

At first sight, it does not appear a very difficult task to attain proficiency in these three subjects, after a preparation of a twelve-month. But we must not forget the various divisions and subdivisions into which the headings are split up. Usually, Botany is the great stumbling-block in Class A. This may be accounted for by the fact, that the poisonous and non-poisonous grasses are not

as a rule so closely connected with sick animals as anatomy and chemistry seem to be. Most students who get through this first examination pluck up courage and take their diplomas. At the risk of wearying the reader, it is necessary to briefly specify the remaining headings.

Examination for Class B—(second year).

- (a) Anatomy of the domesticated animals.
- (b) Histology and Physiology.
- (c) Stable - management, the manipulation of the domesticated animals and the principles of shoeing.

Class C—(third year).

- (a) Morbid Anatomy, Pathology and Bacteriology.
- (b) Materia Medica, Pharmacy, Therapeutics and Toxicology.
- (c) Veterinary Hygiene and Dietetics.

Class D—final—(fourth year).

- (a) Principles and Practice of Veterinary Medicine and Clinical Medicine.
- (b) Principles and Practice of Veterinary Surgery, Obstetrics and Shoeing.
- (c) Meat Inspection.

A student who is rejected three times, for any one of these examinations, forfeits his right of pupilage. Out of the two or three hundred candidates for the diploma, a small percentage are too lazy to qualify; others, who are endowed with more grit, take a pleasure in their work and are heartily sorry when they bid farewell to their friends at the Royal Veterinary College in order to take upon themselves the responsibilities of a practice.

At this epoch in the lives of newly-fledged "vets.," it is of

the utmost importance that they should not only feel, but also inspire confidence in their healing powers. Hitherto, they were always able to consult a professor on any doubtful points; so it is not surprising that young men who start in a district far removed from Camden Town, are apt to be disconcerted by the great change in their mode of life. Instead of being light-hearted students any longer, their nerves get upset when their surgery bell summons them to treat a disease which they have only met with theoretically, but which they cannot recognise from an illustration. In course of time the requisite experience is gained—too frequently at the expense of their unfortunate patients; for it takes a long time to ascertain how to treat the different constitutions of every horse and dog in a large practice, to say nothing of choked bullocks, swine fever cases, &c., &c.

As an instance of high examination marks being no criterion that a "vet." is competent, we may mention that many an Indian student returns to his home, highly qualified, certainly; but too prone to regard sick animals from a text-book point of view.

What, then, is the best training for a veterinary surgeon, who desires to be equally proficient in both the theory and practice of his profession?

To begin with, he ought to serve an apprenticeship to a leading country "vet." This will enable him to watch the growth of young animals in their natural state. It will also give him opportunities to excel in horsemanship, and to cultivate a "natural touch" with animals. This will prove most advantageous to him in after-life; for good horsemen do not feel much respect for "vets.," who do not handle stock in a persuasive

manner, which convinces them that the animal doctor has been accustomed to such patients from boyhood.

It is scarcely fair to send a youth to the Veterinary College and expect him to learn everything there connected with the profession; unless he has previously served an apprenticeship, the chances are in favour of his being too theoretical when he leaves Camden Town.

A subordinate, in a hard-working country practice, has his hands constantly dirty. Sometimes he is engaged cleaning or putting on hobbles, making up medicine, rubbing in blister, or giving patients balls; not infrequently even grooming or harnessing a horse. Or else keeping the day-book, or "attending distant cases in the small hours of the morning."

After he has matriculated, the student who has been so trained, is able to contrast the diseases which are prevalent in the country with those that are more peculiar to towns.

By now, the reader will have surely placed the veterinary on a level with the medical profession, if not quite socially, at all events scientifically! As a matter of fact, a first-rate "vet." requires ability almost superior to a leading solicitor's or a well-known doctor's. The reason is obvious: Balaam's ass always excepted—animals are born dumb, and so cannot inform those who treat them where their aches and pains are felt most keenly. Again, there is a likelihood that an owner or his groom have experimented with a patient before, as a last resource, they "send for the vet."

Any amateur who has tried to "examine" a horse, more especially one that he has never seen before, will endorse the statement that a "vet." who has built up

a good practice is very rarely an impostor, because the majority of horses and cattle are kept by shrewd, practical business-men, who are quick to find out if their animals are cured by those who are well paid to attend them in sickness. In this way a clever member of the veterinary profession sooner or later makes his way; whilst his inferiors are employed only by those who consider it economy to call in a second-rate practitioner who charges less for his services.

Unlike similar institutions on the continent, the Royal Veterinary College, London, is not subsidised by Government. Nor has it a riding-school. In the present college grounds there is not sufficient space to erect so large a building. In the near future, perhaps, some arrangement will be made by which "diploma-candidates" can be taught riding and driving. Yet it must be remembered how fully occupied the veterinary student is during his four years' course. Not unnaturally, he seeks manly recreation far away from the scene of his labours; his slender allowance will seldom permit such an expensive luxury as a day with the staghounds or hacking in Richmond Park, or a canter in Rotten Row.

Recently a scientific club has been formed in connection with the Royal Veterinary College. Only professors, teachers and students are privileged to become members of this *Veterinary Medical Association*. On certain days the college class rooms are placed at the disposal of the Association, which awards certificates and honorary certificates. Needless to say that the club is dependent on the pleasure of the Royal Veterinary College authorities for its existence, whose rules and

regulations it is compelled to obey; otherwise it might violate privileges granted by the College Charter.

Veterinary surgeons may be said to be divided into five distinct classes, namely:—

(1) *The College Educational Staff*, who are specialists in medicine, anatomy, surgery, or hospital surgery.

(2) *The Army Veterinary Surgeons*, who when young conform to military discipline, and are more connected with "red tapism" than the rest of their fraternity.

(3) *Town Veterinary Surgeons*, who see many cases of lameness, chiefly due to concussion—the roads in cities are of course much harder than those in agricultural districts. Glanders and lung affections are more frequently met with in large towns than elsewhere.

(4) *Country Veterinary Surgeons* usually have a mixed practice. This is because they generally reside in a small country town, and attend foaling and calving cases in the surrounding farms. Country vets examine many carriage-horses, cart-horses, hunters and hacks in the course of the year, and are frequently consulted about growing stock.

(5) *Racing Veterinary Surgeons* are found in the neighbourhood of a large breeding-stud, or at a training centre; for the many ills which thorough-bred horses are heir to require the opinion of a specialist, who has had a wide experience amongst racehorses both in and out of training.

Having briefly touched upon the scientific and practical side of veterinary, let us roughly estimate the cost of a student's education, and compare it with the pecuniary return he may reasonably expect to get later on.

Apart from buying a town or a

country practice, the sums which those who are responsible for a student's welfare must be prepared to lay out on his behalf are—

£100 for an apprenticeship of two years with a country "vet."

£100 for entrance to college, for instruments, books, and examination fees.

£500 for food, lodging, and pocket-money.

—
Total £700 during a pupilage of two years, and subsequently a four years' college course.

Supposing a junior partnership is bought for a thousand pounds in a first-rate practice, the outlay has positively amounted to seventeen hundred pounds before a veterinary surgeon has earned a single penny.

In the case of an accomplished "qualified man," who has exceptional business-push, it may be a mistake to throw money away only to play the part of second fiddle in an old-established practice. Besides, all those who are entitled to write M.R.C.V.S.L. after their names have not sufficient money at their command to do so.

Probably in no other profession is exceptional ability and steadiness more widely appreciated. Several of our leading veterinary surgeons have risen to fame purely through their own efforts. For influence will not induce those who keep a great number of animals to employ inferior men to treat them.

The best paying practices bring in as much as three thousand pounds a year. The average "vet." makes from four to seven hundred a year. Even the least fortunate are rewarded with a bare livelihood of two hundred pounds per annum, but it must not be overlooked that a horse and trap has to be kept, and

drugs purchased; and these are expensive items.

Many "vets" keep large shoeing-forges in some market-towns. Their clients often turn these forges into temporary stables on market days, and call at the surgery for bottles of medicine.

In conclusion, let us try and pick up a few hints from those who have been most successful in the veterinary profession. Whoever desires to follow in their footsteps must be cautioned against dealing in horses, unless they make a speciality of buying and selling animals that are undeniably sound.

As a rule, private purchasers do not look for hunters in a "vet.'s" stableyard. Because, to put it bluntly, a dealer who has "qualified" is supposed to know more than is good for him. There is always a likelihood of a purchaser, who becomes dissatisfied with a horse that he has purchased from a "vet.," after-

wards injuring the character of the seller.

Of course there are plenty of pitfalls which a qualified man must try to escape. Insobriety is fatal to any practice. Bad horsemanship is apt to bring down ridicule, for owners and grooms quickly detect anything that indicates inexperience. For instance, if a "vet.," when giving a horse a "ball," injures his patient's tongue by pulling it too severely, or else gets his hand bitten, some one is sure to notice it—and afterwards to discuss the little mishap. Supposing he is often clumsy, his employers will eventually lose all confidence in him, and consequently employ some one else. Neatness in the surgery is strongly to be recommended: unfailing tact, and also an agreeable professional manner, are gifts; but they can sometimes be acquired by constant care.

B.

"Our Van."

Racing—Stockton.—Coming at short intervals after Redcar and before the York Autumn Meeting, Stockton is made the middle of a fortnight's sojourn in the north, for which those whose business demands do not compel them to make long flying journeys to Windsor, Folkestone, and elsewhere, find Saltburn-by-the-Sea as charming headquarters as can be devised. The coming together of all communities is one of the features of the racecourse, and it is one that is very marked at Stockton. Those to whom, in turn, falls the pleasant duty of hospitable entertainment are, at Stockton, Lord Londonderry and

Mr. J. Lowther, and the house-parties of these hosts contribute materially to the gaiety of the club stand, where is seen a strong contrast to the dense masses outside.

Stockton gives us some presentable racing, and it is quite possible that this year's winner of the Hardwicke Stakes may develop into something above the average. This is Alvescot, a chestnut colt by Raeburn out of Alberta, bred by Mr. James Joicey. He had performed not too brilliantly at the Newmarket First July in running second to Bourne Bridge, but here, with 12lbs. of Vain Duchess, he beat

her comfortably by a length and a half. Sir Waldie Griffith continued his run of luck with his fillies, Bettyfield winning the Wynyard Plate of 600 sovs. on the first day, Landrail the Great Northern Leger of 500 sovs. on the second, and Sweet Marjorie the Durham County Produce Stakes of 1,000 sovs. on the third. This did not leave very much for anyone else.

Leopardstown.—There is no meeting held in England at which it is the custom, as it is at Leopardstown, to hold a two-day meeting on a Saturday and Monday. Such an arrangement would be certainly regarded by a large section of English racegoers with strong disfavour. However, Ireland is not England, and at Leopardstown, anyway, a two-day meeting with Sunday between finds favour, and this year the second day happened to be the first day of Ireland's greatest annual social function, the Dublin Horse Show. This meant a collection of beauty in the members' stand such as cannot be excelled, if equalled, elsewhere. The money on offer is scarcely in keeping with the occasion, but the Grand Prize, a race of five furlongs, is a stake of 1,000 sovs. It was won by one of the handsomest fillies that has ever been foaled in Ireland, Irish Ivy, by Marmiton out of Wild Ivy, who was thus celebrating her fourth consecutive success. Her three previous successes had been gained at two miles, three miles, and one mile, respectively, so she exhibited herself as a decidedly all-round performer when she cantered away with this sprint, under the top weight of 9st. 4lb.

York.—York was full, as usual, for the autumn meeting, for which special occasion the hotels raise their prices. In the spring every

justification existed for calling the Knavesmire, quagmire—a perennial quip, when weather permits; but the dry spell that had intervened had made the course terribly hard. Nevertheless, though trainers grumbled, they ran plenty of horses, but we saw none of class. Greenan, for instance, was top weight in the Great Ebor Handicap, in which he was beaten by a short head only by Cassock's Pride, whose chance was so lightly estimated that serious thoughts were entertained in the morning of sending him home. The real quality of J. H. Martin as a jockey was shown clearly enough in the Yorkshire Oaks, in which he rode Landrail, the favourite, on whom he made running, but with such bad judgment that he had the filly settled before the distance, and Victoria May won by a neck.

Something to talk about was provided by the double winning appearance on the second day of the eleven-year-old mare Xenie who, after producing five foals, against one of whom she recently ran, and spending some time in the hunting-field, came out with the freshness of a two-year-old to win the Falmouth Selling Welter Handicap and the Londesborough Handicap, each of a mile. In view of other things to come, the success of Manners (9st. 12lb.) in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, over the St. Leger distance, gained in handsome style, was interesting.

Derby.—Being at Derby on August 29th, I could not go to Cork Park to see how they manage to run over fences and hurdles at a time when English trainers are half afraid to trust their horses to gallop on the flat. But it seems to work out all right, though it is like playing football in midsummer. Derby

had a grievance, circumstances which, as far as I can see, could not be controlled, contributing to throw the whole of the three days' racing into August. Now, in the past, considerable ingenuity had been displayed by that most courteous of racing officials, Mr. W. J. Ford, in getting the first of the Nurseries, as it is agreed to call handicaps confined to two-year-olds, for Derby; but, since two-year-old handicaps may not be run before the First of September, the awkward way the calendar fell defrauded Derby of what must be regarded as its birth-right. Nevertheless, there was no falling off to record. The race to which clung the most important associations was the Sixth Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes (first year), amongst the fourteen starters being Forfarshire, O'Donovan Rossa, Jouvence and Jubert, besides one of Robinson's making a first appearance, viz., Merry Gal, by Galopin out of Mary Seaton, of whom much was expected, and not altogether without good reason. Jouvence and O'Donovan Rossa were both better favourites than Forfarshire, whose public running was no better estimated than was the private reputation of Merry Gal. The two proved to be much of a muchness, at the difference of 17lb., Forfarshire winning a good race from Merry Gal by three-quarters of a length.

The fifth series of this race (second year) was voted to lie between Sibola and Flambard, as it proved to be, and remarkable it was to note that the starting price of Sibola was 11 to 10, whereas that of Musa, her conqueror in the Oaks, was 20 to 1. Flambard was backed with confidence to beat Sibola, but he did not quite run his race out, and the filly, on whom Sloan rode a

non-forcing race, won by three-quarters of a length.

Doncaster.—Doncaster, with its St. Leger, brings us back to racing in its most severely classic form, from which, during the summer, we are prone to stray. Though not every regular racegoer attends, there is still a mighty gathering of the clans, and it would be a surprise indeed to nations less energetic in the pursuit of sport to realise the trouble taken by so many and the distances they travel to come to see the great race. That the St. Leger is what they come to see there can be no manner of doubt, and if there be people who regard the race as being a more satisfactory test of three-year-old excellence than either the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby, surely they have something to go upon. As regards the Two Thousand Guineas, there can be little comparison between a race of a mile run in April and one of a mile and six furlongs run more than four months later, whilst, as concerns the Derby, the peculiarities of the Epsom Course strongly favour horses of certain conformation. Given capable jockeys, no fault can be found with the test supplied by the mile and three-quarters on Doncaster Town Moor.

As the meeting began it looked like raising the record for attendance, so far did the numbers present exceed those of any previous first day. But Wednesday, the St. Leger day, opened threateningly, and the effect was wonderful—not upon the lower order of visitor, who was a trifle more numerous than before, but upon those who had clothes to spoil. The result was a very marked decrease in the chief enclosure which, by the way, is the strangest of all racecourse enclosures for size and

arrangement. The enormous distance, for a racecourse enclosure, that separates one end from the other, is looked upon with favour by backers, who fancy that the wide separation of the leading bookmakers that is compulsory tends to the betterment of prices. Probably an industrious man may pick up longer prices in one part than another, with each important layer making his own ring, as it were, but it must be very hard work in so large a place.

The Americans had been carrying matters before them so completely that plenty were prepared to see them reach the climax by carrying off the St. Leger, in spite of Flying Fox. There is scarcely an Englishman who is not now prepared to swear that Flying Fox is one of the finest three-year-olds seen on the Turf, a stayer of the first water, and sure to perpetuate the high fame of his several famous forefathers. Nothing is now heard of those ingenious dissertations on the comparative merits of Flying Fox and Caiman, in which it was shown that all the previous running of Flying Fox proved him to be a miler, and nothing else, and that the mile and six furlongs of the St. Leger course would find him out. The agony was piled up at a great rate, and we were told of the immense improvement that Caiman had made. It was allowed to leak out that he had beaten the best time ever made for the St. Leger distance, and no surprise would have been felt had there been a run upon him on the day. But those whose betting transactions affect the market kept their heads, and, so far from the price of Flying Fox shortening, it widened until 7 to 2 had to be laid on by anyone wishing to back him. Flying Fox gave some trouble at the start, declining to join the field,

and but for Mr. Coventry's watchful eye the flag might have fallen with him at a great disadvantage. Cannon had every reason for supposing that the Americans, two of whom were in the same interest, would dispute the lead with him every inch of the way, but they did not adopt these tactics, and Cannon soon found it expedient to take up his own running. When once he did this it was all over. Dominie II. could not go fast enough to push him, and when Caiman was called upon in the straight he could do no better; indeed, he had his work cut out to keep the second place from being filled by Scintillant, who might plausibly have done still better had he reserved for the race the energy he dissipated in his kicking displays in the paddock, during the preliminary and at the start.

The Doncaster meeting was far from being the St. Leger and nothing else, though the interest unquestionably waned on the third and fourth days. The Champagne Stakes was one of the most interesting two-year-old races of the year, Democrat and Simon Dale meeting in it. The public form of Democrat was certainly the better, and odds had to be laid on him; at the same time, Simon Dale was heavily supported to beat him, though the American gelding came best out of the paddock inspection.

It is a pity that a race of this importance cannot be run on a straight course, but we must take things as they are. Democrat won, and Simon Dale was second, beaten a neck, and if the race were run again, on a straight course or a curved one, the result would be the same, save that Democrat might win further. He certainly should have done so on this occasion, but he swerved as

he pleased in the straight, and Simon Dale, whose course had to be changed from outside to inside in consequence of the swerve, caught him rapidly.

On the same day the result of the Great Yorkshire Handicap, over the St. Leger course, gave a forecast of the big race of the next day that wise men could not ignore. Calveley had been the principal horse to lead Flying Fox in his work. He was reckoned about 21 lbs. worse than the Derby winner, and his trainer considered that he had trained himself stale. Yet, in capital style, he won, giving weight away to Rensselaer, Asterie, Candelaria and Uncle Mac, amongst others. On the last day Calveley won the Doncaster Cup from St. Ia and Innocence.

The Portland Plate saw Eager and Ugly antagonised, as last year, when Eager, with 5 lbs. the best of the weight, beat Ugly by a couple of lengths. This year Eager was giving Ugly as much as 12 lbs., but the result was precisely the same. Such form as this should have given Eager the race, but he had to be content with second place to Mazeppa, whose advantage of 34 lbs. proved a trifle too much. Mazeppa was not a dear purchase at 80 guineas.

In the Park Hill Stakes, run over the St. Leger course, we saw Irish Ivy back to her old distance. She had four other fillies to beat, and they included St. Lundi and Sweet Marjorie. The task was easily accomplished, and further attention was drawn to the very nice character of this filly. In her connection a humorous incident is said to have taken place, an Irishman, after the St. Leger, having congratulated John Porter on having in his stable the second best three-year-old in training. "The second best!" exclaimed the trainer, who

can take a joke as well as anyone, but this was trying him high, "and pray which is the first best?" "Why, Irish Ivy, to be sure."

The Doncaster Yearling Sales.

—The morning yearling sales formed the usual attractive feature of the week, and the course of events in the way of prices was awaited with interest. So far, apparently, breeders of the most fashionable stock need not quake in their shoes, for, despite the average failure that attends the purchase of the highest-priced yearlings, the determination to gamble in them seems as pronounced as ever. Whether it is wise or not to pay thousands time after time on the off chance of one day getting a "classic" winner, is no business either of mine or of anyone save those who take pleasure in the operation; and I shall not be contradicted when I say that a very serious change will be brought about when buyers decline to go into four figures. The sale ring, of course, controls the racecourse, and the transactions in the one may be taken as a barometer to the other. If pedigree was everything, there was plenty of justification for some of the high prices. What, for instance, could read more tempting than yearling colt by St. Simon out of Mimi, or yearling filly by Isinglass out of La Flèche? Yet the produce of La Flèche, La Veine and Strongbow, costing together 5,800 guineas, have so far won one race between them. Still, for the filly by Isinglass some one was willing to give 2,300 guineas, although she is decidedly small, the some one being the owner who is already possessed of the two previous failures. However, as I have hinted, it will be a cold day for breeders when this sort of purchaser ceases to be. The pur-

chase for 3,000 guineas of a chestnut colt by Bend Or out of Silver Sea, by Sir J. B. Maple, was not looked upon as an extravagance, the yearling being regarded as quite the nicest sold for some time. His sire must be getting on in years, by the way.

Hunting—The Oakley Hounds.

—On August 22nd Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker had twenty-nine couples of hounds at Radwell Bridge by 4.45 a.m. It was unfortunately a dense fog in the early morning, and the attendance at the tryst naturally select, though one man had ridden two and thirty miles since eleven o'clock on the previous night to catch the first glimpse of hounds in the field and to listen to the first burst of music of the season. A litter of cubs had moved from the Ash Beds fringing the hillside above the river, so the master drew on to Pavenham, accepted his first "toss" over some rails into covert with good grace, and having reached Pavenham Osiers, found his first fox. It was so thick that it was impossible to see, but there was no doubt it was an old campaigner, and when the village was reached the pack were stopped, their pilot having threaded the main street. In Freers' Wood a strong litter was found and dusted up. The following morning saw them at Biddenham. Messrs. Whitworth, Peacocke and Hawkes, who farm this peninsula, had tidings of some cubs kennelling in some potato-fields. True enough, there they were, and hounds dropped on to them at once, taking a brace at a rare pace by Biddenham village to Bromham Bridge, the going better than we had expected. At that point they were headed, and one at least paid the penalty before Mr. Whitworth's house was reached, its companion crossing the same field, while due

honour was being done to its manes. Mr. Whitaker lost no time in getting his hounds on to him, but it took some time before another mask was hanging from the saddle.

The Ravensden fixture also proved another excellent outing for hounds, a glorious rainfall on the previous night having improved matters vastly. One cub was accounted for in the Ravensden coverts, and the Putnoe was visited and toll was taken of a very strong litter after they had duly received the orthodox drilling.

On August 29th Mr. Whitaker visited the preserves of that keen sportsman, Mr. "Billy" Mitchell, who for so many years hunted the Bedford Harriers; in fact, had his old grey lived, he would still have hunted them to this day, for he was an excellent lead over an awkward place, easy to mount again, and knew as much about the game as his owner. It goes without saying these coverts teemed with foxes both old and young, and a very hard morning's work for hounds was spent amongst them, without the just reward.

The month was ushered in with a capital morning from Knotting Fox, where Mr. Farrar keeps not only foxes, but pheasants, a bright example to some parts of the country. All honour to him and his keepers, for it matters not in what part of the hunt his shooting is, foxes at any rate are plentiful. A proof of this came on the 4th, when with Chicheley Brickway as the fixture, a brace of cubs to ground and a brace brought to hand was the tally of the morning's work.

Operations were commenced in Thickthorns in a dense fog which hung over the country, until with one to ground and one killed

sufficient had been done there. Hall's Spinney held another good litter, one of which paid the penalty.

At Kimbolton, on the 8th, a brace were handled out of a good show, and on Monday 11th, from Moulsoe they proved the resources of that district by finding at least three and a half brace in Drake's Gorse. Orthodox cub-hunting was adhered to for some time, but at length hounds were allowed to go away after a cub which headed for the Newport Pagnell road, and rolled him over close to the house of that good sportsman, Mr. Whiting.

The Whaddon Chase.—Mr. Selby Lowndes commenced by having a morning in the home woodlands on September 7th. It was a thick fog, however, and beyond finding plenty of cubs and marking one to ground in Codimore Hill nothing worthy of note occurred. September 12th they again took the field and found a nice show of cubs in Nash Brakes, Thornton, and Furzen Fields, bringing one to hand at the latter coverts. The young hounds enter well, and as Sturman has the best-looking lot to put forward that has been seen in those kennels for some years, he has something to be proud of.

The Grafton.—These hounds delayed their start on account of the drought until September 12th, when they killed their first cub from Stoke Park after some capital work in those coverts.

The Bicester.—The hard ground kept Mr. Heywood Lonsdale in kennel until September 9th, when he was able to make a start in Lord Jersey's coverts at Middleton. It goes without saying foxes were plentiful in those well-cared-for preserves, and finding at once, hounds hunted one cub from covert to covert in the

park until the foiled ground made scent so bad that the master decided to let them go if a cub should face the open, and getting away on one towards Bignell they drove him by Bucknell Lodge to Trough Pool to taste their first blood at the end of two and a half hours' work. Returning to the park the pack were soon busy with a cub which had been moved earlier in the morning, and twenty minutes sufficed to see him brought to hand.

September 12th found them at Shelswell, "the squire's" coverts teeming with foxes. The first hour was spent in Pond Head where there were at least two and a half brace, the scapegoat of which was lucky to save his brush below ground just when his death appeared most assured. Going on to Spilsmore, Cox soon had at least five brace on foot, and hounds ran one to ground in a drain in the adjoining field. Curiously enough, at the time another cub came for shelter at the same place, and getting the pack on to him they raced him to another drain at Shelswell Farm, from which he was dislodged later on by a terrier. Meanwhile, however, the kennel terrier, Appleby Sam, had been inserted into the first drain and hounds had the satisfaction of handling their cub. Going back to Spilsmore another was booked before it was decided to turn homewards, a leash of cubs to their credit.

Mr. J. P. Vaughan Pryse.—Congratulations to Mr. J. P. Vaughan Pryse, who is about to enter upon his forty-second season as master of the pack of harriers he founded in 1858 and has since maintained at his own cost. Mr. Vaughan Pryse's place is among the Nestors of the hunting field, as in his eighty-second year he feels as fit to carry the horn as ever.

The Bath and County Harriers.—No pack of harriers has shown more marked improvement than this. Mr. Hugh Clutterbuck when he had them set to work to bring them up to the Peterborough standard, and the present master, Captain Delaval Astley, has carried on the work. The result is a pack of Stud-Book harriers of the modern type which should be able to hold its own in the show ring as well as in the field. Of the bitches, Gossamer and Dainty are a beautiful couple, and there is a dark dog-hound, Monarch, I think, which is very much the ideal of the modern type of harrier. The foxhound cross is noticeable, but the blood is of the best, Belvoir Pirate being the ancestor of some of the best hounds in the kennel. The Bath and County have a good country to hunt over, and the Sodbury Vale is well known to fame.

The Wells Subscription.—This old-established and well-managed pack is not to be given up after all, Major J. Sherston having come forward to take them in hand. The arrangement, it has been whispered to the writer, gives great satisfaction to the farmers and those who follow these hounds over a country which, by the way, is none too easy to cross.

Hunters at Bath Show.—This is not the place for a description or criticism of show-ring hunters, but it may be permitted to us to express our satisfaction, in that the prizes went to horses which, with one exception, looked like being able to take their own part across country. Mr. Charles McNeil and Mr. John Hill are both practical men. Pancake, the heavy-weight winner, and Mr. Drage's Brampton (a particularly charming ride) were two of the most typical hunters

that have been seen out for some time. There was one polo pony in the show, Mr. T. Gouldsmith's Silver Star. This pony, which is a lengthy bay with capital shoulders and beautiful forelegs, appeared in the covert hack class very appropriately, for a good many polo ponies earn their winter corn in that way to their own advantage and the profit of their owners. A well-bred, well-mannered polo pony is the perfection of a covert hack.

The late Charles Leedham.—It is just a century ago that the grandfather of the late huntsman to the Meynell went to Hoarcross. Charles Leedham, who was connected with the Meynell hounds for forty years was the fourth of his family to carry the horn with these hounds. Tom Leedham was immensely popular in the country, and was in due course succeeded by Charles. There never was a hunt servant more liked and respected and who deserved it more. As a family of sportsmen the Leedham family will rank in the history of fox-hunting with the Smiths and the Goodalls.

The Warwickshire.—The Hon. R. Verney has been acting as master during the illness of his father. It is sad to think that we shall not again see that fine huntsman, Lord Willoughby de Broke, in the field. The magnificent pack of hounds he has formed will, however, long be a memorial of his services to the country. We may still be permitted to hope that his life will be spared. The new huntsman, Brown, who came from Lord Harrington's, began his season with the bitch pack early in September, and with rather indifferent scent managed to account for a cub. In Warwickshire as elsewhere the cry of the sportsman is still for rain.

An Old Friend.—The passing away of Bartlett, formerly whipper-in and afterwards feeder to the Queen's Hounds, reminds me of early days when I had my first lessons in hound lore from the old man whose long and faithful service was rewarded with a pension some eighteen or twenty years ago.

The Puckeridge.—The writer had an opportunity of seeing the bitch pack at work, and by the kindness of the master, Mr. E. Barclay, was able to note the pedigrees of some of the entry. It may be said generally that the pack is full of fashion and quality to look at, while for drive and music they are noted. In routing the cubs in a notoriously bad scenting covert they showed that they could hunt, that they must go fast their make and shape are a sufficient witness. Mr. Barclay is a firm believer in Belvoir blood, and so is his rising young huntsman, Jem Cockayne. It was a pleasant sight to see the young Delegates and Dexters entering eagerly to their quarry. The Puckeridge have not escaped the curse of distemper, a large number of puppies having succumbed. Luckily this pack is one of the most fortunate in England in its walks, and can send out from sixty to eighty couples.

The Cub Hunting Season.—Up to the time of writing, the season has been marked by want of rain, and the ground has been very little affected by what has fallen. Foxes are plentiful in most countries, and there is so far a considerable decrease in the mange. The Quorn especially has stamped out this curse. The young entries of the year are good and coming on well, but distemper has made some kennels rather short in numbers, but the quality is everywhere good. A

fortnight's steady rain is what is wanted now, if we are to have a good October and November.

Lord Fitzwilliam's Puppy Show and Luncheon.—The annual puppy show on August 2nd was this year made the occasion of a great luncheon given by members of the hunt to the farmers over whose lands they hunt, and their wives. The entertainment was held in the Riding School at Wentworth, and in a large marquee. The former is capable of seating easily 600 guests, but so unanimous was the response to the hunt invitation that accommodation had to be provided for 300 more. Before lunch the guests had assembled to watch the judging by the Right Hon. F. J. S. Foljambe, Mr. J. S. H. Fullerton, M.F.H., and Mr. C. B. E. Wright, who had to adjudicate upon a capital entry of 16½ couples, 8½ couples dogs and 8 bitches. Mr. F. P. Smith, who, in the absence of a member of the veteran master's family, officiates as Field Master, took the chair in the Riding School, and Mr. G. A. Wilson, the popular hon. secretary, presided in the marquee. The speeches were few and brief. Mr. Foljambe proposed "Our Visitors the Farmers," and dwelt upon the debt members of the hunt owed to the occupiers of the land. The house, grounds and gardens were thrown open to the visitors, and it was late before the guests took their leave after a most enjoyable day.

Polo—The Dublin Inter-Regimental.—This series of games produced no very close contests, the superiority of the 17th Lancers being very marked. The return of this famous regiment to the polo ground will be welcomed by all. Some of the best players of our time have been trained in the team of the 17th, notably Mr.

E. D. Miller and Captain Renton. It is possible that had Major Rimington been playing, the Inniskillings might have made a better score in the semi-final. Their play was very good till it came to hitting goals, and then luck and skill both failed them. The final took place on September 2nd, between the following teams, on a ground made sticky and uncertain by rain.

| 17TH LANCERS. | RIFLE BRIGADE. |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Mr. Fletcher. | Mr. Boden. |
| Captain Tilney. | Major Jenner. |
| Mr. Carden. | Major Jenkins. |
| Captain Portal. | Captain Vernon. |

The game was marked by the excellent passing of the ball by the 17th on a difficult ground, and eventually they won by fifteen goals to three.

The Subalterns' Cup.—In the final of this cup the Inniskillings turned the tables on the 17th Lancers. The game was slow owing to the wet ground, and the hard hitting of Mr. Haig and Mr. Ansell told well on the Nine Acres, which is apt to get a bit sticky in bad weather.

The teams were as follows:—

| INNISKILLINGS. | 17TH LANCERS. |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Mr. Paterson. | Lord Beauclerk. |
| " Ansell. | Mr. Davis. |
| " Dixon Johnson. | " Fletcher. |
| " Neil Haig. | " Carden. |

There was a sharp struggle up to half time, after that the Dragoon team with the goals in hand went ahead and won as they pleased.

London Polo Club.—The course taken in keeping the club open through the autumn has been amply justified by the results, and few better games have been seen on the Crystal Palace ground than that between Woolwich and a home team on September 2nd. The London Club team had the

best of the game at first, but after a hard struggle the match ended in a draw.

All Ireland Cup.—Among many interesting matches played during the Dublin polo tournaments none surpassed the final of the All Ireland Cup on Saturday, August 26th. We are always certain to see good polo when the Inniskillings play, and to add to the interest, County Sligo, the winners of the County Cup, had to meet the Dragoons in the final. I have more than once drawn attention to the splendid school for polo which the Irish County Union has proved, and thus the appearance of a county team in the final added greatly to the interest. The attendance was as large as is ever seen at a polo match in the Phoenix, and that is saying a great deal.

Nor were those disappointed who expected a great game. The struggle was worthy to be recorded alongside the finest seen on the Nine Acres. It is of no use to look at the final score of four to one, for the scores were even till the Sligo ponies gave way. There was nothing to choose between the teams, and it is quite possible that if their ponies could have stayed Sligo might have won, especially as the Inniskillings were very uncertain at times in their shots at the goal posts. The teams in this fine match were:—

| INNISKILLINGS. | COUNTY SLIGO. |
|------------------|---------------|
| Captain Paynter. | Mr. Connolly. |
| Mr. Ansell. | " O'Hara. |
| " Higgins. | " L'Estrange. |
| " Haig. | " Fitzgerald. |

Lady Cadogan gave away the cup to the winners.

The late Mr. Drybrough's Ponies.—The old favourite, Charlton, will not be among the ponies to be sold at Rugby on October 6th. She is to be pen-

sioned off. We all know how great a favourite she was with her late master, and what good service she has done. It is satisfactory to think that she will have a quiet and comfortable old age. Charlton, a dark chestnut with a blaze, was probably one of the very best heavy-weight polo ponies of recent years.

Mr. W. J. Drybrough's collection of sporting pictures and prints is to be sold at Christie and Manson's, and is well worth the notice of amateurs in such things. There is a very large number of pictures, some of which are excellent examples of well-known artists of sporting subjects.

Stansted.—A very interesting series of games on the American system were played at the ground of this club on the week ending September 2nd. Thus there were four teams entered; each goal obtained counted one, each game won reckoned as three, and a draw as one and a half. On a slippery ground the final was played on September 2nd between:—

| A. | C. |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Mr. Gerald Gold. | Mr. W. Buckmaster. |
| „ P. Bullivant. | „ G. Game. |
| „ A. Lobb. | „ O. Blyth. |
| „ R. Blyth. | „ G. B. Game. |

Mr. Buckmaster's team won by $2\frac{1}{2}$ points after a close struggle, his No. 4, Mr. G. B. Game, playing a capital, though somewhat rash game. This was good tactics, with Mr. Buckmaster in front of him, and was justified by the result.

The Ranelagh Polo Picture.—Mr. Goodwin Kilburne has this now well-known picture at his studio. The portraits of Lord Shrewsbury and Captain Hanwell are to be added, and everyone will agree that this will make the group more representative of Ranelagh polo.

Deauville.—The principal tournament of the season, the Prix International, was fought out by five teams, and the final tie produced as exciting a game as has ever been witnessed at Deauville. The three teams who succumbed in the earlier stages of the competition were the Uniteds (Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Holden Watt, Baron de Tessier and Lord Villiers), a Paris-Madrid team composed of Mr. Wright, M. Larios (vice M. de Escandon, who had put out his arm in the County Cup final), M. "Rice," and the Marquis de Villavieja, and the following Deauville Polo Club quartette:—M. Louis Faider, M. Fauquet-Lemaitre, Mr. C. Barton and Baron Lejeune, the popular ex-master of the Pau Hounds. The two teams who were left to try conclusions in the final tie were both English, the Foxhunters and the Buccaneers, the last-named having in 1898, as the Wanderers, scored their third successive victory in the tournament. It should be noted, however, that there was one change in the team; Mr. Davison, who played last year, giving place to Mr. Laurence McCreery. The other three members of the team were Messrs. Marjoribanks, Reginald Ward and F. Menzies. Their opponents the Foxhunters were Messrs. Walter McCreery, F. J. Mackey, F. M. Freake, and A. Rawlinson. On this occasion the Foxhunters more than avenged their defeat by the Buccaneers in the County Cup, and after leading by two goals to one at half-time, ultimately won a galloping game by six goals to three. The prizes, four tankards of quaint design, were presented to the winners by Mr. Henry Ridgway, who in conjunction with the Prince de Poix, has done so much to promote sport in Deauville, Paris and the south of France.

As there were more players present this year than usual, a polo pony race meeting and show of ponies was held during the last week, the Deauville Race Committee lending the course and stands for the occasion. Out of the three flat races on the card, Mr. Freake won the two in which he competed with his well-known bay mares, Sheila and Swallow respectively. In the other, M. Louis Faider's brown mare Arcadia (owner) walked over the course, and Mr. Laurence McCreery won the mile steeplechase on his grey pony Denis. At the conclusion of the races a polo pony show was held, for which the Marquis de Castelbajac, Comte le Marois and Comte de Uribarren officiated as judges. The Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld's chestnut mare Norah won the jumping competition and Mr. L. McCreery's Denis secured first honours as the best pony which had played polo during 1899 at Deauville or Bagatelle (Paris). In the mare class the judges placed Mr. Freake's Sheila first, and he also won the prize for the best stud of four with Sheila, Swallow, Sunshade and Evy. The last polo match of the season was that between the Buccaneers and Calvados for the Consolation prize; the latter team being really the Foxhunters, with the Marquis de Villavieja playing instead of Mr. Mackey. Calvados hit a goal soon after the start, but so well were the teams matched that nothing further was scored until the fifth period, when the Buccaneers managed to equalise. The interest was maintained until the very end, the match ending in a draw of three goals all. So ended the 1899 Deauville season, the success of which must have been a source of great gratification to Mr. Reginald Herbert, who worked so hard to that end.

Field Trials for Spaniels.—Two lots of trials for sporting spaniels are announced for the coming season, the Sporting Spaniel Club being the first in the field with a meeting on December 12th and following days. This will be held on Mr. B. J. Warwick's estate at Little Green, Sussex, quite as varied a shooting as Sutton Scarsdale, where the inaugural trials were held in January last. A month later the first trials arranged by the committee of the Spaniel Club are to be held on the Duke of Portland's Welbeck estate, his Grace, this year's President, having consented to place his coverts at the service of the club. Both meetings are open, and considerable interest is being taken in the scheme of working trials as drawn up by the two clubs. The breed ought to benefit very materially.

Golf.—In the matter of the Irish Championship the state of things seems to be the same as in the old days, when in event of a vacancy occurring it was a case of "No Irish need apply." The Championship has been played for on eight occasions, and each time it has been won, either by a Scotchman or an Englishman, and the few natives of Ireland who have ventured to enter the contest have almost invariably succumbed in one of the early rounds of the tournament. This year Mr. John Ball, junior, of Hoylake, is the Irish Champion. The play was at Portmarnock near Dublin, and he won with a measure of ease in striking contrast with his experience in the Amateur Championship this year when he fought with, and defeated Mr. P. G. Tait. His opponent in the final round was Mr. J. M. Williamson, a Musselburgh player who did well in the Amateur Cham.

pionship and who at Portmarnock distinguished himself in the Semi-final by defeating Mr. H. H. Hilton by a single hole. Playing against Mr. Ball, however, Mr. Williamson showed poor form, as poor indeed as he showed a few years ago in this same Irish Championship, when he met Mr. W. B. Taylor in the Final round. He was beaten by Mr. Ball by no less than 12 up and 11 to play. At the same meeting there was a medal and match competition for professionals, in which Harry Vardon once more carried all before him. One of his medal rounds he did in 72 strokes while in the Final round of the match play he beat J. H. Taylor of Richmond by 13 up and 11 to play. Willie Park, junior, of North Berwick, took part in the competition, but neither in the one class of play nor in the other did he show to much advantage. Following close upon this meeting there was the annual contest for the South of Ireland Championship, which was won by Mr. J. R. Gairdner, Richmond, who defeated Mr. Josiah Livingstone, a young Edinburgh University player in the Final round, by 6 up and 5 to play. The play was on the links at

Lahinch. Both Mr. Gairdner and Mr. Livingstone were at Portmarnock, where the former was put out by Mr. Hilton and the latter by Mr. Ball.

The Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews had a most successful meeting for the Victoria Jubilee Vase. The links were in splendid condition, and the weather all through the meeting was everything that could be desired. Like the play for the Calcutta Cup the play for the Victoria Jubilee Vase is under handicap, but unlike the former the handicap takes the form of strokes, not holes. In the later rounds there were a number of very exciting matches which afforded great interest to the spectators. In these the brothers Tait and the brothers Blackwell lost their places, and it fell to Mr. H. C. Ellis, and Mr. C. A. W. Cameron to fight out the Final round. The latter received a stroke at five holes, and playing a steady, though by no means brilliant game, he succeeded in halving the match. The result of a second round was that Mr. Ellis won by 3 up and 2 to play and thus became the holder of the Vase for the year.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During August—September, 1899.]

"CONTRARY to general expectation, the coarse fishermen appear to have obtained a very fair amount of sport during the August holidays. The record performance probably has, however, been the capture by a boy of fifteen of a fine pike, weighing 26lbs. He was fishing in the Dorsetshire Stour, near Blandford, and suddenly found himself fast to a very heavy fish, which was successfully landed after some twenty minutes' exciting play. It was in magnificent condition, and measured 42in. from

eye to fork of tail, and 22in. round the shoulders. The skin was forwarded the same evening to Mr. J. Richardson, 123, Euston Road, for preservation, and was exhibited in his shop window on Wednesday, when it attracted numerous spectators."—*Field*, August 12th.

The following is from the *Sportsman* of August 24th :—"Mr. Smith, of Glencave, is said to have shot a stag with ten points, made a good bag of grouse, and landed a clean run salmon, all in a single day."

The death occurred, on August 27th, of Mr. Arthur Budd, a past president of the Rugby Football Union, and ex-captain of the Blackheath F.C., at the early age of forty-six. Mr. Budd was educated at Clifton College and Pembroke College, Cambridge, and five times appeared for his country in International matches.

The Quarter Mile Amateur Running Championship at Blackpool, on August 28th, resolved itself into a race between F. C. V. Lane, the Australian, and J. A. Jarvis, the former winning by about five yards, after a keen struggle.

Mr. Ernest Renshaw, the celebrated lawn-tennis player, died at Waltham St. Lawrence, on September 2nd, aged thirty-eight years. His principal performances in public include the championship in 1888, the All-Comers' Singles in 1882-83-88, the Double Championships in 1880-81-84-85-86-88-89, the Mixed Double Championship in 1888, the Irish Championship in 1883-87-88 and 1892, the Irish Double Championship in 1883-84-85, and the Irish Ladies' and Gentlemen's Double Championship in 1881-87.

The Doncaster sales commenced on Tuesday, September 5th, but business, as is often the case early in the week, was quiet. The best price, 710 gs., was paid by Mr. S. Darling for a yearling colt by Royal Hampton; Mr. Chaloner bought Daring, by Burnaby, for 600 gs., and Captain Forester purchased a filly by Gallinule at 500 gs. The Earl of Crewe sent up four yearlings; of these Irish Idyll, a filly by Kilwarlin, made 400 gs., Mr. R. Chaloner buying. Mr. J. Hornsby gave 400 gs. for a colt by Burnaby.

The feature of Wednesday's sale was the Bruntwood yearlings, Mr. Platt sending up eight, which realised 7,070 gs., giving an average of 883 gs. Captain Machell paid 2,000 gs. for a Kendal colt, dam St. Marguerite; Mr. G. Faber gave the same figure for a colt by St. Simon—Sea Air, and Mr. W. Cooper secured a filly by Trenton—Musidora, for 1,000 gs. From the Worksop Manor yearlings Mr. S. B. Joel secured a colt by Bunbury—Pales, at 710 gs.

Sir Tatton Sykes' yearlings, sold at Thursday's sale, numbered six, making 7,490 gs., an average of 1,248 gs. Of these the top price, 2,300 gs., was paid by Mr. J. W. Larnach for the filly by Isinglass—La Flèche. Mr. Beatty bought a colt by St. Simon—Mimi, at 1,600 gs.; Sir Blundell Maple gave 1,550 guineas for a colt by Kendal—Chrysalis, a filly by Isinglass being knocked down to Mr. Marsh at the same price. Mr. Simons Harrison obtained an average of 1,113 gs. for seven,

the top price being 3,000 gs., paid by Sir J. B. Maple for Silver Bay, a colt by Bend Or—Silver Sea; Major Fenwick gave 1,300 gs. for a colt by St. Serf—Orlet; Sir J. Thursby secured the colt by Orme—Pamela, at 880 gs.; Mr. E. C. Wadlow gave 850 gs. for a colt by Orme or Kendal—Stirrup Cup, and Lord Crewe took a filly by Bend Or—Irish Melody, at 700 gs.

Fourteen yearlings from the Theakstone Hall Stud changed hands, Mr. C. J. Miller paying 1,400 gs. for a colt by Bona Vista—Hinton. Mr. J. H. King gave 1,300 gs. for a colt by Orme, and Mr. S. B. Joel purchased a colt by Royal Hampton for 1,200 gs.

On Friday Mr. Ralph Sneyd's youngsters were forward, and twelve sold; the best price was paid by Captain Bewicke, who gave 830 guineas for a colt by Blue Green—Pink, and Mr. Cooper purchased a filly by the same sire at 700 gs. Mr. Miller bought a colt by Father Confessor at 500 gs., being the top price obtained in Mr. Taylor Sharpe's consignment.

The death is announced, on September 6th, at Uttoxeter, of Charles Leedham, late huntsman of the Meynell. The deceased, who only retired in 1898, was fifty-eight years of age.

The Duke of Westminster's Flying Fox won the St. Leger on September 7th in 3 min. 15½ secs.; Wildfowler occupied 3 min. 13 secs. last year, and Galtee More was 3 min. 31½ secs., covering the course in 1897.

By the victory of Flying Fox the Duke of Westminster is credited with two St. Legers, Ormonde winning in 1886, and is the only owner of two horses who have each won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the St. Leger. Other winners of the triple event are—West Australian, 1853; Gladiateur, 1865; Lord Lyon in 1866; Common, 1891; Isinglass, 1893; and Galtee More, 1897.

An interesting table, published in the *Sportsman* of September 7th, gives the amounts won as two- and three-year-olds by winners of the St. Leger for thirty-four years past, together with the number of starts and wins. Donovan is credited with the greatest value of stakes, viz., £44,563, winning seventeen times out of nineteen starts. Flying Fox, this year's winner, comes next with £32,906, winning eight out of ten starts; Galtee More secured £24,977, and Isinglass won £23,437; Lord Lyon and Achievement each totalled over £22,000, and Ormonde's winnings stand at £20,121.

A correspondent writes to the *Field* of September 16th as follows:—"Baccarat,

a well-bred hunting mare, standing 16 hands, and girthing 5ft. 11in., stands in a large loose box, with the ordinary doors dividing half-way up, the lower door being 4ft. 4in. from the floor, and 3ft. 6in. wide; the top door remains open, leaving a space of 2ft. 7in. high and 3ft. 6in. wide. The mare jumped clear out of the box through this opening, the outside ground being 8in. lower than the floor of the box. She rubbed herself on the top and bottom of the opening, but not enough to take the hair off."

Master Kildare, who won the City and Suburban Handicap in 1880, died early in September at the Napagedl Stud, Austria-Hungary, where he had been standing since 1892. Foaled in 1875, by Lord Ronald, Master Kildare won the Liverpool Autumn Cup in 1879, carrying 8st. 13lb. The horse was probably best known as sire of Melton, the Derby winner.

Heavy scoring was the feature of cricket in 1899, no less than 223 scores of 100 and over being recorded; there were three scores of 300, viz., Abel, 357 (not out), Major Poore, 304, and 300 (not out) by Trumper, the Australian. On ten occasions in county cricket 200 and upwards were made. The following scored a century and upwards more than once:—C. L. Townsend, 9; Ranjitsinhji, 8; Abel, Hayward and Major Poore each 7; W. G. Quaife and Perrin, 6; C. B. Fry, F. S. Jackson, and J. Darling (Australian), 5; Shrewsbury and A. O. Jones, 4.

At Broomhead, Yorkshire, Mr. R. Remington-Wilson and eight guns, including Lords Powis, Savile, and Sondes, and Messrs. F. Fryer and Pearson Gre-

gory, in two days got 2,024 and 1,920 grouse respectively, and another day 914 rabbits.

A good bag for four days' shooting was obtained at Farr, Inverness shire, when Mr. Mackenzie and party killed 1,324 grouse, besides 111 hares and 2 blackcock. On one day 262½ brace of grouse were killed.

Shooting over the Bolton Abbey Moors during the first seventeen days of the season, the Duke of Devonshire and party bagged close upon six thousand brace of grouse.

A correspondent writing to the *Field* gives some interesting particulars of sport on the south-east coast of America. The following is the total bag obtained by H.M.S. *Beagle* during the period 1897-1899:—Partridges (Tinamu), small, 5,228; partridges (crested), 156; martineta, 91; montoras, 42; pigeon, 120; duck, 380; teal, 434; widgeon, 38; snipe, 350; swan, 4; geese, 50; hare, 162; rabbits, 130; guanaco, 27; cavies, 41; puma, 2; ostrich, 10; wild cattle, 15; various, 174. Total, 7,454.

At the puppy show of the Albrighton Hounds, held at the kennels, a presentation was made to Captain Foster, the late master, consisting of a life-size portrait, painted by the Hon. J. Collier.

The resignation of Frank Goodall, huntsman to the Kildare Hounds, is reported. In recognition of his services during thirteen years, a testimonial, consisting of a service of silver plate, a cheque for £400, together with a list of the subscribers, was presented on behalf of the members of the Hunt by Colonel the Hon. C. Crichton.

TURF.

YORK.—AUGUST MEETING.

August 22nd.—The Yorkshire Oaks of 425 sovs.; for three-year-old fillies; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. J. W. Larnach's br. f. Victoria May, by St. Simon—Hampton Rose, 8st. 10lb.O. Madden 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. Landrail, 8st. 10lb. J. H. Martin 2
Mr. F. Alexander's b. f. Quassia, 8st. 10lb.M. Cannon 3
2 to 1 agst. Victoria May.

The Prince of Wales's Plate of 885 sovs.; for two-year-olds; New T.Y.C. (five furlongs, straight).
Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. c. Simons-

wood, by St. Simon—Daisy Chain, 8st. 7lb.O. Madden 1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Royal Step, 8st. 4lb.J. H. Martin 2
Mr. Russell Monro's b. c. Victor Wolf, 8st. 7lb.Rickaby 3
5 to 1 agst. Simonswood.

August 23rd.—The Duke of York Stakes of 510 sovs.; for three-year-olds; one mile and a half.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b. or br. c. Carbiston, by Donovan—Caserta, 8st. 5lb.M. Cannon 1
Mr. J. A. Miller's br. c. Innocence, 9st. 3lb.Halsey 2
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's ch. f. Lady Ogle, 8st. 9lb.S. Loates 3
3 to 1 agst. Carbiston.

The Convivial Produce Stakes of 480 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; New T.Y.C. (five furlongs, straight).
Mr. H. J. Mills' b. f. Satyrica, by Allaway—Satira, 8st. 2lb.

M. Cannon 1

Captain Laing's b. f. Papdale, 7st. 13lb.F. Finlay 2

Mr. A. Henderson's ch. f. Guidwife (late Oxtail), 8st. 9lb. Chapman 3
6 to 4 agst. Satyrica.

The Great Ebor Handicap Plate of 925 sovs. ; one mile and three-quarters.

Major J. D. Edwards' b. g. Cassock's Pride, by Cassock—dam by Brown Prince, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb. (car. 8st.)Fagan 1

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b. c. Greenan, 4 yrs., 9st. ...Rickaby 2

Mr. Arthur James' b. g. Sinopi, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)

O. Madden 3

100 to 6 agst. Cassock's Pride.

August 24th.—The Great Yorkshire Stakes of 885 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; one mile and three-quarters.

Duke of Portland's b. c. Manners, by St. Simon—Tact, 9st. 12lb.

T. Loates 1

Mr. Fairie's br. c. Galliot, 9st. 4lb.

Rickaby †

Mr. R. C. Harrison's br. c. Sir Reginald, 8st. 12lb.Allsopp

11 to 10 agst. Manners.

The Harewood Handicap Stakes of 570 sovs. ; six furlongs.

Lord W. Beresford's br. f. Chinook, by Sensation—Breeze, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb.J. H. Martin 1

Mr. D. Seymour's ch. h. Sirdar, 5 yrs., 9st.S. Loates 2

Mr. W. E. Elsey's b. h. Cardonald, aged, 7st. 11lb. Yarnell 3
9 to 2 agst. Chinook.

The Gimcrack Stakes of 465 sovs. ; for two-year-olds (six furlongs, straight).

Mr. Russel's br. f. Dusky Queen, by St. Simon—Virginia Shore, 8st. 4lb.O. Madden 1

Mr. L. Alvarez's bl. or br. Filly by Rusticus—La Carolina, 9st.

Nunez 2

Mr. Russell Monro's br. f. Goosander, 8st. 4lb.S. Loates 3
13 to 8 agst. Dusky Queen.

DERBY.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

August 29th.—The First Year of the Sixth Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes of 1,030 sovs. ; for two-year-olds (five furlongs, straight).

Mr. Dewar's ch. c. Forfarshire, by Royal Hampton—St. Elizabeth, 9st. 2lb.S. Loates 1

Mr. W. H. Walker's b. f. Merry Gal, 7st. 13lb.N. Robinson 2

Mr. T. B. Miller's ch. f. Madame Rachel, 7st. 13lb.F. Finlay 3
5 to 1 agst. Forfarshire.

The Peveril of the Peak Plate, a Handicap of 925 sovs. ; the Straight Mile.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. St. Ia, by St. Serf—Berengaria, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.J. H. Martin 1

Mr. Theobald's b. h. Phœbus Apollo, 6 yrs., 7st. 6lb. (car. 7st. 7lb.)F. Finlay 2

Lord W. Beresford's br. f. Chinook, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb. (10lb. ex.) Sloan 3
4 to 1 agst. St. Ia.

The Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes of 885 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; the Straight Mile.

Mr. P. Lorillard's b. f. Sibola, by The Sailor Prince—Saluda, 9st. 3lb.Sloan 1

Lord Rosebery's b. c. Flambard, 8st. 12lb.C. Wood 2

Mr. F. Alexander's br. c. Wolf's Hope, 8st. 10lb.M. Cannon 3
11 to 10 agst. Sibola.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

September 2nd.—The Michaelmas Stakes of 444 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Lord W. Beresford's bl. g. Blacksmith, by Wolf's Crag—Maxima, 9st. 10lb.Sloan 1

Mr. Russel's b. f. Tiresome, 9st. 11lb.O. Madden 2

Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Edith Crag, 9st. 11lb.T. Loates 3
5 to 2 on Blacksmith.

The September Stakes of 459 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; one mile.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. Landrail, by St. Serf—Thistlefield, 9st. 4lb.J. H. Martin 1

Lord Falmouth's b. c. King's Evidence, 9st.Rickaby 2

Lord Radnor's ch. c. Friar's Cowl, 9st. 7lb.Bushell 3
8 to 1 on Landrail.

DONCASTER.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

September 5th.—The Champagne Stakes of 1,310 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; Red House in (five furlongs 152 yards).

Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Democrat, by Sensation—Equality, 9st.Sloan 1

Duke of Portland's b. or br. c. Simon Dale, 9st.M. Cannon 2

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. Bettyfield, 8st. 11lb. J. H. Martin 3
2 to 1 on Democrat.

The Great Yorkshire Handicap Plate of 975 sovs. ; Old St. Leger Course (one mile six furlongs 132 yards).

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Calveley, by St. Serf—Sandiway, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. M. Cannon 1
Mr. J. E. M'Donald's ch. h. Rensselaer, 5 yrs., 8st. S. Loates 2
Mr. Teddy's ch. g. Uncle Mac, 5 yrs., 8st. T. Loates 3
6 to 1 agst. Calveley.

September 6th.—The St. Leger Stakes of 4,050 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; the Old St. Leger Course (about one mile six furlongs 132 yards).

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Flying Fox, by Orme—Vampire, 9st. M. Cannon 1
Lord William Beresford's ch. c. Caiman, 9st. Sloan 2
Mr. R. A. Oswald's b. c. Scintillant, 9st. F. Wood 3
7 to 2 on Flying Fox.

September 7th.—The Portland Plate of 715 sovs. ; Red House in (five furlongs 152 yards).

Mr. C. A. Mills' b. f. Mazeppa, by Wolf's Crag—Maxima, 3 yrs., 7st. 6lb. S. Loates 1
Mr. Fairie's b. h. Eager, 5 yrs., 9st. 12lb. M. Cannon 2
Lord Wolverton's b. h. Ugly, aged, 9st. J. Watts 3
9 to 4 agst. Mazeppa.

September 8th.—The Park Hill Stakes of 855 sovs. ; for three-year-old fillies ; Old St. Leger Course.

Captain Peel's b. f. Irish Ivy, by Marmiton—Wild Ivy, 8st. 10lb. J. Doyle 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. Sweet Marjorie, 8st. 13lb. J. H. Martin 2
Lord Crewe's b. f. Saint Lundi, 8st. 13lb. M. Cannon 3
9 to 4 agst. Irish Ivy.

The Prince of Wales' Nursery Plate of 880 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; the Sandall Mile.

Duke of Portland's b. f. La Roche, by St. Simon—Miss Mildred, 7st. 12lb. S. Loates 1
Mr. Fairie's b. g. Cutaway, 8st. 5lb. (car. 8st. 6lb.) Rickaby 2
Lord W. Beresford's br. g. Perdicus, 8st. 11lb. (7lb. ex.).. Sloan 3
5 to 1 agst. La Roche.

The Doncaster Cup of 590 sovs. ; about two miles, over the Old Course.

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Calveley, by St. Serf—Sandiway, 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb. M. Cannon 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. St. Ia, 4 yrs., 9st. 11lb. J. H. Martin 2

Mr. J. A. Miller's br. c. Innocence, 3 yrs., 8st. 4lb. Halsey 3
9 to 4 on Calveley.

The Doncaster Stakes of 470 sovs. ; for foals of 1896, to run at three years old ; one mile and a half, over the Old Course.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. Landrail, by St. Serf—Thistlefield, 8st. 9lb. J. H. Martin 1
Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Umbrosa, 8st. 9lb. F. Finlay 2
Mr. Fairie's br. c. Galliot, 8st. 12lb. M. Cannon 3
5 to 2 on Landrail.

ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT AND WESTERN MEETING.

September 14th.—The Ayrshire Handicap Plate of 930 sovs. ; about one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. J. G. Baird Hay's br. f. Gyp, by Grafton—Phantasie, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb. Fagan 1
Mr. G. MacLachlan's br. g. Marthus, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lb. Purkis 2
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Brio, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. (car. 8st. 5lb.) Rickaby 3
3 to 1 agst. Gyp.

POLO.

August 22nd.—At Phoenix Park, Dublin. Sligo beat Dublin by 8 goals to 1, and won the (Ireland) County Cup.

August 26th.—At Phoenix Park, Dublin, Inniskilling Dragoons beat co. Sligo by 4 goals to 1, and won the (Ireland) Open Cup.

August 29th.—At Phoenix Park, Dublin, 17th Lancers beat Rifle Brigade by 15 goals to 3, and won the Regimental (Ireland) Cup.

September 1st.—At Phoenix Park, Dublin, Inniskilling Dragoons beat 17th Lancers by 7 goals to 1, and won the (Ireland) Subalterns' Cup.

CRICKET.

August 22nd.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Australians, latter won by an innings and 230 runs.

August 23rd.—At Tonbridge, Kent v. Yorkshire, former won by 8 wickets.

August 23rd.—At Cheltenham, Gloucestershire v. Surrey, latter won by 140 runs.

August 26th.—At Nottingham, Notts v. Middlesex, latter won by 10 wickets.

August 30th.—At Portsmouth, Hants v. Sussex, latter won by an innings and 16 runs.

September 1st.—At Kennington Oval, Surrey v. Hants, former won by an innings and 230 runs.

September 6th.—At Hastings, South of England v. Australians, latter won by 110 runs.

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Lyons, 1874

W. H. K. 1874

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 455.

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WITH

Steel Engraved Portrait of MR. N. C. COCKBURN, M.P.H.

Portrait of THE LATE REV. CHAS. HOLCOMBE LEACROFT.

Fig. wings of THE SHOOTING-FOUR and SPANIEL AND PHEASANT.

Mr. N. C. Cockburn, M.F.H.

• C. COCKBURN, Master of
• Grey Hounds, whose por-
• are enabled to give in
• of Baily's, has been
• and sportsman since
• days.

in the year 1855, he was
at Eton and at Christ
Oxford; and during his
University made oppor-
to acquire that knowledge
and hunting which he
turned to such excellent
Lincolnshire. He was a
at Eton, and of course

PLATE II.—NO. 477.

did not renounce earlman ship at Oxford, where he achieved distinction by rowing the only recorded dead heat for the Junior sculls at the "House." He also won several prizes on the running path, and in 1887 was captain of the University Polo team. Like many another man, he hunted whenever he could put in a day with the Bicester and Warden Hill, then under the mastership of Lord Chesham; and with the South Oxfordshire during the reigns of Mr. Charles Morrell and Mr. E.

H. J. J. J. J. J.

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 477.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

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WITH

Steel Engraved Portrait of MR. N. C. COCKBURN, M.F.H.

Portrait of THE LATE REV. CHAS. HOLCOMBE LEACROFT.

Engravings of THE SHOEING FORGE and SPANIEL AND PHEASANT.

Mr. N. C. Cockburn, M.F.H.

MR. N. C. COCKBURN, Master of the Blankney Hounds, whose portrait we are enabled to give in this number of BAILY'S, has been an athlete and sportsman since his school days.

Born in the year 1866, he was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford; and during his stay at the University made opportunity to acquire that knowledge of hounds and hunting which he has since turned to such excellent account in Lincolnshire. He was a "wet bob" at Eton, and of course

did not renounce oarsmanship at Oxford, where he achieved distinction by rowing the only recorded dead heat for the Junior Sculls at the "House." He also won several prizes on the running path, and in 1887 was captain of the University Polo team. Like many another man, he hunted whenever he could put in a day with the Bicester and Warden Hill, then under the mastership of Lord Chesham; and with the South Oxfordshire during the reigns of Mr. Charles Morrell and Mr. E.

B. Fielden. Foxhunting did not satisfy to the full his love of the chase, for during the season 1886-7 he combined athletics with sport by officiating as whipper-in to the Christ Church Beagles, of which Mr. H. B. Craven was then master. Although he devoted so much time to field sports and games he did not leave Oxford without taking his degree.

In 1895, when Major Tempest resigned the mastership of the Blankney, Mr. Cockburn was invited to take the reins of the hunt. Until Mr. Cockburn's accession, from the date of the division of the Old Burton country (1871) into the Burton and Blankney, the pack had hunted three days a week. The new master took over a tract of country which had in former times been hunted by Mr. Jarvis and afterwards by the Burton Hounds: and by thus enlarging his territory was able to show his supporters four days' hunting a week instead of three. In the year following his assumption of the mastership, Mr. Cockburn bought the hounds from the country, and his present pack of fifty-six couples is as good a one as there is in England. Ben Capell was his first huntsman: and when Capell left to succeed Frank Gillard with the Belvoir, Mr. Cockburn engaged George Shepherd, who came to him from his eastern neighbours, the Southwold.

Every master has his difficulties to contend against, and in Mr. Cockburn's case trouble took the serious form of scarcity of foxes; also, numerous coverts were regularly closed to hounds during the early part of the season in the interests of the pheasant. So grave did the difficulty become that the master felt unable to continue in office, and in 1897 tendered his resignation to the Hunt Committee. Even had they been

willing to accept it, Mr. Cockburn would have found it hard to resist the pressure put upon him to remain, when nearly one thousand tenant farmers in the Blankney country petitioned him to remain, assuring him that he might count upon their support in every possible way. Such a petition could not be resisted, and Mr. Cockburn continued at the head of affairs. This episode is probably one that the subject of our sketch holds as the pleasantest in his sporting career, for such a spontaneous mark of esteem and regard on the part of the farmers in a country is the strongest evidence of goodwill on the part of those to whom every master looks first for support. It may be added that the Blankney farmers were as good as their word, for from that time forward foxes increased, and the country to-day is better stocked than it has been for the last twenty years.

Mr. Cockburn is always up with his hounds, and his popularity is in no way diminished by the fact that he keeps his field in order; any over-zealous sportsman who presses the pack or comes near over-riding hounds when they are brought to their noses is sure to hear of it, and the master of the Blankney can be politely cutting in his reproof when occasion requires.

Perhaps one reason for Mr. Cockburn's popularity is that he makes a point of buying his horses as far as possible from the farmers in his country; any man who has one that shapes like a hunter has a good market awaiting him at Hartsholme Hall, where the master resides. He will not be there much longer, however, for he has recently purchased an estate in the middle of the Blankney country, and is building a house, whence his hunting friends, high

and low, may hope that his stay among them will be prolonged.

Foxhunting does not exhaust Mr. Cockburn's taste for sport: he races a little; Cardonald, by Carronald—Ingonda, has won him some races at Northern and Midland meetings, while The Toy, a chestnut gelding by Rattle, dam by Priestcraft, has caught the judge's eye in several steeplechases. He is fond of cricket, and his eleven play annual

matches with Zingari, Free Foresters and other clubs. He generally finds time to put in a month or two salmon fishing in Norway.

He serves his country as a Justice of the Peace for his native county of Lincolnshire, and he can write the letters D.L. after his name; though he probably thinks more of the M.F.H., to which his friends hope he may be long entitled.

"What Shall I Subscribe?"

THE obvious answer to the question which so many are now asking themselves is the cautious phrase which, time-honoured legend asserts, carried the budding solicitor triumphantly through his final examination—"It all depends." For the hunting man the amount he should subscribe depends upon so many different factors that the answer to the enquiry which heads this page cannot by any possibility be the same for all.

For argument's sake it will be better, we think, for us to consider the simplest case first: that of the man who takes up his quarters in the middle of the country in which he intends to hunt, and who means to content himself with the three or four days' sport a week with the pack of his selection. In very many cases his duty to the hunt treasury is perfectly clear: the annual subscription, whether a lump sum, or at the rate of so much per horse kept, is common local knowledge and should be laid down in "Baily's Hunting Directory"; and if the new comer have any

doubt on the point he writes to the Honorary Secretary, gives that official information concerning his stud and the hunting members of his household, and enquires for what sum he shall draw his cheque. In a country where fields are numbered by hundreds and the hunt expenses are therefore heavy, he must be prepared to disburse liberally, not forgetting that the subscription which makes a single man welcomed in a country should be increased if the subscriber is the happy owner of a hunting wife, or of hunting sons or daughters.

The gallantry which welcomes ladies for their own sakes is too often a luxury which funds will not sanction in these days, and the £20, £30, or £40 which the husband and father pays for himself should be enhanced in ratio with the number of days per week he anticipates that his wife and daughters will come out. Sons should subscribe independently, the commercial rule "reduction on taking a quantity" being, we think, inapplicable to the hunting field. And, it may be added, the

single man does wisely when he supplements the minimum subscription asked by "a bit extra," in view of occasional visits from hunting friends. This latter precaution may perhaps be omitted in countries where the capping system prevails; but as most of us prefer that those who accept our hospitality should not be taxed, however modestly, for the sport they have come to enjoy, the plan of a supplementary guest subscription commends itself. Of course the objection arises that a man may not know at the beginning of a season how often he may bring a friend to the meet. Furthermore, his friend may be the staunch supporter of a neighbouring pack, for whom the master will have a ready-made welcome as a guest of the hunt. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule; and if the subscriber does not wish to frank hunting visitors who may never appear, he will, if his own personal subscription be forthcoming punctually at the opening of the season, find no difficulty in settling with the Secretary the amount of his supplementary cheque at the end. There is one rule we would lay down for the guidance of all in every country, whether visitor or resident—let your cheque be in the Secretary's hands not later than November 1st, and preferably before that date.

The stranger who chooses his quarters to command the meets of two or more packs of hounds, has a rather less easy task to satisfy himself—and the Secretaries—in the matter of subscription. Let us take the case of the fortunate man who can establish himself at Rugby with a stud for six days a week. On the north lies the Atherstone, meeting four days a week, minimum

subscription, £10. On the east the Pytchley, four days a week, minimum subscription, £25. On the south, the Warwickshire, four days a week, subscription not for publication; and on the west the North Warwickshire, three days a week before and four days a week after Christmas, no minimum subscription. Our sportsman, happily conscious that the best country hunted by each pack is within easy reach of Rugby, will naturally wish to distribute his patronage among the four; but it would be obviously unreasonable to expect that he should send the full subscription to each. It is a question whether his proper course is to identify himself with the hunt whose meets he most frequently attends, and by paying the full subscription to its funds qualify for indulgent treatment from the Secretaries of the remaining three. This is a point for the settlement of which local usage is the best guide.

The man, however, whose means allow him to make Rugby his hunting centre, and keep a stud of horses that will enable him to do justice to his opportunities, is not one who need look twice at a ten-pound note, and he is more likely to err on the side of liberality than the reverse. For the less wealthy man who, with three or four hunters, takes up his quarters on the borderland of two countries, the general rule holds good: he should subscribe the full amount to the hunt whose meets he most frequently attends, and ask the Secretary of the other if he will accept a subscription in ratio with the number of days he may hunt with that pack.

A Hunt is not a business concern carried on for the purpose of money-making; and in cases where the rules of the hunt pre-

scribe a fixed minimum, the visitor may be sure that it has been decided after careful consideration of the expenses, and he should pay the specified sum without subjecting the Secretary to the unpleasantness of "dunning" him. If he settles for the winter without first ascertaining how much he will be expected to contribute to the hunt funds, and the secretarial demand prove more than he anticipated, he has no ground for complaint. He did not take his house or hotel quarters without enquiring about rent, and he should at the same time have been at the trouble of sending a postcard to the Secretary requesting information on the point.

In countries whose financial position is assured, and where necessity does not exist to restrain the growth of fields by the imposition of a pecuniary check, there is usually no fixed minimum; and where this is the case the visitor should contribute according to his means, and the number of days per week he may hunt with the pack. For instance, if one day per week only, say 10 guineas, two days per week 20 guineas, and so on.

It is often urged that the ease with which subscription rules can be made is discounted by the difficulties attending their enforcement. So far as the resident for the season is concerned, we have reason to think these difficulties are much over-rated. There seems to prevail in some quarters an idea that every master and every secretary regards the stranger as a natural enemy; as a species of human wolf whose appearance at the meet demands instant and drastic measures in defence of the farmer whose land and interests the said wolf is about to trample under foot—if

mixed metaphor may be excused. Those who entertain this idea appear to think that there is but one course open to the master, who consequently says to his secretary, "There's a fellow whose face I never saw before, some d—d stranger. Go and tell him that I shan't throw hounds into covert till he pays his thirty guineas, and if he don't pay up in three minutes or take himself off, I'll take the hounds home!" Masters do not exercise their authority in that fashion; they are men of the world, and endowed in most cases with more than average tact and forbearance. It is assumed that every new comer is an intending supporter of the hunt until the stranger proves the assumption incorrect.

As a rule the honorary secretary will, after the first few days of hunting, make opportunity to introduce himself to the newcomers in turn, and will mention the amount expected, and make it courteously plain that he takes for granted the stranger's intention to send a cheque when he returns home.

It is, we assert with confidence, extremely rare that necessity arises for recourse to a threat to take hounds home. He would be a courageous man who, after firm but courteous warning to withdraw, attempted to ride to hounds. However strongly the misguided stranger may uphold the principle of sport at others' expense, he knows his own species better than to uphold it in his own person, thereby courting some of the pains of martyrdom without its compensating crown. Extreme measures are to be avoided if possible, but if a master find it necessary in the interests of sport to deprive his field of their day's pleasure, the obnoxious stranger

will find, probably to his cost, that the step has the unanimous support of the field.

It must be observed that a code of subscription rules which suits the requirements of one country may be wholly inapplicable to another, and each frames its rules with an eye to the exigencies of its own case. The capping system is a kind of financial straw to which those responsible for the treasury are every season admonished to cling. The cap serves its purpose admirably in some countries, but not necessarily in all. A master whose country is within easy reach of favourite winter resorts whose population is almost kaleidoscopic in the frequency of its changes, or within too easy reach of London or other large cities, may cap the casual stranger with advantage. Thus the Southdown Hunt, which attracts visitors from Brighton and Worthing, has decided to levy a half-sovereign cap as the best means of obtaining from temporary residents the necessary modicum of support. To ask a man who happened to be spending a fortnight at Brighton and hoped to treat himself to three or four days with hounds on a hired hunter, to subscribe ten guineas, would verge upon the unreasonable; to request his withdrawal at sight would be unsportsmanlike; and the cap suggests itself as the appropriate medium. The Burstow Hunt protects itself against unwelcome invasion from London by taking a cap of a sovereign from each stranger who appears at the meet—which, by the way, is never advertised in the sporting press.

We have cited these two hunts as representative examples in which the cap serves its purpose as an equitable means of making the chance visitor pay for his sport;

but because they find the system efficacious it does not follow that all other hunts must do the same. Take the case of a country which is somewhat thickly populated with fairly well-to-do residents, or is within easy reach of large numbers of such residents who do not consider themselves obliged to send an annual subscription because they hunt irregularly, or, say, once a week. The capping system in this case is inapplicable, troublesome and uncertain in its operation, inasmuch as men who wish to escape contributing can easily do so. Do we not know of cases in which Brown, Jones or Robinson comes to the meet without the necessary change and on the strength of the nodding acquaintance between the Secretary and himself won't forget to send a postal-order by that night's post—and does forget? The very fact that these one-day-a-week men are residents in the country is in their favour, if they don't mean to pay cap money more often than they can help. A "sliding scale" of annual subscriptions is surely better, and if hounds hunt four days a week the one-day sportsman may be properly asked to contribute one fourth of the sum expected from regular followers of the pack. If he thinks his weekly day with hounds is not worth it, let him stay at home.

We have sometimes heard a hunt secretary made the subject of hostile criticism because he has accepted from Jones a smaller subscription than has been exacted from Brown, who keeps the same number of hunters and comes out neither more nor less frequently. It seems to escape the notice of some good sportsmen that subscription may be partly paid in kind. If Jones does his duty by the hunt in walking a couple of

puppies, while Brown—or perhaps Mrs. B.—“really cannot put up with the mischievous beasts about the house,” surely Jones, who is not too well endowed with this world’s goods, is entitled to some indulgence if he asks for it. And in the same way, if Robinson rents a covert at his own expense for the benefit of the hunt, he is, if he pleases, quite entitled to expect that his contribution shall be less than the full subscription demanded of Brown, who does nothing for the hunt. The puppy walker is one of the master’s mainstays; the very fact that he does walk puppies proves him a sportsman of the right sort, and what is perhaps more to the point in the present connection, the healthy appetite of a foxhound puppy is not to be satisfied for nothing in way of expense.

It is quite unnecessary to add that tenant farmers of land in the district or bounds of the hunt should not be expected to subscribe, as the farmer’s subscription takes the shape of permission to ride over his fields, and more is not to be asked of him.

We have already said that a hunt is not a money-making business, but it must not be forgotten that many a man whilst following hounds is also following his profession, and is reaping a direct and indirect benefit from his association with the hunt.

How familiar at the meets are smiling faces of local professional men anxious to foster friendships and to cultivate fresh acquaintances; the solicitor, the doctor, the vet. and horse-dealer, the land-agent and auctioneer, the wine, corn and other merchants, all of whom are in the fortunate position of combining with a day’s sport the likelihood of extending their *clientèle* through the fascinat-

ing medium of the good fellowship of sport!

Almost proverbial is the time-honoured advice so often tendered to a young man about to follow his calling in a fresh country district, “Be sure and go out hunting, you may make some friends and do your business a lot of good.”

A benefit of this nature we would grudge to no good sportsman, but we would beg these subscribers, when they are drawing their October cheque, to give a thought to the guineas which may have come their way through their association with foxhunting, and to reflect that for what they have received and for what they are about to receive they should be truly thankful.

But, on the other hand, it goes without saying that the sporting parson should not be pressed, as he would naturally contribute his small mite.

There is one branch of our subject which we approach with diffidence as being pregnant with possibilities of trouble and misunderstanding. We refer to the position of the game preserver in a hunting country who only tolerates foxes and who, until his coverts have been shot, closes them to hounds. This often does not occur until Christmas, when the cream of the hunting season is over, or nearly so. Though nothing will entirely compensate for the exclusion of hounds from a covert which is known, or has been known, as a sure find, we venture to hope that the shooting tenant, whether a hunting man or not, will bear in mind the well-known words:—

“One fox on foot more pleasure will bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing.”

He has the law on his side? Yes, he has the law, but if you come

to that so has the farmer, and we all know that foxhunting only exists on sufferance—happily a stronger and wider basis than that word of ominous purport usually conveys. Liberality of subscription on the part of the zealous game preserver will go far to secure that kindly feeling between shooting and hunting men which makes for, nay, is indispensable to, the continuance of sport. Live and let live. Fox-hunters may deplore the closing of a covert and shooting men the iniquities of foxes. It is a matter of give and take, a question of

compromise, and with a little indulgence on either side hunting and shooting men can pull together like sportsmen. Antagonism between gun and hound, if carried far enough, would in time result in the extinction of hunting in shooting counties, and an exodus therefrom of hunting men into more favourable pastures. For every reason such migration would be regrettable; not the least harmful result would be a large accession of numbers to fields already of unwieldy size and the spoiling of their sport.

Some Spanish Mules.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

HISTORY repeats itself even in small things. Thirty and odd years ago, on the eve of the Abyssinian war, a campaign waged against great physical difficulties, entailing a long mountain march hampered by a vast train of baggage animals, I was employed, with others, in buying Spanish mules. To-day a British officer is in Spain engaged on much the same business, and although my experience may not greatly serve him, I propose to set it down in the hope that it may amuse and, perchance, instruct the public. Some blunders were committed, some mistakes made in our time, and they are worth recalling, for they might be repeated even in these more enlightened days. There was, however, some excuse for us and those who directed us. The Remount Department, an excellent modern institution, did not exist then; the Intelligence Department was in its infancy, with

little information as yet stored in its now well-stocked pigeon holes. We had nothing to guide us in our operations but vague traditions of what had been done in the Crimean war, and our own anxiety to make the best of things. If the results achieved were not entirely satisfactory, at least we shipped some fifteen hundred mules from Alicante, on the east coast of Spain, within a couple of months.

The Secretary of State for War at that time (1867) was General Pakenham, and he took up the question of transport with great energy. Time pressed; animals must be got without delay, *comme il faut*, and officers were at once despatched to purchase them at all the great European centres of supply. Spain was one, and in the first instance the mule purchase in this country, generally prolific in mules, was entrusted to the Governor of Gibraltar, Sir Richard Airey, who was empowered to

buy all that were to be got in the South of Spain. I was at that time Brigade-Major in the garrison of Gibraltar, and the business was put into my hands. I had a fair knowledge of Spanish, and some experience in the country. Within four and twenty hours I started *via* Malaga, Cordova, and Jaen to the east coast of Spain, meaning to establish my head-quarters at Alicante, where, according to all I could hear, large quantities of mules might be secured. It had, moreover, a commodious harbour with deep water alongside its mole, and the embarkation could be carried out with ease when the necessary shipping arrived.

Almost simultaneously three other officers reached Alicante from England, and I was desired to co-operate with them. One was W., a smart Captain of Horse Artillery; the second an Assistant Commissary-General, C.; the third P., a well-known veterinary surgeon attached to the Royal Artillery. At the same time two other parties or "commissions," as they were styled locally, were ordered to Spain, one for Valencia, and the other Barcelona, while in his eagerness to be abreast with the demands, General Pakenham had entered into a contract with a private firm, to supply mules from the north of Spain. These, to the number of a thousand, were to be directed on Alicante, and placed under our charge until they could be shipped off to the Red Sea.

Our orders were to open up relations at once with the British Consul at Alicante, and we found an aged, very courtly old gentleman, who had borne the rank of Colonel in De Lacy Evans' Spanish Legion, and who was by this time half a Spaniard. He was hospitable to the extent of asking us to a *tertulia* or "at home," and useful in obtaining for us our

first employé, Miguel, an arrant rogue, but yet an invaluable assistant.

One feature in the business we were engaged upon was highly satisfactory to us personally, and it is worth mentioning as one of the few occasions (within my experience) in which the British Government behaved with great liberality to its officers. The rate of pay fixed for the remuneration of all employed in the mule purchase was three guineas per diem. It was an Eldorado to us; better than the pay of a Major-General on the staff. How or why the pay was so high I have never been able to gather, but it had the effect of stimulating us to our very best efforts, and I had the good luck to draw it for nearly five months.

The first point to settle was the method of purchase. Should we work wholesale or retail? Buy one by one, over the counter as it were, or contract for a number to be delivered on a certain day? Our colleagues at Valencia and Barcelona adopted the latter course, and the first were in due course rewarded with a fine level lot of animals, five hundred of them, at a high average price, some £25 a head; the second waited hopefully, but got no replies to their advertisement. We decided to try our luck with what were brought in, and in the end our average rate was a little under £20 for a good, sound, medium-sized beast. There were drawbacks at the very outset to our system. Grave doubt for some time whether owners would come in to our market; then we had to make all the arrangements for stabling, feeding, and caring for our animals. This included the rent of buildings and their fitment, the purchase of forage, the provision of head-stalls and nose bags, on all of which our over-

seer, Miguel, had fine pickings. The question of stables was solved by our securing the local bull-ring, not just then in request for performances, and the central arena became our market-place, while in the circular-covered corridor was ample space for housing some five hundred animals, separated by parting bars, and tied up to iron rings. When the numbers on our hands greatly increased, and at one time we had upwards of 1,200 in charge, we made use of a wide space outside the bull-ring, which, for a small rental, the local authority eventually allowed us to enclose.

On the first day of purchase we drove up in the hotel omnibus, the four of us, to find a long table laid out across one end of the bull-ring, and at a given signal the great gates were opened to admit the considerable crowd of men and animals that were collected outside. One of the first to appear was an imposing personage—a mulatto-faced gipsy in the picturesque garb of his district, a white vest, short white skirt, black gaiters, black *faja* (sash), and black circular bull-fighters' hat. This gentleman came to me as spokesman of our party, and announced himself as the "Key of La Mancha"; when he "unlocked the door we should be over-run with mules." I thanked him, and begged him to put the key in the lock. But now he took me aside with much mysterious solemnity, and proposed a preliminary bargain. Our advertised price for a perfect animal fulfilling all conditions of height, age, temper and soundness, was 150 dollars, £30? *Bueno*. Every mule he produced should be charged at that price, nominally, but the sum paid to him should be one arranged between him and me, and the

difference between that and £30 he and I should divide. "*Esta usted?*" Did I understand? I did, perfectly, and my answer was to have the Key of La Mancha ejected from the bull-ring, telling him that British officers did not do such things, and ignoring his indignant protest that Spanish officers were not so squeamish about a bit of commission.

We got on excellently without the "key." Indeed, his failure encouraged the smaller dealers to come forward counting on fair play, which they got, but no extravagant prices, for we soon commanded the market, and practically fixed our own terms. The process was very simple. A mule was led past our tribunal once or twice, and the point settled whether it should be further examined or at once rejected. In the latter case it was dismissed with its owner, not seldom to reappear by and by in the hope of slipping through unobserved. If the beast looked likely, our vet., P., took it in hand, and ended a close examination by seizing it by the head and belabouring it with a rib-roasting staff to test its temper. Sometimes he was dragged half over the ring, and seemed in peril of his life, but as P. stood six feet two, and weighed thirteen stone, the mule had always the worst of it. Last of all, the price was fixed amongst us, the amount recorded on a slip of paper, and handed to the owner, to take it or leave it. We seldom, if ever, increased our offer by a single dollar, and as has been said, our average purchasing price was about a hundred dollars, or £20.

We were faced very early with a serious difficulty; a great scarcity of specie. Cash had to be paid for our mules, and was not

to be had in any large amount in exchange for Treasury bills, and our commissary was in despair. He was one of the old school, brought up to work "on paper," and after the first failure to obtain specie he retired to his bedroom, and fired off several long official letters at us, his colleagues, whom he could have found in the next room. His chief desire was that, in this dearth of specie, we should abandon retail purchase and go in for contract, so that he might pay by cheque or bill in one or two lump sums and be spared the inconvenience of providing cash daily. W. and I stuck to our own system as the cheapest and best, and forced the commissary to go further afield for his money.

One telegram to our Minister at Madrid and another to the officer in charge of the commissariat chest at Gibraltar, soon obtained for us sufficient supplies of specie, but C. took it in very bad part. After this he did very little work, but would retire for hours to his bedroom, carrying off the day's *Times* to enjoy himself in his own way. C. did not remain long at Alicante. He was replaced by another commissariat officer of quite a different mettle—a keen, active, smart man-of-the-world who brought his wife with him, a charming English lady, who joined our hotel party and greatly helped to lighten our incessant labours by her gracious presence. I remember one good story she told herself with delightful frankness. I had taken up with me from Gibraltar a lively youth who was my own body-servant, but who was more or less annexed by everybody, and who was Mrs. G.'s most devoted slave. One morning she came down to breakfast and told us how Paco had taken up the morning's letters to her room. "You can't come

in," cried Mrs. G. "Why not?" asked the impudent young rascal. "Because I'm in my bath." "I won't look," replied Paco.

The organisation of the whole body of men and mules had been my particular duty. It had something of a military character, of course. One muleteer was engaged for every eight animals; for six batches of eight, or forty-eight in all, there was a *cabo*, or corporal, and a *capataz*, or overseer, took charge of six corporals with their two hundred and eighty-eight mules. Precise regulations were framed for conduct and daily routine; the hours for "watering order," feeding, exercising and cleaning down, not a very elaborate process. There was a stable picquet and a corporal of the day, also a night guard; but, as a rule, the bulk of our employés slept in their blankets, in any snug corner they could find in the ring. They were a queer lot, the riff-raff and sweepings of the district, glad to earn a few *pesetas* (shillings) but not too willing for work, often cross-grained with nasty tempers easily aroused. Quarrels were frequent and the knife, the cruel, long-bladed *navajo*, curved and double-edged, soon settled the dispute. One fight I can especially remember from its tragical end. Two of our men had engaged in a combat à l'outrance, and they were found in the street locked in each other's arms, both dead. One had stabbed the other in the breast; his opponent, although in the death-throes, had flung his arm round and buried his knife in the other's back under the shoulder-blade. They were so truculent a lot that it was not considered safe for us to visit the ring at night. But we went regularly, making surprise inspections, and only learnt long afterwards that the local authorities

had detailed a couple of policemen to watch over us from a distance.

Our purchase proceeded smoothly enough, but we had an occasional *contretemps*. One was a terrific storm, following a drought of nearly fifteen months; the thunder pealed and the lightning played incessantly the whole night through, and rain fell in torrents. We happened to have an unusually large stock of mules on hand, for the first consignment had arrived from Madrid; some were still in the railway-station when the storm broke, and there was a general stampede of the terrified beasts. Many of our own, picketed outside the bull-ring, also got away and wandered far into the country round. We recovered those we had ourselves purchased, for they bore our brand V.R. on the right hoof, burnt in AL. I. the moment they were passed. But the contractor was not so fortunate. This escapade may have started the wandering habit so many Spanish mules developed when disembarked at Zillah on the Red Sea littoral. Half, it was said, bolted and were lost. But there was another reason. In discussing equipment with the War Office at home we had earnestly recommended the use of chain halters for all headstalls. The economical Office "shied" at the expense, and we were ordered to purchase rope halters locally. The best we could obtain were made of *esparto* grass, a common product around Alicante. But the poor beasts on landing, having been kept short of forage, greedily devoured their halters and bolted. So the Government saved a shilling or two on equipment and lost a mule worth £20.

Another difficulty cropped up and for a time threatened to check progress. We had been desired to secure muleteers, or

men willing to engage for the voyage to the Red Sea, in charge of animals, and the story got about that we were raising a Spanish Legion. It got to the ears of the local authorities, civil and military, and produced a very formal call from the civil Governor of Alicante and the Colonel commanding the garrison, who invited us to show our credentials. It was an infringement of international law they thought, and they begged us to pause until their Government could be consulted. Naturally we gave them every assurance of our desire to meet them, at the same time explaining the exact state of the case. We never heard any more of the foreign legion. These were times of great political effervescence, Narvaez was in power at Madrid, conspiracy was in the air, and Queen Isabella's ministers had not time to give to us.

Nevertheless, they might have fallen foul of us very seriously, for assisting a political fugitive to escape from Spain. It was done in all innocence, I was about to say, but I had some suspicion of the circumstances at the time, although I did not feel called upon to say anything. There was a steamer alongside the mole taking a freight of mules on board, her complement had been shipped, and she was on the point of hauling out for sea when one of the people came to me saying he had 'a friend very anxious to engage for the trip. That was a very simple matter, and I said so; the man had only to enter his name and he would be despatched in due course. But this man wanted to go now, at once, and such stress was made of the point that I said the applicant might appear before me. There was a difficulty about this, but I agreed to see him at the *posada* or inn

THE LATE REV. C. H. LEACROFT.

where he lodged, and I found a tall military-looking person, most unmistakably a gentleman, although dressed in the local costume, as a Valencian peasant. There was a hunted look on his face, and he eyed me very anxiously while he awaited my decision. No doubt he was "wanted"; had been concerned in some of the recent *pronunciamento* and there was probably a price upon his head. I could not believe it to be any business of mine. We took any suitable man who offered, and here was one of quite the best stamp as regards physique. His "papers" were in order, not his own probably, but they satisfied our consul, and so he went with the steamer. I heard it whispered afterwards that he had been a colonel in the army, but I never knew for certain nor what became of him.

The shipment of the mules did not end my connection with the Spanish purchase. Grave complaints were made of the execution of the contract in North Spain, the proceeds of which passed through us at Alicante. We could see at once that they were far inferior in quality to those we purchased on the spot, and yet they cost more. The matter became so serious that in the end I was sent to Madrid to enquire into the method by which the animals had been obtained, and I found out enough, to say the least of it, to condemn the contract system as then tried. But that is altogether another story; so is my mission to Barcelona, which intervened between my stay at Alicante and my visit to Madrid. They are perhaps worth telling on some other occasion.

"The Bishop of Brackenfield."

THERE passed to his rest on September 23rd one of the most familiar figures in Derbyshire—the Rev. Charles Holcombe Leacroft, widely known for many years as "Bishop of Brackenfield," the "Parson Jack Russell" of his native county—parson, sportsman, volunteer, old English gentleman.

For centuries Mr. Leacroft's family has been connected with Derby and Wirksworth; at one time they owned the greater part of the county town, and only a few years ago where are now busy streets and terraces of houses were farms belonging to them; they are still large property owners there, and are lay rectors of the old church of St. Peter. Some of the early records connect

them with the Catesby family, and "in good King Charles's golden days" Thomas Leacroft, of Wirksworth, was owner of Breadsall Priory. A monument to the memory of his daughter, who came into the world in 1685, may be seen in Kirk Ireton Church; "She liv'd belov'd of all, yet dy'd a maid."

Born in the year 1824, the future "Bishop" was educated at Rugby, after which he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the days of the famous Dr. Whewell. He was the last choice of the "Cambridge Eight;" a cherished old water-colour sketch of his boat shows it the last before outriggers were introduced. He graduated in 1847, taking his M.A. in 1851; his curacies were at Hugglescote

and Kirk Smeeton. The Church, however, did not occupy all his thoughts, for he was soon a familiar figure in Leicestershire and Yorkshire hunting-fields. Just before the Crimean War, Mr. Leacroft travelled in the East, visiting Constantinople in 1854; he found 10,000 English troops landed there, and, as there were no chaplains, he conducted service for several Sundays in the barracks at Scutari, at the wish of Colonel Blake, of the 33rd Regiment. Declining an appointment as chaplain, he continued his travels through Palestine and the Lebanon, where he met Holman Hunt. A relic of these days was the old silver goblet from which, in later years, he enjoyed his home-brewed ale. He visited Damascus, Nineveh, and Bagdad, where he spent the winter of 1854, and at the latter place officiated as chaplain to the English cruiser *Comet*.

Returning to his native county in 1857, he accepted the living of Brackenfield, a tiny hamlet not far from Matlock, and in a district in which his family had long held property. The cure of souls involved the care only of three hundred scattered villagers, for which he had the modest stipend of £80 per year. To this was added the vicarage of Dethick in 1860. It was at Dethick Hall that Anthony Babington once lived; and Florence Nightingale, at Lea Hurst, was Mr. Leacroft's parishioner. Dethick and Brackenfield are some four or five miles apart, and are both picturesque specimens of Derbyshire villages, with gabled farms and quaint cottages. For nearly forty years the old vicar faced the drive every Sunday across Tansley Common, and it was his proud boast that, during the whole of that time, he was never five

minutes late for the services at either of his churches, which were held alternately.

In the hunting-field he won many a laurel by his good, hard riding, and it was in his early days at Brackenfield, when hunting with the High Peak Harriers, that he had first bestowed on him the title of "Bishop of the High Peak," amended subsequently to "Bishop of Brackenfield." He was also a familiar figure at meets of the Rufford, and also the South Notts Hunt, under Lord Harrington. He owned a marvellous little mare, "Fanny," 14.3 only, for fourteen years, and hunted her eleven seasons, a wonderful performance, considering that "the bishop" stood six feet one and a half inches and rode fourteen stone seven pounds. Another of the best hunters he had was out of this mare by "Strathcona." One of his achievements was to hunt for a season with a famous steeplechaser, "Comet," the property of his son, Mr. Ranulph Leacroft, who won at the Heath Steeplechases three times out of four.

"The bishop" had almost equal fame as a fisherman, and was considered one of the best amateurs of his day; he thought nothing of turning out by three on a summer morning, driving ten or twelve miles across the hills to Rowsley or Bakewell, and throwing a fly over trout in Derwent or Wye long before ordinary mortals were out of bed. He was fortunate in having a good little trout stream, the Amber (described by Walton as "small but trouty"), close at home, it forming the eastern boundary of his parish; but his favourite haunts were near Rowsley and Chatsworth, on the banks of Derwent, Wye, or Lathkil. The rod most to his liking

was made in one piece, securing, he considered, a more delicate touch and true. In his younger days he was a good shot, and for many years he had a few days in Leicestershire with Sir Henry Halford. Another sport in which he excelled was archery.

Not content with these many fields of sport, he was to be found on the tented field, where he won renown and popularity by the warm interest he evinced in the volunteer movement. For over twenty years he acted as captain to the Matlock F Company, and regularly went into camp with the battalion at Strensall, Blackpool, and elsewhere. He remained chaplain to this battalion of the Sherwood Foresters until this year, when he retired under the age clause. Some two or three years ago he was presented with the long service medal, and only a few months ago the Chesterfield and Ashover companies attended his church and were entertained by him.

Soon after settling at Brackenfield Mr. Leacroft married his cousin, Miss Leacroft, of Southwell, but lost his wife shortly after the birth of their only son. Mrs. Leacroft was connected with a well-known Somersetshire family, the Swymmers, and her son inherits Rowberrow Manor, in Somersetshire, where his family of two sons and two daughters promise to keep alive the good name of Leacroft.

Like the portrait of his grandfather, by Wright, of Derby, the bishop was the model of an old English gentleman; it was hard to say whether he showed to better advantage as host or guest. He could always be relied on for a good after-dinner speech or story, could tell many a thrilling adventure after fox or fish, and was the soul of many a jovial

gathering. In his parochial work he believed in making the services at his churches bright and cheerful; he said he had quite enough of dull ones in his young days.

Spite of his stalwart form, "the bishop" had a voice clear and bright as a cathedral choir-boy's. He was not a prolific sermon-writer, always giving his flock the same at their harvest festival—"My people are very fond of it," he used to say.

A neighbour writes:—"Walk with me across the meadows this early April morning to Brackenfield Church. Spring is just in the air; you have found the first daffodil, and the pear-trees are in leaf. The mist has been resting on the hills like a bride's veil, and the trees have just shown as flowers beneath. You find the church door at Brackenfield wide open, the sunlight streaming in; the squire and his family are at the back of the church, the farmers and villagers are scattered round. The old vicar comes swinging in, in cassock and surplice; his voice and movements are like a breath of the west wind. Everything seems in harmony to-day, from the lesson there comes to you an appropriate message—'I go a-fishing.' The sermon matches the day. 'Break up your fallow ground.' The birds outside hail the words with delight, as 'the bishop' draws the picture of the ploughed field and its counterpart in the heart of man. Brave old heart! 'it lies at rest and still, under the wind-swept grass.'"

True to his nature, he died in harness. On September 17th, were held the harvest festival services at Dethick; the old "bishop" went through his work in the morning, but during his sermon in the afternoon had an apoplectic stroke. It was sorrowful news at Brackenfield when no

service was held, and the parish-
ioners met to find their well-
loved vicar lay dying. Linger-
ing a week, he died be-

fore another Sunday came round,
and now sleeps under the
chancel window of his favourite
church.

Hands.

- I SAW them, the feeble old sportsman, and by him
A fair boy, his grandson, who stood by his chair ;
I looked at the relics of riding, that nigh him
Told tales of adventure, both racy and rare.
- I saw them, and heard the man speaking. " Be gentle,
Be gentle, my grandson, in using your hands,
Touch lightly and let the main effort be mental,
For will is a force that dictates and commands.
- " Touch lightly, and talk to your horse as you're riding
In language unheard for you each have a brain ;
Touch lightly and humour him often, deciding
To think with the bridle and speak with the rein.
- " Touch lightly, and know by the feel you are fusing
Two natures together, two senses in one ;
Touch lightly, the horse comprehends you are musing
On him and can read his quick thoughts as they run.
- " Touch lightly—yes, yes, there is dash in your riding,
The spirit that stirs you is stirring the steed
On, on o'er the silvery mead he is striding,
The heart of the horseman has roused him at need.
- " Well done, you are over, and sweetly conversing
You sail in the wake of the hounds as they fly ;
He loves you ! you guide him, he needs no coercing,
The words that he utters are ' never say die.'
- " No wonder. This same conversation has ended
In making him feel he is valued to-day,
His generous nature is now comprehended,
The heart of his rider is with him—Hurray !
- " At night when the moon has cast beams on the stable
He thinks it all over again on the straw,
He hears what you said through the reins and is able
To follow your argument now as before.
- " He sees what you meant by each movement and pressure,
The flash of perception, the dash and resolve,
He feels as he felt when his hoofs beat the measure,
And knows that the bond is too strong to dissolve.
- " But stay. You, my grandson, forgive me for prosing,
Yet take it to heart, for I mean what I say ;
The horse and his rider are one, and in closing
Remember that hands link the minds, by the way."

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

What is a Sportsman ?

"Is he a sportsman?" That was a long-debated question. Maybe it was only a smoking-room wrangle that started it; anyhow, it failed to be settled there and then—in fact it is not settled now. Even the opinions of the ladies were in request the next morning, but they, with their natural modesty, declined to pronounce judgment. So it came about that your humble scribe should be asked to define the knotty point. On one condition only does he accept the retainer, and that is that his opinion shall be given only as a generality, referring to nobody in particular; he having no wish to be entangled in such an embroglio as "The Judgment of Paris."

What is a sportsman seems at first sight a pure matter of ethics, not easy to describe, yet easy to understand. The dictionary does not help us much. It tells us that sport is derived from *boert*, a jest, and *boertig* means merry, facetious, jocular, and thence it comes to mean he who produces mirth or merriment. Sport is the cause of amusement. The Bible tells us that the Philistines brought poor Samson out of prison, and "*made sport of him.*" Now that is not the sort of sport that my readers will appreciate. Solomon in his Proverbs thus defines this idea of sport when he says, "So is the man that deceiveth his neighbours, and saith *am I not in sport?*" Perhaps Sydney is more to our taste in his lines: "Her sports were such as carried riches of knowledge upon the stream of delight."

After all, dear old Shakespeare comes nearer our idea of sport—he ever hits the mark—when he puts it into the mouth of the Duke

of Suffolk, addressing Queen Margaret, in the play of Henry VI., to say:—

"Now by the ground I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on the mountain
top
Where biting wind would never let grass
grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport."

Was this Duke of Suffolk a sportsman or was he not? In these days a man would fancy himself a sportsman who did less than this.

Perhaps we shall get nearer the mark if we come back to our own degenerate, or perhaps I ought to say regenerate, days and declare those that we do not consider sportsmen, although such may enjoy, aye even revel in the name, and curse me roundly for daring to deprive them of it.

What about the dandy, or modern milksop sportsman, who fancies himself a sportsman. Would he trust his precious limbs on the mountain-top, as the Duke of Suffolk is made to describe it? Or if he did, would he not be muffled in the finest Scotch tweed that his London tailor could procure for him? and would he not have one gillie to carry his gun or rifle, and another his flasks and his luncheon-basket? Ah, would he not in his heart of hearts wish himself back in the cosy lodge in yonder glen, and mentally declare that this was a long "minute spent in sport"? A mere romantic idea that of Shakespeare's! not suited to his tastes. To him to stand behind a rock in yonder pass and have those noble stags driven to him, just within sixty yards or so, that he might pick out the grandest of them and take a comfortable pot-

shot at him—or, failing that, to stand behind a turf butt, and pot away with two or three guns at driven grouse, taking a composing swig at his flask between whiles, and not forgetful of his hot luncheon when the inviting whistle sounds from that ever devoted butler.

Or happier still, in a serener climate, slaughtering those home-reared pheasants, where no mountain climbing has to be done, and where a camp-stool is carried ready to ease the tedium of a long stand, and the encomiums of the ladies add, in his eyes, charm to the day's sport.

If such a one, not content with this indulgence in sport, professes to hunt, he carries out his pleasure in an equally resplendent and stylish fashion. Faultless in his get-up, he never trusts himself except on the highest-priced hunters that a dealer's stable can produce. He never shows himself except in the best countries and at the most fashionable meets. He never sees hounds after the first five minutes from the find, unless they happen to cross the road where he has cleverly located himself, and he makes a point of being at home to five o'clock tea—on his second horse, of course. His inherent wit and *sang froid* enables him glibly to describe the day's sport, whether hunting or shooting, with his legs under the mahogany. He votes salmon-fishing too hard work. His constitution will not stand being up to his middle in cold water all day. He usually prefers the water in his morning bath to be warm. Cricket is only fit for professionals, golf and lawn-tennis are absolute rot; croquet, when he has the most charming girl as his partner, is, in his estimation, a very passable afternoon's amusement, especially when whiskeys

and-sodas and other nice drinks are an accompaniment to the proceedings.

As to racing, he considers it a decidedly expensive amusement. Besides, you see, it is such a bother having to attend all the Newmarket meetings, and if you have a horse or two of your own you have to go to third-class meetings in order to win a race. You have to grind up all the racing calendars, and "form at a glance," and even then you are always being lumbered on to wretched losers by your friends, or the touts, or even your trainer. And when you think you have a good horse, and you are going to bring him out for the admiration of your friends, he goes dead amiss, and his purchase money and training bill never return—in fact, he has to go into the waste-paper basket.

Then again, although racing society is sometimes very nice, and he likes being asked to join Lord Tomkyns' party at Ascot, and Lady Symkyns' at Bognor for Goodwood, racing society, as a whole, bores him. It is easier to read and talk about it at the Club, or bet a little on the tape. "Sweating about racing is such confounded rot." By the by, perhaps, if he gives Lord Rushdown a call, he will invite him on his yacht at Cowes. Very easy fun that. The best liquor, and plenty of it; besides, it kills the time until Scotland comes round. Thus the eventful tenor of such a life is passed, and that man will tell you that he lives for sport! Is he really a sportsman?

Perhaps my picture is overdrawn, yet how many of our young men, in a greater or less degree, affect sport, not for its own sake, not for the love of it, not for the rapture it brings, or the health and happiness it

entails, not for its fine attributes, not for a keenness to excel in it, not to enhance sport itself, but because they think it the right thing to do. They take it as if it were a black dose, good for their constitutions, provided always that it is washed down with the sweetest of antidotes. Such men seldom carry through even the semblance of sporting feeling into their every-day actions. They would not think of discouraging the use of barbed wire on their estates, unless, indeed, it happens to be in a very fashionable hunting country, and there the fear of being ostracised will turn the scale. They would, however, never think of fox-preservation as a leading rule in a sportsman's life—a matter of conscience—although there might be sufficient touch of it to make them shell out a hunt subscription pretty regularly. That, under such circumstances, goes a long way towards gaining a sporting name in a district nowadays.

Our list of doubtful sportsmen is not yet complete. There is the man with youth and health on his side, who, as it were, is satisfied to play the sportsman as a means of displaying his real tastes. Let us say that he fancies himself on horseback, therefore he comes out hunting to ride. He cares not so much about the hounds as he does about his fox-terrier at home, and beyond a dread of falling foul of the master, hunting has no cares for him. He can describe with interest the number of fences he has jumped, and whom he has pounded, and if you told him he had never learnt, or was likely to learn, the rudiments of hunting, he would be thoroughly at enmity with you. It never strikes him that he is riding over the farmers' fields, and using, as it were, the services of the hunt

on false pretences altogether, and that he is the strongest instance of what all true sportsmen complain of, the non-sporting gent. Some of my friends would, I fear, dub him the sporting cad. His patronage of it certainly damages sport.

The same may be said of similar characters in other walks of sport. There is the man who is non-resident, and hires shooting. It is nothing to him whether his keeper picks up his neighbour's eggs, or drives his fields at day-break. All he cares is to be able to brag, when he returns to his town, that he has slain the largest amount of game and beaten all records. It is not in the nature of such a man to consider the sports of others, so of course foxey are either openly or surreptitiously destroyed where he holds sway. There is also the loafer in sport, who comes out hunting to make himself pleasant to the ladies, or coffee-house at the covert side. He smokes big cigars, heads foxes, and has an ample lunch in his second horseman's possession. His absence from the hunting field would cause no mourning.

But there, my pen has run away with me in giving vent to this diatribe, and perhaps it has been wrong not to spare the feelings of those who are not really built for sport, although they indulge in it, and are proud of calling themselves sportsmen. Let us turn to what is a real sportsman.

Shall I not be right in saying that a man is born a sportsman? It is an inheritance. He loves it, and delights to learn it every day he lives. It grows with his growth, it enlarges and fructifies with the mellowness of years; it expands his mind, as well as body; it becomes a part of his

existence here below. It makes him the man he is, it tones his vices, it amplifies his virtues. A thing to be cherished; the attribute of a true-born Briton. Beckford aptly quotes Cervantes, speaking of hunting, "It is the most proper exercise for knights or princes, for in the chase of a stout noble animal may be represented the whole art of war, stratagems, policy, and ambuscades, with all other devices usually practised to overcome an enemy with safety. Here we are exposed to the extremities of heat or cold; ease and laziness can have no room in this diversion. By this we are inured to toil and hardship; our limbs are strengthened, our joints made supple, and our whole body hale and active. In short, it is an exercise that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none."

Virgil could not have borne more eloquent testimony to the character of a true sportsman than when he wrote:—

'O fortunatus nimium sua si bona norint agricola.'

Nor Horace in his ode:—

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis."

To go through all phases of a true sportsman's life would be beyond the scope of this article. You can, I believe, instinctively know a true sportsman whenever and wherever you meet him. It is a greater bond of union between us than Freemasonry, or any other tie of human brotherhood. Whether a man is a duke or a tailor, a cabinet minister or farmer, a bishop or a parish clerk, you will not be long in his company before you can assuredly discover the sporting instinct which permeates his mind. It may have lain dormant for years from want of means to exercise

it, or a multitude of other causes, yet when the occasion arises it will show itself, and exercise an influence on his actions; a tower of strength and straightforwardness, which will guide his actions aright.

Am I going beyond the truth when I say that ladies love a true sportsman? With a shrewdness that is inherent in the sex, they detect the attributes of such a man, and appreciate them. Let me go one step further, and say that we owe them much in their aid to the development of our characters as sportsmen, for do not they soften the one possible weak point in a sportsman, and that is, an asperity of character? "Gently, my dear," sometimes whispered at the right moment, is worth a cohort of anathemas; and a true sportsman can bear this better than any man living, or I am, and have been all my life, mistaking the inward working of his character.

It would ill befit me to touch on the character of women as sportswomen, but the deduction is easy from what has gone before. If sporting instincts are bred in man they cannot be foreign to a woman. Nor are they. In these days when more liberty is vouchsafed to womankind, this instinct becomes more and more developed, as witness their prowess in almost every field of sport, and their success in it. Long may this continue, provided always that lovely woman will hold discretion the best part of valour, and while maintaining her own, not ape the man. Here I trust the true sportswoman will show herself as distinctly superior to the counterfeit, as true metal is to brass. Man will ever welcome woman as an aid in sport, as in other things, and she, on her part, will be proud of such a position.

where in Britain was efficient shoeing more essential than on the rugged hill paths of the Principality.

William the Conqueror, as a horseman and a soldier, attached importance to the farriers' art; history tells us that he gave to Simon St. Liz, a Norman noble, the town of Northampton and the Hundred of Falkely, yielding the then handsome revenue of £40 a year, on condition that the said Simon should provide shoes for the royal horses; no sinecure when the Conqueror kept up an establishment of hundreds.

Farriery was in a very backward state in the middle ages. James III. in 1478 passed a law which set upon any Scottish smith, who through ignorance or drunkenness lamed the horse entrusted to his hands, the obligation of keeping the animal at his own expense and providing the owner with a sound horse until the cripple grew sound again; and if the horse did not recover, the smith was liable for its value.

The village smith's work is comparatively simple by comparison with that of his brother workman who shoes horses employed in large towns. More ingenuity has been squandered upon horse-shoes than on anything in stable and harness

room, safety stirrups and saddle bars not excepted. A few years ago a perfect horse-shoe fever raged, and the Patent Office granted protection for new designs at the rate of about three a fortnight. Some of these shoes sought in their construction or method of fastening to place "pricking" without the scope of practical farriery; and in a few instances this desirable end was achieved by making the shoe with tips, clips and metal band attachments which enabled nails to be dispensed with altogether. Had these nailless shoes achieved all their inventors claimed for them, the forge, whether in town or village, would soon be a thing of the past, but it does not appear that horse owners have taken up the novelty with a degree of enthusiasm that would endanger the farriers' means of livelihood. The nailed shoe has served civilisation for fifteen hundred years, and ingenious devices notwithstanding, will probably hold its own as long as man has need of the horse. Safety in shoeing lies, not in dispensing with nails, for that is practically impossible, but in the education of the farrier, who should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the internal structure of the hoof before he ventures to lay knife or rasp to the external crust.

Snipe.

THERE are about one hundred and fifty acres of marshy water meadows near the river which borders my small shooting, and, upon my honour, I believe I get more real sport out of them than from all the rest of the estate put together. Somehow, except in very wet seasons, partridges seem

to find the rough grass and sedge to be a comfortable haunt; there is an osier bed where one or two broods of wild pheasants live in amity with the old fox whose stronghold it is; there are sundry rabbit burrows in the dry spots above the level of the floods; now and then a duck or teal may be

flushed out of the ditches, and above all, I never walk over the ground without seeing a few dear, delightful snipe. I am bound to say that these last are always most painfully alive to the necessity for self-preservation, for they are the wildest of their race that I have ever seen. I never have more than half a dozen shots, and if I can bag two or three birds, I feel a glow of self-complacency at my straight shooting, or at least a feeling of satisfaction that luck has befriended me. In December and January, when the serious days of the season's shooting are past, my water meadows furnish a very sufficient morning's walk for an elderly gentleman who wishes to secure a necessary amount of exercise, without fatiguing himself, as he must do, if he trudged for long hours after the *débris* of the year's partridges and pheasants, waiting at intervals behind coverts or hedgerows trying to keep warm while the said *débris* are being driven. In the water meadows I don't know what I am going to shoot at. Fur and feather come with delightful uncertainty, and I often return with four, five, or even six different kinds of game in the bag. Perhaps not more than seven or eight head altogether, but that is enough for two or three hours' amusement, and if a couple of snipe are in the number, the pleasure is complete.

I must say, and I think many sportsmen will agree with me, that the snipe is the worthiest bird that flies. Lovely and pleasant in his life, in his death he loses none of his attractions, and nobody can fail to attend his obsequies with tender appreciation. He is to be found in all four quarters of the globe. Wherever we may go, we are sure to hear his cheery little pipe,

and we feel that we are meeting an old friend. Alas! the British Isles do not now, as in times past, welcome his countless flocks, and there are very few places now left where an old-fashioned bag may be made. We are gradually making the country inhospitable to him and unattractive. He still visits us, but in ever-decreasing numbers. He is familiar even to the present generation, but the time is not far distant when he will be a rare guest, and the reasons of his gradual disappearance and probable extinction in the not remote future are not far to seek. We have drained the great marshes which he loved annually to visit, we have curbed and confined our rivers, making them into slow canals, or using their water power for base mechanical operations, and we have provided guns at such a cheap rate for all our population that he is nowhere safe from assault except on land that is carefully watched and guarded.

I go back in memory over many years, and how many cheery sporting days does the word "snipe" bring before me. Shall I ever forget the years of soldiering passed in Ireland and the constant succession of wholesome amusement that they brought? Not that time even then could be devoted to amusement alone, but it took its place, and we did not lose much for want of energy in looking for it. Hunting, shooting, fishing—I don't know which was the best, but we considered no time or trouble thrown away that procured for us either one or the other. But I am talking about shooting just now, and let me recall the time when two or three brother officers used to charter a car for the day and make the round of the bogs within a few miles of barracks, taking

what we could get on one and then driving on to another. There was a peculiarly sagacious ruffian, who knew every spot in the county where a shot could be fired. I don't remember his name, but he was known as "Fiery," probably because he carried a thatch of very red hair. In Ireland he was classed as a "sportsman," and he was an indispensable attendant on such a day as I speak of. What he didn't know about snipe was not worth knowing, and his value was unquestionable. There were dark stories about him, however, though we never knew how much truth they contained. He had gone out once with a solitary man who was either drowned in a bog or came to some apparently accidental end, and it was supposed that "Fiery," though he proved his innocence most satisfactorily to a coroner's jury, was implicated somehow in the fatality. No man ever went out with him again alone, though of course two or three together did not mind making use of his undoubted talents.

Three or four (Irish) miles on the main road, which is still a broad and excellent highway—was it not made in the days when the north mail used to do its ten miles in the hour between Dublin and Belfast? There has been a sharp frost over night, and the wiry little screw in the shafts, skates and slithers now and then as it passes over a congealed puddle, but Paddy Tiernay, the favourite carman of the barracks, has a theory, justified certainly in his case by results, that pace will always keep a horse on its legs, and up or down hill he never takes a pull. At last we make a sharp turn, and enter what would be in England a field road, and is, in Ireland, called a "boreen,"

half watercourse, half cart-track. The banks are high on each side, and we think what an uncommonly nasty place this would be if we came across it in a fast thing with the hounds. Even Paddy Tiernay cannot make much play here, and indeed it is all we can do to hold on as the car bumps and sways over stones and ruts. Another half mile, and we come to a group of wretched white-washed cabins, from the open doors of which a mixed crowd of hens, pigs and half-clad children stare in wonder at the arrivals. We leave our car and walk across a couple of fields. Here is our first bog, a rough, wet, unkempt three acres lying in a little cup, part tussocky grass, part water, part a sort of cross between the two, which means a quaking and treacherous foothold for anyone trying to cross it. "Fiery," as being unencumbered with a gun and being an accomplished bog-trotter who knows the ground and may be trusted to look after himself, goes in the middle with the two sportsmen, one at each side of him, nearer the edge. For a pace or two we are on fairly dry ground, but the inevitable must come, and we are both soon ankle deep in water. How icy cold it is, and how one resents the chill fluid trickling between one's toes! But there is the crackling of the thin sheet of ice, and disturbed by the sound, up get half a dozen snipe. Bang, bang—Bang, bang! Let us hope that two at least are down, and that we can retrieve them without going in too deep. "Fiery" has prudently taken off his boots and stockings and rolled up his very patched breeches, so he does most of the picking up. It does not take long to work out the little spot, but once or twice before it is finished, confession

must be made of a nervous feeling which comes when the thin, water-covered, heaving crust under foot seems very fragile, and there is a sensation that one must go through into unknown depths of sucking and all absorbent matter. The touch of the horrid sea monster in "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" is nothing to it. Shooting, under the circumstances, is apt to be erratic, and if we carry away two couple of snipe, we have done as much as we think can be reasonably expected. The last wisp that got up with a scuffle when we were in our greatest difficulties have certainly escaped scot-free, and we hear their mocking cry as they soar aloft and make their way to another juicy resort.

We wrap ourselves in our frieze coats and mount our car again. On to the Red Bog, so called from the heather that grows thickly upon it. This is more or less preserved—at least, there is a herd who is supposed to warn off trespassers—but we have leave to try our luck, and the herd himself joins us and becomes head attendant *vice* "Fiery," deposed for the time. This is a good big bog, and being comparatively little disturbed, holds a sprinkling of other animals besides snipe. It is very wet in places, but upon the whole is sound, and we can walk every inch of it without fear of being engulfed. Backwards and forwards we march, and our labour is not fruitless. Here and there we pick up a snipe, we flush a woodcock and lay him low, and we are lucky enough to find a couple of duck. A hare squatters through the water unharmed, for the harriers may be out in this direction, and their chance of a gallop must not be spoiled. We have done the bog at last, and it is time for our modest luncheon.

Grateful indeed to all of us is the tot of whisky, and as we sit on the bank resting our wearied limbs and having three whiffs, the herd remarks, "Sure, you're wrong now, and you that wet, to be sitting there continted." Perhaps he is right, so we rouse, and again trust ourselves to Paddy Tiernay. The day is getting on, there are one or two threatening flakes of snow, and two more small places must be visited on our homeward way. We have a few more shots, and some of them are not wasted. When we return to barracks, the silent snow is really coming down heavily and covering the earth with a white mantle. We may have eight or nine couple of snipe, some duck and a woodcock. Not a great bag, but there was much fun in the getting of it, and what an appetite we have at mess! I much doubt whether the subaltern of to-day would have as good sport in the same district. Five-and-twenty years before my time one gun could have there killed thirty couple without any difficulty, and if snipe have decreased in number proportionately since the sixties, they must now be few and far between in their old haunts which I knew so well.

For real varied sport with gun or rifle, commend me to India, and very especially for snipe-shooting. It is not given to everybody who has to serve England in Hindostan to be able to taste the joys of big game shikar, to do battle with the tiger, or to spend long days in stalking the mighty gaur through the bamboo jungle of the Western Ghats, but there are few cantonments in the neighbourhood of which a few couple of snipe cannot be found between sunrise and sunset, and two or three days' holiday will certainly give an opportunity of

visiting some more distant jheels or undisturbed paddy cultivation where many cartridges may be expended. In India, too, snipe may be found in all their different families, the solitary, the wood, the painted, the pintail, the jack as well as the fantail, the common European bird. The solitary snipe and the wood snipe are comparatively rare, and a man may do a deal of shooting without meeting either. The painted snipe, though a beautiful bird and welcome as a variety in the bag, is slow and owl-like on the wing, and can be hit by any duffer. For some reason, too, though examination shows that the contents of his stomach are like those of other snipe (insects, tiny crustaceæ, &c.), his flesh often has a muddy sort of taste, and he is therefore no favourite for the table. The hosts of pintail, fantail and jack remain, however, and are quite sufficient in themselves to provide limitless sport for the keenest gunner.

In India, as elsewhere, the snipe is a migratory bird. Of course a few couples remain here and there throughout the year and bring up their little families, but the great armies generally arrive and spread over the land about the end of August or beginning of September, remaining till the following March or April. And it is curious, too, that they move in large bodies during their travelling season. "You might visit a haunt, well-known as a favourite one at that season, morning after morning, without seeing a bird. Suddenly one morning the place is alive with them; next day and perhaps for two or three days more, again not a single snipe—then again numbers for a day or two, and so on until the country is thoroughly filled with them."

There are always hanging about

every cantonment (in the south of India, at any rate) several native snipe shikarris who are anxious to earn a few rupees by guiding sportsmen to places where snipe may be found. Some of these men are reliable enough, but many are the rankest impostors. If it is known that you want a day's shooting, some morning, as the monsoon draws to a close and the weather begins to get colder, your butler will tell you "one shikar man wanting to see master," and you give an interview to an individual in a ragged brown suit and leather belt, who will say volubly that he knows of a place where there are two, four, or ten dozen "ishnap." This does not convey that he has counted the birds, but the word dozen is with him a form of speech signifying a vague number and, whether he puts one or twenty before it, his meaning is very much the same. If you have any reason to believe that the man may be trusted, it may be worth your while to arrange that you will meet him at some easily-found point and be guided to the flight of birds that he has marked down. You will have an object for a ride or drive of a few miles at any rate, and, if you have not been anticipated by some other sportsman, led by a rival shikarri, you may find enough shooting to reward you for your trouble.

But of course, if you want to have really good sport and to see what snipe shooting may be, you must make your way to some undisturbed ground where promiscuous gunning is not always going on, far beyond the ordinary daily circle of European life and movement. If you can only spare a day and are young and active, you can lay a pony dawk and gallop out your fifteen or twenty miles in the morning, coming back in

like manner by moonlight when your fun is over.

But this makes a fatiguing day, and you will probably make better practice with your gun if you are not working against time.

India is a land, however, where camp life is very thoroughly understood, and it is always easy to send your tents and servants to any neighbourhood in which you have reason to think that sport may be had. You can canter out to this headquarters in the cool of the evening and commence your shikar comfortably the next morning. It may be taken for granted that your game will be principally found in wet or marshy spots where the long bills can easily penetrate below the surface in the toils of feeding; but it does not follow that you will not sometimes find numbers of snipe, and especially pintail, in dry grass lands, stubbles and scrub jungle. Sometimes they may even be found in tolerably thick cover and have to be beaten out like pheasants. At one place where I used to shoot there were densely-growing clumps of sugar-cane, at the end of one of which the two guns posted themselves, while the beaters entered at the other end and rattled their sticks. The snipe used to dart out by twos and threes in most sporting fashion, sometimes even rocketing overhead, and always giving chances most delightful in their variety. I have often seen five or six couple thus bagged out of one cane patch not a quarter of an acre in extent.

To any man who has the smallest taste for natural history there can be nothing more interesting than a visit to an Indian jheel, which lies sufficiently far from the ordinary ways of men to be practically undisturbed for long periods of time. I may explain that a jheel is a natural lake, and is in many

cases a very extensive sheet of water. Towards the banks it is generally very shallow, and from the soft mud spring groves of reeds and water plants, which are the home of innumerable birds. It is a marvellous scene of busy life—the duck are jostling one another for room, some swimming peacefully in the clear water, but most of them in the shallower parts, reaching their beaks to the muddy bottom and elevating rows of pointed sterns; spoonbills, green-shanks, godwits, sandpipers and stilts near the margin, ibises, herons, pelican ibises and storks, all are searching greedily for food, and all joining in a continued chorus of quackings, croakings, screamings and pipings.

If you have come here, as we may suppose, for shooting, one or two natives wade into the belt of reeds, and snipe after snipe darts into the air. At the first shot, the whole army of birds rises in alarm, with a mighty clangour of wings and such a Babel of cries, pitched in every note, sweet and harsh, high and low, as almost drowns the echoes of the fusillade which has been begun by yourself and your comrades. The guns have scattered themselves round the jheel, hiding as much as possible in the friendly vegetation, and as duck and snipe wheel overhead or flit from one resting-place to another, many cartridges may be expended and such a various bag may soon be made as will ever be cherished in memory.

There was a contingency that at one time might happen to sportsmen in shooting a jheel, and for all I know, may still be possible in some of the wilder Indian districts. A wild buffalo may be lying hid in the bull-rushes, and may suddenly charge out with most savage intentions. Now the "Arna," or even the

domestic buffalo when its herdsman is not by to keep it in order, is a most formidable and dangerous animal, and Jerdon says that the bull is more than a match for a good-sized elephant. It is well to be prepared for defence, therefore, if buffaloes are likely to be met with, and a rifle should be kept handy for prompt use. And let me here say that, to make an impression on the tough skin and solid bones of the "Arna," a two-ounce hardened bullet, driven by a heavy charge of powder, is very necessary. He may be frightened and driven away by lighter ammunition, but if he pushes his attack *à outrance*, nothing but heavy artillery will stop him. I have never been bothered by buffaloes myself, probably because I never was in any district that they frequented, but I have often heard experienced sportsmen say that they had found them serious marsports in wild fowl shooting.

But of all my Indian experiences, perhaps the pleasantest snipe-shooting that I can recall was enjoyed when staying with a friend at the delightful bungalow that he occupied by virtue of his office in the Mysore State. We had plenty of business to occupy us in the early morning, and it was not till eleven or twelve that we took the field. (By the way, the best authorities are agreed that it is a mistake ever to begin your snipe-shooting till the sun is well up and the air warm. Early in the morning the birds will seldom lie well, and by disturbing them you may drive them away altogether. If you are sensible enough not to begin before ten o'clock at earliest, you will have excellent sport.) Our ground was very varied. Sometimes we had to wade boldly through the wet paddy fields, toilsome work where there is a struggle at each step to

wrench one's foot out of the adhesive mud and carry it forward through the paddy itself. We always had some beaters with us, and managed to flush our birds pretty well, though they often waited till we had passed them, rising just when one was jumping or struggling from one piece of firm ground to another, and when raising a gun was next to impossible. There is a good plan sometimes employed when several beaters are not available. Two men stretch between them twenty or thirty yards of rope, to which are attached at every three feet tags of white cloth. This is dragged over the ground, and occasionally flapped up and down. The guns walk just behind the rope, and get excellent shots at the rising snipe. Would that the English birds were sufficiently sleepy to require such a device to stir them! But it was only occasionally that we had to take to the paddy fields. There were the cane patches that I have mentioned above, there was scrub jungle with little damp spots in it, there were scraps of cultivation, there were stretches of rumnah grass mixed with rushes, and wherever we went we were almost certain to have a shot or two. Some English authorities say that they have seldom or never detected a snipe on the ground. I can only say that I have thus seen snipe, both fantail and pintail, on many occasions. Painted snipe may, of course, often be seen running just like landrails, but their manners are peculiar and their remarkable plumage betrays them very quickly.

My friend and I never made long days, but, on looking at my diary, I see that we often bagged from twenty to twenty-five couple between us, though we were not always so fortunate. Of course,

compared to the record bags of thirty to fifty couple to a single gun, ours was very moderate, but it was good enough for us, and indeed ought, I think, to have satisfied any reasonable men.

It must, I am sure, be confessed by every man who has shot both in the British islands and in India, that snipe are much easier to hit in the East than they are at home. I will not say with any certainty of conviction that the Indian snipe flies slower or is less erratic in his movements than the one that you may flush in a Norfolk marsh or an Irish bog, but on the other hand, I will not say that he is not slower and not less erratic. This I will assert with perfect confidence, however, the Indian bird lies, as a rule, very close, and generally gives you plenty of time to lay your gun between his rising near your feet and his getting beyond the range of shot. Then it is a very different thing to shoot, as in India, in the noontide glare of a still cold season day, when every object is absolutely distinct even to the poorest eyesight, and the life-blood courses so freely in your veins that there is no numbness or uncertainty about the trigger finger, from the difficulties that are experienced in a cold climate, where the atmosphere is dull and misty and objects are easily confused in the surrounding envelopment of murky neutral tint, where there is a bitter cold wind blowing, and, in spite of gloves and mittens, your hands are deprived of half the capacities given by Nature. I used, I confess, sometimes in India secretly to hug myself in self-congratulation on what I considered the great improvement in my performance with a gun, and looked forward to showing off on my return home and being an exponent of how

snipe *should* be shot. Alas! when I found myself on an English wintry day trying vainly to shoot one or two birds out of a dozen cartridges expended, I found out how sadly I had been mistaken. No. It is unquestionably easier to shoot snipe, or indeed anything else, in India than it is at home. Climate, atmosphere, temperature, are then all in your favour, and, if the animals are not less wily, they are certainly not more so.

It is unfortunately not likely that anybody shooting snipe in the British islands will ever suffer any inconvenience or special fatigue from the number of shots that he will fire and the gun headache that may follow from the discharge of many cartridges. The only alteration in ammunition that need be considered is the substitution of No. 9 or No. 10 shot for the No. 5 or No. 6 which we use for general purposes. From my own experience I do not think that even this substitution is necessary. I have, I believe, made as good practice (perhaps the best is bad) at snipe with No. 5 as with No. 9. Of course the latter must cover the area of discharge more closely than the former within a certain distance, but when birds are wild and must be fired at at 40, 50 or even 60 yards, the larger shot, as travelling farther, will give the better chance. When one is shooting snipe at home also, there is always an off chance of meeting duck or some other game and it is then very inconvenient to have in one's cartridges only small shot which will not make much impression on thick fur or plumage. In India, however, in Egypt and other countries where snipe are very numerous and lie fairly well, it is an incontestable advantage to shoot with a comparatively small bore gun loaded with cartridges

containing perhaps only a drachm to a drachm and a half of powder and about three-quarters of an ounce of shot. When a man is doing hard physical work under a very hot sun, the difference of weight in the gun and the ammunition to be carried will be found to be a great relief, and gun headache will be unknown. The less fatigued a man is the better he will shoot, and he will be able to go over more ground than another whose limbs are tired and whose brows are throbbing.

By the way, there is a very general impression that, if a snipe is touched by a shot, however slightly, he is so delicate that he must fall. I am diffident in offering my opinion on the subject, but I have, I am convinced, often seen snipe wounded and yet manage to keep on flying until they get beyond the ken of anyone trying to mark them. One day last season too, I shot a snipe with only one leg. The stump was perfectly healed and the bird was plump and in the best of condition. This bird I believe was a permanent resident which had been shot at last year and had recovered from what must have been a very severe wound.

Snipe shooting takes many forms in different countries, but

I think the most curious, as described by a friend, who has practised it, is to be found in Uruguay. There snipe are shot on horseback. It is impossible with any safety to walk the pampas marshes, but the little horses of the country, if left entirely to themselves, can always make their way and never allow themselves to be bogged. In this I suppose they have the same instinct as Exmoor ponies. The sportsman therefore rides after his game and shoots from the saddle. The first attempt or two to do this by a tyro from Europe generally involves much danger to the horse's ears, but the knack of shooting thus is easily acquired. It may be asked how are the killed birds picked up. Sometimes, certainly, they fall on some spot which the horse's good sense forbids him to approach, but as a rule they can be gathered without the smallest difficulty, as the horses being small and at least up to their knees in the quagmire, their riders can easily reach down to the surface.

Do we handle other game birds that fall to our guns as tenderly as we do a snipe? Do we regard any with as deep and loving an interest? I think not.

C. STEIN.

Land on the Starboard Bow!

THE full-blown Cockney is never better developed than when put in an entirely novel situation. When first on a racecourse—before the evening arrives—he poses as an authority on jockeyship and tells how “Jack” came on “with his usual rush” or “Tom sat down on his mare and

let her walk in,” &c., &c. Just so on board an Atlantic steamer, when we knew by the captain's reckoning almost to an hour when we should see the coast of Labrador, our most nautical Cockney rushed into the smoking-room where many were playing at cards and shouted “Land on the star-

board bow! land on the square bow!" "Take the ball every again," remarked a Yankee who was playing "Poker":—"We don't want land now. I have a full house"—which I believe means a "good hand" at that dangerous and seductive game.

In the cricket world, just as in the scenes of many of our sports which were taught the self-appointed authorities who have never learned the principles of the sport on which they pose as experts, rush in, and recommend all sorts of changes to suit the convenience of their worse half, has been to occupy an important position by avoiding obedience to the simple laws of the different sports, instead of actually obeying and supporting them by good example. It seems in our sportsman to earn the name of a "good loser."

There is a strong band of "the Old School" still in evidence who still believe in the saying that "Everything comes to those who wait," and the numbers of that band are gradually swelling especially in the cricket world where many are getting tired of by constant draws and long summer days passed in wearisome monotonous play, which instead of being a good fight for victory, is too often a gate-money exhibition for the self-glory of individual players. The absurd hero-worship of to-day is killing the grandest game in the world. The remedies suggested by some of the modern writers are absolutely ridiculous—such as breaking up the time into sections and such like. As regards time, the only remedy is to play from eleven to six-thirty in May and August, and till seven in June and July; to keep strict time; to abolish all waste of time by at once disallowing trial balls at

the beginning of a match, and to limit the number of trial balls to one per innings. The modern writers also suggest that the ball should be new, and that the pitch should be level, and that the wickets should be straight, and that the bats should be straight, and that the bowlers should be straight, and that the fielders should be straight, and that the umpires should be straight, and that the spectators should be straight, and that the whole thing should be straight. But the only remedy is to play the game as it is, and to let the players and spectators decide for themselves what is best. The modern writers are too busy with their theories to notice that the game is being played as it is, and that the players and spectators are enjoying it. The only remedy is to let the game be as it is, and to let the players and spectators decide for themselves what is best.

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as regards the modern game, and committed himself so far as to say that he thought some of the present batting and bowling was mechanical—of course, as Secretary of the M.C.C., he could not give any opinions which could be construed into an authoritative answer—his evident wish to see cricket again becoming a chivalrous contest, denuded of anything like unfair practice for the sake of a draw or a win, was hailed with acclamation by lovers of the sport, as it must be remembered that Mr. Lacey was unquestionably one of the *very* finest batsmen in England.

And lastly, when the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton has come boldly forth, and has "hit out straight from the shoulder" in a masterly article in the *National Review* against modern abuses, and *malfeasances* of gallery players, who, utterly regardless of the honour of victory for their side, will stand and stop ball after ball without an attempt to score off balls well within their reach, for fear of giving a chance; thinking only of keeping up their own wickets. Mr. Lyttelton says truly that men of this class make cricket dull and lifeless, and that constant draws are a bore, and he intimates that he should like to see the stonewallers breaking stones.

Mr. Lyttelton speaks up for a low netting, *vice* open boundaries for four runs, but he expresses a fear that the expenses of netting would be in some cases a barrier.

I will venture to rush in where angels fear to tread, and would suggest that low wire netting—say six or eight inches deep, with a somewhat large mesh—narrow enough to stop a cricket ball, could be got from a north-country factory for a shilling a yard, or less. I say this, judging from the low prices of fire-guards,

which stand outside brokers' shops. If this is so, six hundred yards could be got for £30. It is a matter of detail as regards what lengths would be required, but it seems an easy matter to have a long skewer at different lengths to stick it in the ground; and if carefully kept the netting would last for years.

I wish Mr. Lyttelton had gone on with Mr. Bligh's proposition as regards l.b.w., but there is plenty of time for that. Anyhow, very many earnest cricketers will rejoice at seeing "land in view," when Mr. Lyttelton has put in an appearance as one of the champions.

Now for a little evidence about l.b.w. On Michaelmas Day last I was in Hampshire, and wrote to my old boy tutor, the Rev. A. J. Lowth—who was Rector of St. Swithun's, Winchester—now retired from the Church, having scored 82, not out—and told him that I should come to luncheon with him; and to make the visit pleasant, he invited my old friend, George Yonge, who played three years for Eton, five years for Oxford, and numberless times at Lord's in Gentlemen and Players, England *v.* Kent, &c., &c. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that my host and his guest were the *very* best boy bowlers I ever saw. As I have said often before in cricket articles, Lowth bowled for the Gentlemen *v.* Players when in the Winchester XI. in 1836, and took nine wickets. Felix says in his book on the "Bat," that in the Gentlemen and Players, 1836, Beagley, one of the players, asked him, "Muster Felix, how be I to play that young gemman's bowling?" Lowth bowled again for the Gentlemen in 1842, but going into the Church gave up public cricket in London, and con-

fined himself to the Hants XI. at home, in conjunction with Sir Frederick Bathurst and the present Warden of Winchester, the Rev. G. B. Lee; and those three gave to their county three of the best amateur bowlers in England.

Mr. Lowth in his old age retains his memory perfectly, and is as bright and lively as when he was a boy.

All the bowlers whom I have mentioned told me that they worked for a "break," and if the ball pitched on a space which was within and bounded by an imaginary straight line drawn from bowler's hand to the wicket and the eight-inch area between wicket and wicket, the batsman stopped the ball with his foot or person at his peril.

Now these are facts: Controversy on paper is as bad as a Chancery suit. I fancy that a funk will arise amongst Young England of to-day who want "to go as they please" as to "who will bell the cat"—in other words, who will be bold enough to contradict Mr. Lyttelton to his face—or behind his back in public.

As I mentioned once before, I do not see any reason why—supposing a ground can be found within reasonable distance from London, a private Cricket Club should not be formed on the same principles as Prince's Racket Club was, where none were admitted but members, or friends introduced by members. The great requisite for such a club would be to have a thorough cricketer for manager, and it should be imperative to adopt the old rules as regards l.b.w.; to secure absolute fairness in bowling; constant practice in bowling, batting, and especially fielding; to have umpires who really know their business—in fact, to put the club on the same

footing as was the custom in days past at suburban cricket clubs such as Blackheath, West Kent, Clapton, Mitcham, Town Matting, and numberless other places, where men got a place in the eleven by regular attendance at practice once or twice a week, and showed how they could run, field, and catch, *plus* the batting and bowling tests.

Possibly such a club would produce a man who would dare to stand "point" at seven or eight yards from the batsman, and, so to say, "shut him in" on the off side. That used to be done years ago, even by men in tall hats.

When umpires say that they will not "no ball" bowlers, for fear of taking the bread out of their mouths; when batsmen say it puts too much on the umpires to judge the bowler's foot *quà* bowling crease, and the delivery of the ball; plus the l.b.w., they are talking absolute nonsense *in their own interest*; Caldecourt—"honest Will Caldecourt," as he was called; John Bayley, whose portrait, taken in oils at Lord's, by order of the M.C.C., now hangs in the pavilion; Tom Sewell, "busy Tom"; and later on Tom Barker and Bartholomew Good Notts, were the standard M.C.C. umpires, and were sent to any part of England whenever a county club asked for two impartial umpires. They never found any difficulty in administering the law, and Robert Thoms, the king of English umpires for many years, says that even *now*, aged seventy-two, that he could easily do so, as he always did years ago. Surely the question must fall to the ground.

Now we look forward to a grand movement being made by the *real* cricketers, who wish cricket to be kept as a game, and

not as a gate-money, fussy business, and will wait in patience for the result.

After a lifetime almost in the cricket field, and after seeing all the stars that ever shone, to

my mind many of the two-day matches at Lord's in August have been better fought out and showed more sport and pluck than very many of the sensation matches.

F. G.

Hind Shooting.

As communication with the North of Scotland becomes yearly easier, it is probable that the shooting of the superfluous hinds, which are so numerous in most forests, will become a more popular sport than it is at present. It will, however, always remain a sport reserved for those to whom the study of wild animals, and the enjoyment of beautiful surroundings, even when accompanied by some degree of discomfort, afford a satisfaction keen enough to compensate for their inability to point to some "antlered trophy" as the visible result of their prowess on the hill.

Hind-shooting affords lessons both in the art of stalking and in the handling of the rifle, which can only, with difficulty, be learned when the stag is the object in view.

It is one thing to risk a long, galloping shot at a hind, when one knows that one will, in all probability, have half-a-dozen easier chances during the day, and it is quite another to stake the result of a long and arduous stalk after a coveted head on the possibility of bringing off a similar coup. Yet it is only by practising this very class of shot that anyone can become a really first-class man on the hill.

Liberties, too, are taken in "getting in" in December, which would never be dreamed of in

September or October; and much may be learned as to what is possible at a pinch, "you never know till you try" being an adage which holds equally good in stalking as in less important affairs of life.

Perhaps the pleasures and attendant discomforts of the sport may best be illustrated by the description of a typical day—a good day, which, like all good days, ought to have been a better, and which well illustrates that uncertainty of result which is held to be of the essence of all true sport.

We started from the lodge at 8.30, a party of four rifles with half-a-dozen stalkers and gillies; and the plan of campaign was to start with a drive, which the year before had yielded twenty hinds, and then to separate into three parties for stalking.

The wind, which the day before had been blowing a gale from the S.W., had completely died down, and at last the hill was covered with a couple of inches of the long-wished-for snow. The full moon still hung like a bright, golden plate above the hills on the north side of the loch, growing paler as the approaching sun gradually changed the east from tenderest green to yellow, but yet seemed unwilling to finally banish the long night.

As the ponies struggled up the frozen path a lovely panorama of

half the highest peaks in Inverness and Rosshire unfolded itself, their tops tinged with pink, while a great band of feathery mist lay like a nightmare in the belly of Loch Ness.

Abandoning the ponies, we had a stiff climb to the top, and then a long tramp over a snow-clad and desolate region, deserted even by the snow buntings, of which we had seen several flocks on our way up, and where the only sign of life was an occasional white hare and the rare track of a fox. The wind, meanwhile, began to cause us a good deal of anxiety; it had veered to the east, which was the worst quarter for the forthcoming drive, and it was too late to change our plans, the drivers having already started round.

At last we reached our passes and donned Shetland jerseys and capes, for an east wind in December, three thousand feet above the sea, is of a most curious and searching nature.

For an hour and a half there was no sign of anything, and I became seriously anxious as to the fate of my wet feet, which were the cause of the most acute suffering; I recollected tales of frost-bite, and beat them against the ground till I feared the other rifles might hear, having long since ceased to have any consideration for the feelings of the possible approaching hinds.

At last a head and neck appeared below, and then another and another, till a big party of hinds came leisurely into view; they were evidently suspicious and shirked the passes, crossing the centre rifle at about two hundred yards. At a hind-drive it is always a nice question what is the right moment to open fire, in order to help the other rifles and account for as many as possible

oneself. There was, therefore, a slight hesitation on the part of the centre rifle before he began the attack, which he did when it became clear that the deer would come no closer to any of the passes. Crack goes the rifle and a hind is down, while the rest gallop wide past the west pass, leaving another behind. The occupant of that pass accounts for two more, and then quiet reigns once again.

To our disgust the next thing that appeared was Sandy, the second stalker, and our host, who had been doing outpost duty on the ridge above the beat. They brought a tale of hundreds of deer breaking back, having got our wind. Our host had secured two by dint of efforts worthy of Lilley Bridge in its palmiest days. It was half-past one, and the drive had produced six deer—a failure.

We now held a council of war, at which it was decided that Roy and the Doctor were to pursue the lot of deer which had gone forward, and which Roy declared had, in all probability, settled down in a certain corrie hidden far below us, while the three remaining rifles kept the ridge and regulated their movements by those of the deer which should come into sight as soon as the first shot was fired. The doctor was to have half-an-hour's start, and if no shot were then fired, we were to conclude that Rory was wrong in his supposition as to the whereabouts of the deer, an event which was in the highest degree improbable, and were to move east in two parties.

It was immensely cold work waiting on the top, and perhaps the half-hour was hardly up before we began to move east, keeping just below the sky-line on the far side of the ridge from the stalking party.

We had not gone half a mile before Sandy thought he heard a shot, and we all rushed hurriedly to look over the ridge. Sure enough there were the deer, a dark mass against the snow below us, moving slowly east. Boom went another shot from the doctor (he will use black powder), followed by another, and the herd mended their pace and were now immediately below us.

Suddenly they stopped, and some turned back west up the hill while the others looked about, uncertain which way to go. It was a critical moment. If they were allowed to break back between us and the doctor they were lost for ever, as a few hundred yards in that direction would give them our wind. As they seemed to be suffering from inability to make up their minds, a malady which is considered by some to be of an epidemic nature in their sex, it was decided to make it up for them, and a trusty gillie was despatched to occupy a knobbie about four hundred yards off, where he would be seen by the deer.

Off rushed Robbie down the hill, while we anxiously watched his progress and the movements of the hinds. He reached his post of vantage just as the latter had settled. It would be wiser to turn back after all, but his timely appearance caused them to think better of it, and after a short stare they turned and trotted in a compact body east.

It was now our turn to be moving, as the herd was slanting up the hill, and we had not a moment to lose to reach the balloch where they would, in all probability, cross the ridge. Hastily loosening our rifles in their covers, we dashed along close under the sky-line, slipping and stumbling over the snow-

covered rocks, and flung ourselves down on a lump of heather commanding the pass.

An advance guard had already got by before we reached our places; we were, in fact, half a minute late, and the knowledge of this fact, coupled with our heaving sides, did not tend towards accurate shooting.

Crack goes the first shot, and the deer begin galloping wildly about; half a dozen shots follow as quick as three rifles can fire, and the main herd are out of the dangerous zone, leaving only a couple behind in the snow. A small belated party, however, gallop past at about 150 yards, led by a splendid yeld hind; the first shot slips over her back and sends a puff of snow out of the opposite slope, but before the smoke has cleared away there is a second report, she hesitates in her stride, stumbles, half recovers, and then falls in the snow. The rest stop for a second, and one gives a good standing chance, which is at once taken advantage of; they then gallop out of shot after the others.

No one quite knew how many were down, but each had an unpleasant feeling that he had not accounted for as many as he might have. No amount of searching could bring to light more than four, and luckily no traces of wounding could be found. One of the great advantages of a slight covering of snow is the ease with which it enables one to see at once if anything has been hit; the slightest drop of blood being noticeable, and any wounded beast so easily tracked that it is almost sure to be recovered if the wound is anything more than a mere graze.

A warm debate followed on the causes of our erratic shooting, and the most plausible theory put

forward was that the Toory foresight, with which all our rifles were fitted, was lost against the snow at the moment of firing, it being impossible, in the case of a crossing shot, to aim actually at the object. Whether this really was the cause in this instance it is impossible to say; but the theory is perhaps worth the consideration of sportsmen who intend shooting in a snow-covered country, as for example chamois driving in the High Alps, where galloping shots are likely to be the order of the day.

Leaving the doctor and Rory to their own devices, we moved east about a mile, and then separated into two parties, Sandy and I stopping to stalk a biggish lot of hinds which were feeding on the flat below, while our host and the gent from town were to keep the higher ground and trust to the disturbed deer coming in their direction. This they steadily refused to do, partly owing to the fact that evening was coming on, and partly to their weather instinct, which told them that more snow was likely to fall, which would render the lower ground the most comfortable night's quarters.

Several times in the course of the afternoon I longed to exchange my orthodox suit of Lovat mixture for the old-fashioned night shirt which is an almost necessary article of clothing in the snow; but in spite of my conspicuous appearance, Sandy succeeded in getting in to the deer twice before dark, and I in bagging four more hinds. The proceedings were somewhat marred

by the slaughter of an innocent knobber at the last shot, which we vainly endeavoured to gralloch with the sharp edge of the instrument intended to protect the foresight of a rifle, Sandy having dropped his knife.

The knife found, and the gralloch duly performed, a five-mile walk brought us to the Lodge and tea, and the inevitable discussion of the day's sport.

The doctor had secured six hinds since he left the rest of the party after the first drive. He declared that he and Rory had counted no less than fifteen shots at our fusillade in the pass above him. This we absolutely denied, citing numerous well-known cases of people at a distance becoming confused by the echoes, and estimating the number of shots fired at exactly double the correct amount. To this the man of medicine replied somewhat dryly that fifteen was a difficult number to halve exactly, and that it was a curious coincidence that the number corresponded with the total holding capacity of our three magazine rifles; the subject was then allowed to languish.

I considered it judicious to keep the knobber incident dark until after dinner, when I knew it would be looked upon with a more lenient eye than would have regarded it in the hungry hour preceding that meal.

On counting up the result of a most enjoyable day's sport, we found that the total bag was twenty-one hinds, one of which had a curious malformation about the head.

Spaniel and Pheasant.

THERE is no more merry little dog to take out with the gun, more particularly when rough work has to be done, than the spaniel, for he will crash into briars and thick underwood without the slightest hesitation, beat hedgerows or sides of streams, and, in fact, do all that is wanted to find game; and, moreover, if properly broken, will retrieve either from land or water. He must, however, be well trained to keep within fifteen or twenty yards of the gun, and drop to wing or fur.

In an article which appeared in the July number of *BAILY'S MAGAZINE*, under the title of "Working Spaniels," the history of the spaniel, as far as it is known, is thoroughly dealt with; but, as great interest is centred in the spaniel at the present moment in connection with its usefulness in the field, an opportunity is offered to say a few more words upon a subject which is engrossing the attention of those who prefer to shoot game over dogs to indulging in the more exciting sport (to them) of a drive, with one or two loaders to assist.

The advance of science in agriculture, together with the altered mode of shooting partridges and grouse, has, to a great extent, led to the downfall of the pointer and setter, which, as decade follows decade, have become of less importance as factors to the finding and killing of game. The chief use of a dog for the sportsman of the present day lies in his retrieving capabilities: and this brings the working spaniel to the front, as he has quite as good a nose as either the pointer or setter, and

will bring his birds to hand when they are shot.

An indifferently-broken spaniel is, however, a more dangerous animal to shoot over than either of his larger *confrères*, from the fact that he does not stand to his game; and, if he gets out of hand, wildness being a very general fault with the breed, he will soon drive all the game into the next parish, which is undesirable when his owner only commands the shooting over a limited district. It is, therefore, essential that he be well under command, and, whilst on the subject of breaking, it will not be out of place to quote a rule in connection with the necessary qualities of the spaniel which has been recently formulated by the Sporting Spaniel Club, and which is to be adopted at that club's field trials, which are to take place on December 12th and following days, on the shooting of Mr. B. J. Warwick, near Havant in Hampshire. It is as follows: "In all stakes the principal points to be considered by the judges are scenting power, keenness, perseverance, obedience, freedom from chase, style, method of beating, and hunting to the guns, whether in covert, hedgerow, or the open. In single stakes, besides, the spaniels are expected to retrieve at command from land or water, as required; tenderly, quickly, and right up to the hand, and any additional excellence, such as dropping to hand and shot, standing to their game and flushing it at command, &c., will be taken in account; while in brace or team stakes they ought to drop to shot and beat their ground harmoniously together. In stakes exclusively for puppies

Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.)

SPANIEL AND PHEASANT.

retrieving of fur shall be optional."

The drawing which accompanies this paper gives an excellent idea of a working spaniel, which, it will be observed, is distinctly different to the type of spaniel that wins prizes in the show-ring. Here is to be found one of the old-fashioned liver and white spaniels, which date back to long before the modern production was thought of and before dog-shows were instituted, and when the spaniel's reputation was made by his efficiency in the field, rather than by his list of honours on the show-bench. With this picture before us, we are reminded of the stirring lines written by the poet Somerville:—

"But if the shady woods my cares employ
In quest of feathered game, my spaniels
beat,
Puzzling the entangled copse, and from
the brake
Push forth the whirring pheasant; high
in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching
away
With hasty wing. Soon the uplifted
tube
The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden
death
O'ertakes him, and, with many a giddy
whirl
To earth he falls, and at my feet
expires."

When working spaniels are under consideration, history takes us back to the time when the dog was untrammelled by the rules and regulations of shows and the standards of points by which he was to be judged. At that time the land spaniel was described under two heads, the springer and the cocker, and from a sporting point of view it is gratifying that such spaniels as that which is depicted starting the pheasant, has not been classified as a distinct variety by the Kennel Club, although the parti-coloured specimens of which he is an example

make up considerably the greater part of the whole. As a Norfolk spaniel he would belong to the springer family. Now, with regard to these two names, the springer and the cocker, it is supposed that the former was acquired from the fact that the dog was in the habit of flushing or springing his game, just as the spaniel is depicted as doing in the picture before us, whilst the cocker, which is a smaller spaniel and not over 25lbs. in weight—generally less—was more suitable for work where the woodcock abounds.

Speaking of these dogs, the late Hugh Dalziel, in "British Dogs," says: "The spaniel is not only the oldest breed we have that has been kept to the hunting of fur and feather, as a help to hawking, netting and the gun, but he is still the most generally useful of our game dogs, as he is the most universal favourite. In field or covert no dog works so close as a well-bred and a well-broken spaniel; neither fur nor feather can escape him; no hedgerow is too thick; no brake too dense for him to penetrate and force out to view of the sportsmen the reluctant game; he is a most active, ardent and merry worker, his "wanton tail," ever in motion whilst he quests, increases in rapidity of action with that tremulous whimper that tells so truly that he is near his game, and says to his master, in tones that never deceive, "Be ready; it is here."

The advantage that the spaniel has over all other dogs that are used with the gun is, that when well trained he can be made to perform the duties of the pointer the setter, retriever and spaniel, and is in reality the only one that embraces all the acquirements of the four put together

he is also a handy size, not too large to be allowed to roam about the house, excellent as a guard and very companionable in his nature. It is probably the fact of his being allowed his freedom that makes him more amenable to his master's will than any other sporting dog, for it is not necessary to remind sportsmen that the dog which is the constant companion of his master, almost without exception, shows much more intelligence than one that is

shut up in his kennel and only taken out when he is wanted for work. A dog so situated seems to know either by the actions of his master or by his dress when a day's shooting is on the *tapis* and that he will be wanted, so the instinct of the animal—closely bordering on reason—increases as time goes on, and by degrees the knowledge comes to him that his object when at work should be to hunt in such a manner as to drive the game to the gun.

FRED. GRESHAM.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

ALL young dogs run wild at first. Their natural exuberance of spirits causes them to dash about in all directions; but they must be made sensible of their faults. When they do right, caress them. We perhaps, however, had better speak in the singular, so when a young dog is told to "'Ware chase!" he should be made to understand speedily; it is a warning he should not soon forget. The following on the subject of punishing dogs is worth repeating:—Whenever a dog, not being in sight of his master at the time, has flushed birds, broken fence, or in any way broken one of those laws which well-trained dogs do not break, he will be seen to follow his master at a respectable distance and at a sneaking pace, with his delinquency marked palpably upon his countenance; but in such cases the cry of "'Ware!" should be enough. When in fault the dog's eye cannot, as a rule,

meet his master's frown. A look tells the animal he has been in the wrong, and that his owner is aware of the whole thing thoroughly, although in reality he may not be so. It is sometimes amusing to see a young dog who has just been scampering after a hare like a mad thing, or a herd of deer, or a flock of sheep, conscience stricken come to you with a look that his sin rests upon himself, and that he is thoroughly repentant.

Often gamekeepers inflict punishment upon dogs without rhyme or reason. While allowing that dogs are intelligent, and that their power of scent is marvellous, and that their ability to go from one part of the country to another without the aid of a compass is equally so, they make no allowance for mistakes the dog may make, and punish them severely for the most trivial errors. At the same time a sporting dog

should be taught to obey the eye and hand more than the voice, as he can be taught to "back," or "back-set" by the simple holding up of the hand, and the word "To-ho!" To "back-set" is the distinctive characteristic of a promising young dog, and all setters should be broken in to the command "down-charge"; that is not to stir from their point after the discharge of a gun until told to do so.

Many years ago there was in England a French Count named Peltier, who was one of the most amusing of companions, and naturally was well received everywhere among sportsmen. The French break in their dogs very well to fetch and carry, but in other respects, such as "breaking fence," they are negligent; so it will not be surprising to hear that when the late Lord Seagrave met the Count in the High Street, Cheltenham, just by the Plough Hotel, with a splendid setter at his heels, his lordship, with a view, perhaps, to purchase, inquired if he was well broken to game. "Ah!" was the Count's reply, "superb! When he do hear the rap-port of de gun he fairly runs quite mad!" The Earl expressed no wish to buy that dog.

A setter should never be allowed to break ground, or in other words he should never be in front of his master. Neither should he ever blink his game, which means that he should never move from his point until the game rises, whatever may be his inducement to do so. "Nimrod," the famous writer on sport, speaks of a favourite setter he had, over whom six shots were fired in a field of potatoes, and he never stirred from his point, which proved to be a single bird. Mr. Apperley

was offered there and then twenty-five guineas for the dog by Mr. Britton of Oldbury Hall, Atherstone, which was refused, as dogs like him were not easy to be met with; and "Nimrod" shot over him for seven more years. This setter, however, had his failing, which was a partiality for butter, and in travelling through a town or village about breakfast time, he would enter a house, snatch the butter from off the table, and disappear at a pace which baffled all pursuit.

The late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild was not exactly what one would term a sportsman, though he could hold his own with the gun against most average shooters, and in his younger days rode to hounds. But he had that profound respect for British sports as an important feature in the national character which has characterised the last two generations of his family settled in England. The Rothschilds have always made a rule of adapting themselves to the fashions and customs of the land in which they have located themselves. The English branch of the famous house has cultivated the social arts which in England carry almost as much weight as business capacity. Whilst the head of the house attends to finance, other members extend its influence in the world of society and sport. In the last generation Baron Meyer looked after the latter, Sir Anthony after the former, whilst in the present generation Mr. Leopold is the sportsman and Mr. Alfred the man of fashion. But the greatest sportsman the Rothschilds have yet produced was without doubt Baron Meyer.

Passionately fond of horses, the Baron is remembered best by

his having won the Derby with Favonius, and having run second for it with King Tom and King Alfred. Ever since the time when, as an undergraduate, he hunted with Lord Fitzwilliam, or rode over in company with Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Mr. Neville-Graham, and others of his friends from Cambridge to Newmarket, he was conspicuously attached to horse-racing and field sports. The Vale of Aylesbury was long the *champ de bataille* which he chose for his fine pack of staghounds, in order to hunt with which the Prince of Wales paid a visit in January, 1873, to the Baron's brother, Sir Anthony, and there received the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Emperor Napoleon III.

It is more than fifty years since the Rothschilds came down upon "the Vale," in a shower of gold, and Aylesbury, which was drooping away into dreary inactivity, began to wake up again under the countenance of these illustrious strangers. They began quietly enough with the staghounds, for a gallop with which they would in turns run down once a week. Then they began to outbid the poor duke for the broad acres of Buckinghamshire, and upon these they soon built a seat. Some of the country-folk did not take kindly to the staghounds in their early days, and there was some talk about "Squire Drake's rights," and "people trespassing." But no one could come to know Baron Meyer Rothschild and not like him. The threats of trespass soon died away, and with no class did he become more popular than with the farmers.

Early impressions, like first loves, are the strongest, so I may be pardoned for reviving my

own experiences of a day, say from Dinton Castle. First there is the old castle itself, rather a point in the landscape, backed by the village church and manor house. The large, strong-fenced meadows stretching down to the Thames, which, when once crossed, may, with "good speed," send you on to the Brill country; or, bending the other way, furnish fearful work for man and horse as you race towards Heythrop. And look at all the provision made to meet this. Look at Tom Ball, so perfect a specimen of what a whipper-in should be, a whipper-in mounted on a two hundred guinea nag, and with nerve and seat and head well able to land his clever horse over so trying a country. Give another glance to the fit and cut of his equipment. No gloss or finery; but stamping him in every item as a servant done justice to by his master, and ready and able to do justice to his place.

Observe again the number of high-conditioned and powerful horses waiting about for the two or three barons, whose letters of advice have registered them as down to-day. And the barons are here to the minute, as all good men of business should be; one dealer and two moustached dandies accompany them, and "time is up." The sure find is verified, and even if this one too soon should take the "soil," or sulk, there is another in the cart who succeeds him. But he trots off for the Thames at once, and every one knows the run will be a teaser. A rather wild man, Roffey, was then huntsman, but after a few seasons he was succeeded by Ball, who lost a good situation through some awkward "mistakes" in his kennel management.

The first horse the Baron ever ran was a purchase from Tilbury, called Consul, who won a hunter's stake or two on the flat, and in Oldaker's hands tried conclusions with such cattle as Lottery, Luck-sall, and Croxby between the flags. Then Tom Ball won a chase or two on Grouse, and Oldaker on Oliver Twist; and the Baron gave a tea service for the farmers to scramble for at the end of the season. When these chases dropped through, the Baron offered instead, at the Agricultural Show, a handsome prize for likely yearlings, over which Fitz Oldaker was wont to arbitrate till one of the duly appointed judges put his back up, and said if he understood one class of "nags" he would do all, and so the dictatorship was abandoned.

From the first Mr. Oldaker had been chief adviser in the stable, and it was through his agency Baron Meyer had his first taste on the legitimate Turf with a mare called Emerald, a bad runner, but good at the stud, and from that time the Baron always had something worth looking at in training, though for a long time fortune was not his friend. He ought to have won the Derby twenty years or more before his death, with King Tom, while he did win the Oaks in 1867 with the King's daughter, Hippia, the success of the stable culminating in 1871, when Favonius won the Derby, and Hannah the Oaks and St. Leger, the filly being another daughter of King Tom. The names of Orestes, King Alfred, Mentmore Lass, Corisande, Laburnum, Leopold, Hungerford and Wingrave will long be remembered. Baron Rothschild was elected a member of the Jockey Club in

1864, and was a consistent reformer of the abuses of the Turf.

But although the greatest achievements of Baron Rothschild's horses on the Turf were due to the presence of Favonius, Hannah, Corisande, and other thoroughbreds prepared for their engagements by Hayhoe, it is doubtful whether the Baron's well-remembered blue jacket was ever carried by so good an animal as the famous son of Pocahontas, King Tom. It was in allusion to this horse and his progeny that General Peel declared from his place in the House of Commons that he had lately seen in Baron Rothschild's stable at Newmarket from ten to a dozen horses, each of which was able to carry sixteen stone across any hunting country in the world.

In the latter years of his life the winter addresses delivered by him to his constituents were more eagerly scrutinised by racing men than by politicians. Many of the former will still remember how, early in 1871, he advised his sporting hearers to "follow the Baron" in their racing investments for the coming season, and what significance those words derived from subsequent events. Those who took the tip had good cause to be grateful to the Baron when Favonius, at 10 to 1, pulled off the Derby, and two days later Hannah placed the Oaks to the credit of the Rothschild colours. I remember well the deafening cheers of a myriad delighted Yorkshiremen that went up to the sky when Hannah added the St. Leger to her triumphs. And when in the following year Favonius won the Goodwood Cup under the crushing weight of 9 st. 3 lb., I recall with what emphasis Joseph Hayhoe, his trainer, de-

clared that "he wouldn't take a thousand pounds for a hair of the horse's tail." Nor is my recollection less vivid of the grief and dismay which filled the breast of every sportsman in England when, less than two years later, the news of the Baron's untimely death fell like a thunderclap upon the sporting world. He was but 55, two years younger than Baron Ferdinand, when death claimed him. Indeed, the Rothschilds are not a long-lived race. But this much can be said of them, that they live every moment of their lives, and find time, however brief their span, for so much benevolence and hospitality that high and low, rich and poor alike feel and deplore their loss sincerely.

Sir Henry's Hawkins' successor on the Bench, Sir Thomas Townsend Bucknill, has at least one point in common with his predecessor, and that is love of sport. "Tommy" Bucknill, as his friends affectionately call him, and the abbreviation is significant of his popularity, is, or at any rate was, a keen sportsman. In his younger days he was one of the cleverest light-weight boxers I have ever met among amateurs, *the* cleverest, I think, being the late Thomas Brett, of the Chancery Bar, whose learned "Commentaries" will long keep his memory green in both branches of the profession. "Tom" Brett was as eccentric as he was brilliant, and his eccentricity unfortunately was a fatal bar to his success. He was a good, all-round athlete, but boxing was his *forte*, and I have often accompanied him in his and my "salad days" to the "Blue Anchor," in Shore-ditch, where he would put on the gloves against all comers—professional and amateur, and so well did he often acquit himself against

the pro.'s that I have often heard derisive cries of "which is the hamatoor?" from the critical spectators. Brett was a sort of standing counsel to the "Fancy," and I have known such eminent ornaments of the prize ring as Jem Mace and Joe Goss frequently consult him, and express the profoundest reverence for his legal acumen.

Another mighty athlete of those days was Richard Ouseley Blake Lane, Q.C., now one of the West London Police Magistrates. But he was a heavy-weight—standing considerably over six feet—a remarkably powerful man, and singularly active for his size. Like Tom Brett, he was a distinguished member of Trinity College, Dublin, and both of them afforded signal proof that men of muscle may also be men of brains.

"Tommy" Bucknill was what neither of these fine boxers and athletes could ever claim to be—he was a fine horseman, and at one time promised to take high rank among the gentleman riders of England, both on the flat and across country. But for a serious affection of the eyes, which for many anxious months threatened to deprive him altogether of sight, he would probably have made a considerable name for himself as a jockey. There is a story of him, possibly apocryphal, which tells that he rode and won a steeple-chase when he was only a boy of ten. I don't vouch for this, but I do vouch for the following anecdote of precocity in the saddle, the hero of which was a friend of Mr. Justice Bucknill's father.

It is told of the late Mr. George Thompson, the noted "gentleman

rider," that from a boy he had an almost intuitive knowledge of riding. At eight years old he would accompany his father across country on a spirited little pony, and was always in the first flight. While he was still a mere child his father made a match to run a pony called Maid of Skelgate, against a certain gentleman's hack, catch weight, half a mile, each to ride his own. On going down to the start Mr. Thompson, sen., discovered that a jockey boy who was in Scott's stables, and who had ridden several winners, was about to ride his opponent's horse. Against this he remonstrated, as the conditions understood were for "gentlemen riders" only. When, however, the articles were looked through, it was discovered that this important stipulation had been omitted, and Thompson's opponent openly boasted that he had got the best of the match, as Thompson

weighed over 11 st., and the jockey under 7 st. Thompson rode off to his carriage, where his wife and family were seated, and said to her, "Hand me out George, I am too heavy." And the next moment a little dark-eyed fellow, in a blue cloth frock, ornamented with gilt buttons, was put out and mounted on Maid of Skelgate; as he cantered with his father down to the post, without boots or breeches, showing his little red legs and trousers, he was loudly cheered. "What am I to do, papa?" he asked. "Why, hold your reins tight, and directly they say 'Go!' come home as fast as you can." He obeyed these simple instructions to the letter, and won in a canter, after which he was put back in the carriage. At this time his weight was within a pound of 3 st., so that he was probably the lightest jockey that ever rode in public.

The Hunting Season.

"SANS CHANGER," a motto of one of our noble houses, is only partly applicable to our chief winter sport as season succeeds season. True, as one master or huntsman retires into private life, or joins the majority, another is found to take his place; but there are changes nevertheless, and some of them are changes with which we could well dispense, for we do not like to see old names drop out of the list. Yet since our annual article appeared last year some gaps have been made in the hunting world. Mr. C. P. Shrubb, of the Tedworth, Mr. Wilson, of the Ledbury, and Major Browne, have departed

from among us, and all will be sincerely regretted by their respective followers.

In the ranks of professionals the whole of the hunting world will lament the retirement, as the result of an accident, of Tom Firr, for so many years huntsman of the famous Quorn pack; though it is to be hoped that he may eventually recover and be able to enjoy many another day with the pack which he has hunted with such conspicuous success for so many years. For a long time his name has been a household word in hunting circles, and the omission of his name marks an epoch in hunting history. In

the course of last season, too, James Collings, the worthy huntsman of the South Devon, lost his life in a peculiar way. A fox had been run to ground on the moor, and digging operations were adopted. While these were in progress a piece of rock was displaced, and came down on Collings, who was killed by its fall. Nor does this complete the tale of losses, for since his retirement, Charles Leedham, the last of the family, the members of which have hunted and whipped in to the Meynell ever since the hunt was established by Mr. Meynell Ingram early in the century, has died. Since the Meynell first became a separate hunt, a member of the Leedham family has always been connected with it, and either one or both of the whippers-in have been sons or nephews of the huntsman. Charles Leedham's death, therefore, marks a period in the hunt's history. His place was, on his retirement, taken by Harry Bonner, who, after being in service in Ireland, hunted the Tynedale for Mr. Straker; but now that he has left, Stephen Burtenshaw, formerly first whipper-in, has been promoted, and a new departure has been taken.

Dealing first with staghounds, Lord Coventry is still found in command of the Royal pack, but Mr. Allen-Jefferys has given up his and sold his hounds to Captain Ormrod, of Wyresdale, in Lancashire, so that county which, not so long ago, had no staghounds at all, has now two packs, Mr. Gerard's being the other. For a good many years Colonel Alfred Somerset, whose chesnuts, piebalds and skewbalds, are so well known at the meets of the Driving Club, has ruled over the fortunes of the Enfield Chase staghounds, but he has now given

up the cares of office, and Mr. Hills Hartridge reigns in his stead; but Colonel Somerset's name will long be remembered with respect by those to whose amusement he has for so long contributed. On looking over the year's list another well known name will be found missing from the number of masters of staghounds—that of Mr. Sheffield Neave, who has ruled since Mr. Petre's retirement, having decided to give up. Mr. Neave's family have been connected with hunting in Essex for something like a hundred years, and perhaps longer, but a Mr. Sheffield Neave kept staghounds in Essex towards the close of the last century. His place has been taken by Mr. W. H. Pemberton Barnes, the gentleman, who is at the head of the Newmarket and Thurlow Hunt, and it is a curious coincidence that the latter country was once hunted by Mr. Osbaldeston, who at the same time hunted the Pytchley hounds, and hacked on alternate days from one country to the other. Barbed wire has formed a difficulty in Essex, and has, to a great extent, it is understood, influenced Mr. Sheffield Neave's retirement. The West Surrey, formerly the Surrey Farmers' pack, have now passed into the hands of Mr. A. J. Curnick, and this completes the list of changes in stag hunting establishments in England, while in Ireland the only thing to be noted is that the South Westmeath have been given up. The four other packs go on as before, and a good season is anticipated, as hounds, horses and deer are quite up to the mark.

FOXHOUNDS.

The changes in the foxhunting countries do not appear to be either more or less than we have

had to record in former years. Mr. James Foster, who took the Albrighton in conjunction with the Hon. C. H. Legge in 1887, and who became sole master in 1890, has now resigned in favour of Mr. J. C. Munro, who has been since 1894 the popular master of the East Sussex. The Avon Vale disappear from the list, the Duke of Beaufort having claimed back the country his father originally lent to Captain Spicer, so Mr. G. H. Palmer is now out of harness. Mr. Heywood Lonsdale, brother of the late and son of the former master of the Shropshire, has taken the Bicester country in succession to Lord Cottenham, and he keeps on the old staff. There is no further change to mention until we come to Mr. Browne's Hounds, and that is only rendered necessary by the lamented death of Major Browne, who as a good all-round sportsman won great popularity in the country, where, with his family pack he showed a great amount of sport. Mr. Philipps is now the master of the Carmarthenshire, in place of Mr. Buckley, and although the mastership of the South Cheshire is unchanged, Mr. Reginald Corbet, who has been master since the division of the country, has handed over the horn to his son, who has for some time been his *fidus achates*.

The North-east Cornwall has now become two packs, Mr. W. C. Connock Marshall, who formerly hunted the country, and who has also been a master of harriers, having taken the east portion, while Mr. Horndon, who hunted the north-east pack last year, having resigned, a Committee now rules over the north of the country; Major de Freville having given up the Cotswold his place has been taken by Mr. Algernon Rushout, who formerly hunted the North Cotswold. In

the Croome country there is more or less of a return to the old order of things, for Mr. A. B. Wrangham, formerly master of the Eastbourne, having resigned, his place is now filled by the Hon. H. Coventry, the son of Lord Coventry, who originated the country: and then taking a jump into Devonshire, we find that in consequence of the death through being crushed by a falling rock, of James Collings, the late huntsman, R. E. Bovey has joined the staff in that capacity, and the Dulverton, formerly hunted by Mr. Dawkins, has now passed to Mr. H. J. Selwyn, who, like his predecessor, is his own huntsman.

In Essex we find that Mr. Loftus Arkwright, whose father and grandfather were masters before him, has resigned his share of the government, and Mr. Bowlby is now sole master, Mr. C. E. Green, the old Cambridge cricketer, and former master of the pack, acting as field-master. In the East Essex country Mr. W. Deacon succeeds Mr. Ruggles Brise and Captain Cruickshank, and the Essex Union also shows a change of mastership, but it is only nominal. Mr. Helme who has now changed his name to Mashiter, retains the mastership of the hounds, to the great advantage of his followers. The Haydon hounds are now ruled over by Mr. Harvey Scott, and the H.H. have Mr. Coryton in conjunction with Mr. T. E. Jervoise as joint masters, Lieutenant Colonel Knox having resigned. Last season Ledbury sportsmen had to lament the death of their master, Mr. F. T. Wilson, and his place has been taken by his brother, Mr. H. M. Wilson, who has already won great popularity in the country, and will do his best to show sport. *En passant* we may mention the Meynell

country, as although the mastership is unchanged there is another huntsman. It often happens that when once the old connection dies out changes come thick and fast, and it is so in this case. Charles Leedham having resigned and subsequently died, Harry Bonner came in his place from the Tynedale, but he has now left, and Stephen Burtenshaw, the first whipper in, has been promoted to the huntsman's berth.

In Hants Mr. Martin Powell has given up the New Forest in favour of Mr. C. Heseltine, who, like many other masters of hounds, learned his business as a master of beagles, he having been at the head of the Walhampton pack. Mr. Stokes, who has for some years hunted the Pembrokeshire country, has now given way to Mr. L. F. Craven, the new master hunting the hounds himself. W. Barnard, who carried the horn last year, is now first whipper-in. The Woodland Pytchley, though part of the possession of Mr. Wroughton of the Pytchley, are now taken in hand by Lord Southampton, who, like Mr. Austin Mackenzie (who in his country reared up a splendid pack of hounds) carries the horn himself. Mr. Austin Mackenzie's retirement has certainly been a loss to the country, no matter how good his successor may be, but Mr. Wroughton secured the bitch pack at a high price. The Committee which, since the last retirement of the Hon. C. Brand, ruled over the fortunes of the Southdown, have now retired, and the former master, in conjunction with Mr. Courage, returns to power, while in the Stainton Dale country Mr. Tindall is succeeded by Mr. J. P. Knaggs.

Coming nearer to London we find that Mr. Arthur Labouchere,

a former master of staghounds, has made way in the Surrey Union country for Major Goulburn, who has W. Kennett for his huntsman. There is also a change to be noticed with the East Sussex, for Mr. Munro having left for the Albrighton, the Hon. T. A. Brassey and Mr. C. A. Egerton, a former master of the pack, are now in command. In the Tedworth country the death of Mr. C. P. Shrubbs has left a vacancy which has been filled by Mr. W. J. Yorke-Scarlett. In the north of England Mr. W. Nixon and Mr. N. Stordy now rule the Thurstonfield, Mr. J. Stordy having died, while Mr. Lewis F. Craven having departed to the Pembrokeshire country, the Tivyside is now under the mastership of Captain W. Pryse, whose family has supplied many masters of hounds. Here the number of changes in England and Wales, so far as we are aware, ends; but in connection with the Warwickshire we may note that the sad state of Lord Willoughby de Broke's health will preclude him from taking the field this season. His lordship certainly took rank as one of the best amateur huntsmen in England, and his place will now be filled by J. Brown, who comes with a strong recommendation from Lord Harrington. One must not omit to say that in the Quorn country hunting men will miss both the name and presence of Tom Firr, who felt called upon to resign last season, owing to an accident he received during cub-hunting, and in his place, Captain Burns Hartopp has appointed Walter Keyte, who was second whipper-in under Firr. He shaped very well last season, and if anything like decent scent prevails during the coming months he will probably be successful in showing sport.

In Scotland no changes of mastership have to be recorded. Turning to Ireland, there is a new pack on the list, the Castle-comer, which is ruled by Mr. Price Wandesforde. The Galway (the famed Blazers) have passed from the committee which succeeded Mr. Williams to Mr. F. Poyser, and the East Galway,

which were once ruled by Mr. Harrison, are now in the hands of Mr. J. B. Charters, who was last year in command of the Limerick, his place with that pack being taken by Mr. Wise. The Muskerry are under the hands of Mr. H. Leader, who took the mastership of them last year.

"Baily's Hunting Directory."*

THE edition of this work for season 1899-1900 is published on November 1st, and we trust that its contents will be found worthy of the welcome which has been accorded its predecessors, and which has been a source of the greatest gratification to the Editors. A few changes in the new issue may be noticed. It has been found necessary to check the inundation of particulars relating to "Sires likely to get hunters," which threatened to overload the pages. For the future a small fee will be charged for inserting such particulars. A list, very brief, of the Drag Hunts in England and Ireland has been added at the suggestion of friends; an index of honorary secretaries' names, with their hunts, will be

found following that of the masters, and a new appendix, entitled "Huntsmen and their Records," will, it is hoped, be found of utility to masters and others. Thanks to the courtesy of honorary secretaries, we have been able to add to the descriptions of many hunts details concerning subscriptions, which in the previous editions were wanting. The several appendices have been brought up to date. The articles in the new edition are:—"Hound Shows, their Use and Abuse," by Sir Richard Green Price; "The Future of Point to Point Racing," by Mr. Roland Y. Bevan, Hon. Secretary to the Essex Hunt; "Distemper among Hounds and its Treatment," by Professor Hobday, of the Royal Veterinary College; and "Drag Hunting," by Captain J. Hanwell, master of the Royal Artillery Drag Hunt.

* "Baily's Hunting Directory," 1899-1900. Vinton & Co., Ltd., 9, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. Price 5s. By post 5s. 4d.

“Our Van.”

Manchester — September Meeting.—Although Manchester always succeeds in pleasing its particular patrons, as is evidenced by the splendid returns annually made to shareholders, and no one can complain of want of liberality in the matter of stakes, yet no horse ever makes a name there as is done on that other well-known Lancashire course at Aintree, to say nothing of Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot and Doncaster. The executive is so able to command success in other directions that it can afford to do without glory; still, it would be fitter were a meeting of so stupendous a character to be the means of creating a thoroughbred hero or heroine now and then. But this will be impossible so long as racing takes place on the course in use, and the company are to be consoled with on having nothing better at their disposal. A more ticklish course in the effect the weather has upon it I do not know, and at the September meeting we saw the going that had been good on the first two days reduced to a quagmire on the third, through a fall of rain. It was a heavy fall, unquestionably, but only very poor turf would succumb in so short a space of time.

The race of the first day, without doubt, was that for the Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate. M. Cannon, T. Loates, and O. Madden, the three best English jockeys over a five furlongs' course, were engaged in it, Cannon riding for Lord William Beresford, whose regular jockey was indisposed. As Mr. L. de Rothschild's Griffon was running, Tom Loates was of course on his back, Madden riding Semper

Vigilans, whose first appearance on a racecourse was not the less interesting because he is by Carbine. Jouvence had beaten Elopement at Lingfield, and this was deemed good enough to win, and although Griffon had won the Astley Stakes at Lewes, he started third favourite. A fourth starter was Rapine, who had created a great upset in the Railway Stakes at the Curragh; but the Irish form, unsupported by any English, is a thing of very dubious quantity. Griffon was giving away weight to everything in the race, Semper Vigilans being in receipt of a stone, and this enabled him to make a splendid fight of it with Griffon, the skill of Loates and Madden being tested to the utmost in a finish in which Griffon got up in the last stride to beat Semper Vigilans by a very short head.

On the third day we had the Prince Edward Handicap, for which, as is quite the common thing nowadays with races of this character, the field was international in composition, three continents being represented. To Australasia went the spoils, through the medium of Maluma, one of the best known of Mr. Jersey's importations, who won easily. Some scrimmaging occurred in the race, and is supposed to have prevented Light Comedy from winning. Had this Irish filly won, the expectations of a fairly large contingent would have been realised. She is a nice filly, and is one of those that should be followed.

Newmarket First October.—Wind was a very prominent feature at this meeting, and a very disagreeable thing is even a moderate gale at Newmarket, espe-

cially when, as was the case this time, it comes from a westerly direction, for then we in the stands are at its mercy almost as much as are those outside. But it was not a wind to favour the crouching seat of the Americans, which, at Newmarket, must blow from the east. As nothing opposed Simon Dale in the Buckingham Stakes, the interest of the first day was centred in the Twenty-First Great Foal Stakes, in which Sweet Marjorie was so much preferred to Scintillant that slight odds were laid on her.

Taking the St. Leger to be a true run race, the fact that Scintillant was not a strong favourite for this could only be set down to a fear that he would not again give his best running. Very few pounds would have put Caiman and Scintillant together at Doncaster, and Caiman in this race at 9st., instead of Scintillant at 8st. 7lb., would have been a pretty strong order. Scintillant somehow reminds one of Jeddah, each of them being strongly fancied for the Two Thousand Guineas by those best able to form a correct judgment, and running about as badly as could be. Scintillant did not win the Derby, as did Jeddah, nor, for a long time, did he appear likely to win anything.

Change of jockey made no difference. The antics he had before indulged in in the paddock and whilst waiting for the start had no suspicion of vice in them, but were due to high spirits; still, it was a wise precaution to saddle him away from the other horses. Jarvis had never wavered in his good opinion of the colt, and at last he was to be able to justify it, for Scintillant simply cantered away from the others, Sweet Marjorie and Hougoumont, some

time after he had passed the post, making a great fight for second place. That some inquiries as to Scintillant's price for the Cesarewitch should be immediately made was inevitable, for what was likely to beat such form as this with Scintillant's light weight?

Scintillant's was not the only public trial for Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire that was being run. Mitcham and Grodno, amongst others, ran one for the Cesarewitch in the Newmarket October Handicap of a mile and a half, and the result was to enhance the usefulness of Mitcham, who wore down Grodno and Lexicon in a way that seemed to put Grodno quite out of court for the longer race to come. In the Boscawen Post Stakes Diamond Jubilee won his first race, giving Paigle 6lbs. and a head beating. Eager came out for a canter, utilising the Snailwell Stakes for the occasion. He looked remarkably well.

The provision of 1,500 sovs. for the second horse and 1,000 sovs. for the third in the Jockey Club Stakes ensures a field, however certain the first place may be for any horse, as, for instance, it was for Flying Fox this year. After the Great Foal Stakes Scintillant's merits were at last realised, and he was backed to beat everything but Flying Fox. So far as that worthy is concerned it was the Two Thousand Guineas over again, *plus* some weight, which, however, did not trouble him in the least, and he took command after going a quarter of a mile, to win in a canter. It was enlightening as to the winner's merits to see Scintillant, who had won quite as easily two days before, fighting hard several lengths behind him for the second money. The way he wore down

Gerolstein and Choson should have inspired people to still more favour his Cesarewitch chance, but there were some who saw him finish leg weary, and as though he had had quite enough of it. They had already forgotten that he had run half a mile farther at Doncaster.

The cry is still being kept up by what may be termed the small fry, that the ten thousand pounders are killing sport. But all reference to instances is carefully excluded, and we are left wondering what particular form of racing is injured by the institution of these three mammoth races. At Sandown one of them provides the biggest day of the year, and all three take a great deal of winning.

Kempton Park. — The most interesting meeting of the season between two-year-olds was that of Forfarshire and Democrat in the Imperial Stakes at Kempton. Forfarshire had yet to make amends for his defeat at Sandown, where Democrat gave him 9lbs. and a neck beating. There were excuses for that defeat, Forfarshire being in a very bad position and hampered until it was too late to get up, but had he won there was the 9lbs. difference. Anyone who has ever looked at Forfarshire knows that he is one of those that require time for development, and time had certainly done wonders with him. When he was stripped at Kempton he was quite a two-stone heavier colt than he was in mid-July, and all the growth has taken place just where it is most desirable. But instead of receiving 9lbs. he was this time giving 3lbs. — a difference of 12lbs., which could not be ignored. To win, Forfarshire would have to run a stone better horse than he was at Sandown. The thing did not

strike most people as feasible, though it was possible, and as such was guarded against. Although Merry Gal, who ran so good a second to Forfarshire at Derby was in receipt of nearly a stone and Atbara of 8lbs. from Forfarshire, the race was still regarded as lying solely between the two cracks, so with Democrat at even money or slight odds on and Forfarshire at 4 to 1 and 9 to 2, it was simplicity itself to back the two. This is what wise people, not being gamblers, did. Although Democrat did not win no one could complain that Sloan did not do his best, for he came away as hard as he could and at five furlongs was quite two lengths in front of Forfarshire. Sam Loates was riding in his usual style, leaving everything to the final rush, and though he was not able to come at the precise moment he wanted, through Democrat altering his course and going over to Merry Gal, he was duly impressed with the 9st. 10lb. Forfarshire was carrying. This might seem like extra caution, for Democrat was carrying within 3lbs. as much. It is all right when it comes off, but it may be asserted that more races over a short distance have been lost than won by the waiting policy. Every season we see races unexpectedly won by horses through getting well off and making the best of their way home, but never by waiting behind. Weight on five and six furlong courses is a very different matter to weight carried over a distance, and in either case 3lbs. is not a matter of so much consequence that the issue should be left to a desperate finish. The way the race was run, however, caused the finish to be one of the most exciting of the year. So far was Forfarshire behind at the distance that he

seemed beaten, but the pace he came up at was tremendous, and although Democrat quickened he could not stave off the electric rush of his opponent, who headed him three or four strides from the chair. Once with the best of it, Forfarshire could not gain another inch, but at the winning post his head was still in front, the pair finishing at great speed. The improvement of Forfarshire is very welcome, for, as things stand at present, he seems to be all there is to prevent the Derby of 1900 being won by a gelding. Much water will run under the bridges before the next Epsom Summer Meeting, and it has to be seen how Democrat comes out of all the hard work he has undergone as a two-year-old. There is also the dark horse to be accounted for.

The Duke of York Stakes was not remarkable for the form of the competitors. Sam Darling was on the spot with one of those surprises for which he has become celebrated, this being Ercildoune, a three-year-old by Kendal, who had been improved out of all knowledge since his only previous appearance in the Jubilee Stakes. Reports of what he had done on the trial ground had got about and he was backed. The day before the race the owner had not secured a jockey, and young Lynham was engaged as the best of those at the weight that were still available, and very well he availed himself of the opportunity. Mount Prospect dashed away in such style when they were well in the straight that he looked like winning by many lengths, but he is not a thorough stayer and died away rapidly, Ercildoune coming up in the last few strides to win by a neck. The policy of forcing the pace with Mount Prospect in the

straight is one that may be seriously questioned. The meeting was remarkable for the size of some of the fields, twenty or more starting on three occasions. As many as twenty-seven ran for the Kempton Park Nursery Handicap, and this was won by the first favourite, starting at 5 to 2!

Newmarket Second October.

—A few weeks before the day the Champion Stakes of 1899 promised to be one of the most interesting contests of the racing in modern times, for the owners of Cyllene and Flying Fox had announced their intention of putting their horses in the field. The Champion Stakes would then have been a race between champions indeed. But such a meeting was too good to come off; Cyllene broke down in training and was then and there removed from further active connection with the Turf. With his scratching there was no reason for asking Flying Fox to do any more this year, and the pen was also put through his name. Through these important defections the race became third-rate at once, and it was very unexpectedly won by Dieudonné, who started the outsider of a party of four, which included St. Gris and Victoria May. Elopement, whose defeat at Lingfield by Jouvence no one could understand, gave a taste of his real quality in the Clearwell Stakes, in which he gave 6lbs. to Atbara. He seemed to have the race always in hand, and the length he won by could have been materially increased. Elopement is one of those of whom considerable improvement is expected as a three-year-old.

Previous to the decision of the Cesarewitch on the second day, Eager took another exercise canter in the Select Stakes, whilst

Fosco had no trouble in taking 5lbs. from Ugly, who is a sadly deteriorated animal from what he was, and no longer capable of holding his own in first-class company. We no longer see the Ugly that, in 1898, beat Kilcock for the July Cup at six furlongs (with weight, but out of his distance), and won eight races in twelve starts.

The Cesarewitch horses must be voted a mediocre lot, and never before were more trainers so absolutely certain of winning the race. The confidence of Ireland in Irish Ivy was extraordinary, and Newmarket was full of visitors from the other side of the St. George's Channel, who put down their money like the men they are. Irish Ivy had always been steady in the market, but not more so than Scintillant, who, on public form, was an even money chance. It had been originally decided that F. Wood, for whom the colt ran so well, should have the mount, though it meant carrying many pounds over-weight. Under these circumstances the earning of a 5lbs. penalty did not signify, for Wood was not asked to ride under 7st. Ercildoune was putting up a 10lbs. penalty, and even then his party by no means thought him out of it, though this opinion was not shared by the public. The craze there was for Asterie we could not understand, looking at her running at Manchester and the fact that she could not win last year with 11lbs. less weight. Of each of quite half the starters we heard something that entitled it to win, but when the race was over nothing was so much vindicated as public form, for Scintillant beat Ercildoune by a head, whilst Mitcham, the most consistent of performers over a distance, was third. That Ercil-

doune should make so close a thing of it with his penalty up shows what a certainty he would have been without it, but the Duke of York Stakes was of more than double the value of the Cesarewitch. Had the head been the other way it would have been a disappointing thing for F. Wood, who had put off his wedding to ride. It should be noted that Scintillant was carrying 9lbs. and Ercildoune 10lbs. more than in the original handicap.

The Bretby Stakes was won by Vane, own sister to Flying Fox, but she beat nothing much. She was a long way behind Forfarshire and Democrat at Kempton.

As Forfarshire was not entered for the Middle Park Plate, it was apparently left to Simon Dale to dispute matters with Democrat. But Simon Dale by no means ran as well as at Doncaster, and many lengths behind his private form, which places him a long way in front of Goblet, who here beat him. Diamond Jubilee showed further approach to what is expected of him, although it was owing to a good start that he was able to finish within half a length of Democrat. As it turned out, the presence of Simon Dale was a very good thing for the Democrat people, who in his absence would never have been able to get even money.

The Cub-hunting Season.—The new hunting season which will have begun by the time BAILY is in the hands of its readers, opens with very bright prospects of sport. The heavy rain of late September and early October has softened the ground, and the fall of the leaf will be early this year to all appearance. Foxes as a rule are plentiful and stout, though here and

there is mange, a disease which will torment us as long as foxes are bought and turned down. The *Field* has raised a timely protest against the trade in foxes, and it is to be hoped that some endeavour will be made by our leaders in matters of sport to put an end to a traffic which is a continued menace to hunting. The worst of all dangers, wire, exists in some countries to an alarming extent, and will always be a source of trouble unless the difficulty be boldly faced. In most cases the majority of farmers are willing to meet hunting men on this matter. It is a class above the farmers in wealth and position who are at once the worst offenders and the most difficult to deal with. It is not the men with a grievance, sometimes a real one, but the secret enemies of hunting from whom the real danger to sport comes. Some offenders are open to friendly expostulation, some to social pressure, but the rest are very difficult to influence. Unfortunately there are countries which are already well nigh impossible to ride over, and though hounds can run, the followers see but little of them. Still, on the whole, the prospects are very bright, perhaps unusually so. Hounds never were better, and with good foxes, fast and musical packs, and scent, without which nothing can be done, a good season may be looked forward to. One great point to the good is that hounds this year have had plenty of schooling, and—as will be seen by those who look at the following notes—plenty of blood.

Stag-hunting.—Mr. Sanders is carrying the horn himself one day in the week with the Devon and Somerset, the number of wild deer on Exmoor making it necessary

to hunt four days a week. Even so, and with Sir John Amory's staghounds to help, it is difficult to keep the deer in check. Mr. Sanders had a very successful hunt from Hollacombe Head, though the stag escaped hounds at the close by one of the clever devices cunning old deer adopt. The stag had been almost run up when he joined a herd of hinds which raced away in front of hounds, and keen eyes noted at length that the stag was no longer with the herd. Hounds were at once stopped and every effort made to recover his line. All was in vain. Whether the stag turned off or whether he laid down and let hounds overrun him no one can say, but at all events he disappeared and was not to be found. On another occasion a fighting stag was lassoed in the Exe, but not till he had struck at and wounded two horses. This stag had but one eye and was a very tough and dangerous customer. Stag-hunting is very nearly at an end now, and a very excellent season it has been, the only blot on it being the loss of some good hounds, but that is an incident of stag-hunting that cannot be helped. The best and boldest hounds are always in most danger of injury.

Sir John Amory's Staghounds.—Every year Mr. Bassett (formerly master of the Devon and Somerset) entertains hounds, horses and men when the Barnstaple district is to be hunted. Like most Devonshire men the Barnstaple folk are keen sportsmen, and the writer has seldom seen a bigger crowd. One thought occurred to him as he looked over the crowd—that the cycle, as a sporting conveyance, has come to stay. It has several advantages; a man on a wheel can see more sport than a man

on foot, and he does less mischief to the farmer—none at all, in fact, while the ever-increasing numbers of cyclists at hunting fixtures must tend to increase the popularity of hunting, and to strengthen its position in the land. Moreover, it might be a source of revenue to the hunts. Many persons who enjoy hunting on a cycle would be quite willing to pay a small subscription, if they were asked. But to return to the stag-hunting. With so many persons present who only get an occasional day's hunting, the stag was considerate of their interests. For while the pace was fast, the course taken by the stag was such as to let in most of the followers from time to time. A fast run, with some curves in it, probably tends to the greatest happiness of the greatest number in the hunting-field.

Duke of Beaufort's.—This country, now restored to its old limits, is to be thoroughly hunted. The hounds are to be divided into four packs, the duke himself carrying the horn with the dog pack, and Will Dale with the bitches. The purchase of the Woodland Pytchley dogs was a useful one, bringing into the kennel the Belvoir and Blankney blood. Mr. Austin Mackenzie's success in hound breeding was based on the blending of those two famous strains. Of course, Lord Henry Bentinck's sort were only modified Belvoir, as the Blankney master leant much on the judgment of the elder Will Goodall. The whole of the duke's pack look like work, and his country tests the working power of hounds. There is no country which has a greater variety of soil, tillage and fencing than the Badminton. The district, which has recently been reclaimed, and will now be hunted by the duke, is the grass vale on

the south, where are the coverts of the Right Hon. Walter Long, of Rood Ashton, and Captain Spicer. It is a good scenting country, and comparatively easy to ride over. Like many other parts of the duke's country, it is very deep. The Duchess of Beaufort is a keen sportswoman, and the duke is a master of the science of hunting. The Badminton huntsman, Will Dale, is perhaps the greatest professor of hound lore among huntsmen now on active service. The writer, visiting Badminton lately, was struck with his deep and extensive knowledge of pedigrees and strains of blood, and that not only of those in his own kennel, but in many other famous packs. The hounds seemed in first-rate condition, full of muscle, and with that fire and activity which one likes to see in a pack of hounds at the beginning of the season.

Leicestershire.—The Quorn is supplying many members and two correspondents to the war. Lady Sarah Gordon Wilson is to write to the *Daily Mail* from Mafeking, where she has gone with characteristic pluck. Mr. Winston Churchill, her nephew, is one of the correspondents of the *Morning Post*. Most of the Churchill family are clever, and the expectant Melton readers will not be disappointed in the letters the aunt and nephew will send home. I should have noted, too, that Captain Gordon Wilson is with Colonel Baden-Powell, who, by the way, was one of the keenest of the keen after a wild boar when in India.

The Quorn.—Hounds and horses are fit and well, and we all think that in Walter Keyte we have a worthy successor of Tom Firr. Old Dalby Wood, which is in the Monday country, is a comfortable early morning

ride from Melton, and if there be foxes there, they can hardly take a wrong line. In the neighbouring gorse hounds spoke in a way that told of a scent. A few moments later they tasted blood. A capital cub was then found in Dalby Wood, and after being rattled about in covert, made his escape, and was left for another day. Number three gave a short scurry in the open, and was killed in Grimston Gorse, the puppies joining eagerly in the chase. In Lord Aylesford's covert hounds found and killed a badger—this was always a great place for badgers. Then another fox was found in a plantation and killed, after a smart little run to Old Dalby Wood. The following day hounds found themselves in a very different country, the fixture being at Swithland Wood. This is in that Charnwood Forest country of which Tom Firr used to say that it was invaluable for educating hounds. This section of the Quorn is rough and wild, and there are many stone walls, but it generally carries a good scent. The Forest is a first-rate place for cub-hunting, and in the season it serves to steady hounds and to give them self-reliance. This was a splendid morning's work from the huntsman's point of view. There was a good show of foxes, and two were brought to hand after real hard work.

It may be hoped that Fortune is weary of flouting Captain Burns-Hartopp, and that the famous hunt may have good luck as well as good sport this year. Everything promises well. Plenty of rain has fallen, and the mange, if not entirely eradicated, is very much less than it was.

Mr. Fernie's.—With no mange to speak of, with wire decreasing, and a practically unlimited supply of foxes, this fortunate hunt

begins another season. There are no large coverts in this country, and cub-hunting generally begins late, and is mostly carried on in the open. A very pleasant time it is, and the blindness of the fences is an ample excuse for availing oneself of the numerous and well-hung gates. Rolleston was the first fixture, and Lord Churchill was sure to have some good litters. The Rolleston coverts are large for this part of the world, and some capital work soon ended with the death of two cubs. This was business, and took some little time, as scent was none too good in covert. Then came pleasure, which consisted of two very merry little scurries, one to Keythorpe and the other round by the Skeffington Vale and Briary Lees, and back at a good pace into Rolleston Wood, where they killed him, fairly beaten by the pace over the grass. With plenty of room, an easy conscience about fences, and no crowd at the gates, it was very pleasant.

The Cottesmore.—This hunt has had good scent, but bad luck, for Gillson, their huntsman, and one of the soundest and best in kennel or field, has met with an accident. Wardley Wood is big as coverts go in this part of the world, and does not always carry a good scent. However, hounds disposed of a cub and then slipped away into the open with a very stout "cub" indeed. Sterns down and heads up, they raced right up to Ridlington. By this time hounds had the fun pretty much to themselves, but they turned at or near Quakers Spinney, and then ran back over the road into Wardley. As the followers reached the wood, we could hear hounds running fiercely in covert. Then silence, and everyone scurried through, know-

ing they must be out. We heard of them in Beaumont Chase, and saw them again near Uppingham. Right through Glaston Gorse up to Murcott the pack ran, but the fox was beginning to have enough of it, and a sharp turn enabled hounds to be stopped ere they got back to Glaston. This fox should give the run of the season later, if his work on this occasion was not too much for him.

The Belvoir.—There is no pleasanter time in the season's hunting than cub-hunting with this pack. Sir Gilbert Greenall and Capell have been taking toll of the foxes rather heavily. Thirteen cubs in two mornings is a heavy tax, yet who can doubt that the resources of the country can meet even so heavy a strain, when we hear of seven cubs jumping up out of one turnip field. There is nothing more delightful in the world than a woodland hunt after heavy rain, nor can the pleasures of woodland hunting be anywhere better enjoyed than in the magnificent Belvoir Woods. Capell had sixty-five couples of the best foxhounds in the world at his horses' heels when he trotted off to draw the woods above the head keeper's house. Almost at once a cub was found, and the volume of music that rose and fell in the woods showed that silence is not a failing of this famous pack. The ringing music was soon exchanged for smothered growls, for with such a pack the cub was soon disposed of. Hounds soon found another. The great pack drove him up and down the woods, the music echoing and re-echoing through the deep glade for half-an-hour. The fox took refuge in a drain under one of the roads, but waiting for a moment to catch his wind, or alarmed at the clamour of the hounds, he bolted imme-

diately and went straight for the open. The scent was good and hounds never faltered nor wavered on the line, but swung with the fox just short of Harby Station and back into the Wood. Here the pack divided, and both foxes were lost. This was the best of the morning, though three brace more were found and another cub killed. On the Leicestershire side at Croxton foxes were not quite so plentiful and sport not quite so good.

Melton.—Whether the sport to come be good or bad, the little town seems likely to have a good time, and most of the houses are taken by those whose names are household words in the world of sport. The most important newcomers are Lord and Lady Downshire, who have rented Leesthorpe from Mr. and Mrs. Sloane-Stanley. Lady Downshire has been more often with the Queen's Buckhounds than in the shires, though not quite a stranger here. In Mrs. Sloane-Stanley Leicestershire loses for a time a first-rate horsewoman and keen follower. Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck are at Somerby, but they are old friends who return. Mr. and Mrs. McCreery, the former of polo fame, have got that charming place, the Coplow, which might perhaps be said to be, with Thorpe-Satchville Hall, one of the best centres for hunting in the world. The war preparations have taken away many of the keenest soldier pursuers, Colonel Brocklehurst, Captain McKenna, and all the 10th Hussars and the Royals and many others. Captain "Tony" Markham has gone to Africa. Lord Cowley has Baggrave Hall, it is said, for a term of years. The Duke of Rutland will be at Belvoir, and the family pack will have that hard riding heavy-weight, Lord Cecil Man-

ners, as one of its followers. Lord Robert Manners will very likely go to the Transvaal with his regiment. Lord and Lady Manners will be at Cold Overton as usual, and Sir Ernest Cassel will occupy Little Dalby Hall.

The Pytchley.—The Woodland Pack have begun work under their new master and huntsman, Lord Southampton, who, however, has had an apprenticeship both as master and huntsman, for he has acted for Lord Willoughby de Broke as deputy with the Warwickshire, and he hunted the 10th Hussar Hounds in Ireland when he was in that regiment. It is not necessary to repeat that he has a capital pack of bitches, for the fame of Mr. Austin Mackenzie's kennel is widespread. Lord Southampton, as a huntsman, is quiet, patient, and yet quick, too, when his help is wanted, and everyone knows that the beautiful but stiff open country of the North Pytchley will not stop him. Lord Southampton adds one more to the long list of famous polo players who are now hunting hounds. The best day Lord Southampton has had was from Cranford: plenty of cubs were found, and two brace accounted for; one brace being killed, and one brace run to ground.

The Meynell.—Burtenshaw has begun his season with this pack, having succeeded to Harry Bonner, who resigned last season. The new huntsman knows the pack and the country, having previously been first whipper-in. The Meynell is a comparatively simple country to ride over, which makes the huntsman's place no easy one. Hounds are, with anything of a crowd behind them, very liable to be ridden off the line. Cubs are plentiful, but scent has hitherto been wanting. Doubtless the welcome rain will

have made things better since news was last received from Derbyshire.

The Shropshire.—This hunt is lucky in having as joint master so keen and thorough a sportsman as Mr. Rowland Hunt, and the pack have found cubs each time they have been out. A little variation to the ordinary run of sport was enjoyed the other day, when hounds got on the line of an old badger, and after hunting about the covert some time, the pack got up to him. The gallant old fellow actually beat off hounds three times, and only at last succumbed to superior numbers, fighting up to the very end. This interlude over, hounds had a long and useful hunt after a stout cub, killing him at last in a turnip field.

The Ledbury Hunt and Wire.—All masters of hounds and farmers would do well to read the report of the meeting called by Mr. Wilson, the new master of the Ledbury (reported in the *Hereford Press* of September 30th), to consider the question of wire fencing and its removal. The plan of calling a meeting and discussing the question with the farmers seems to have worked well. Everyone appeared willing to meet the master's wishes, and there is no doubt that the Ledbury Hunt will be practically free of wire in the course of a season or two. Flagging wire fences, while it is better than nothing, is in itself a very unsatisfactory solution of the difficulty. Wire does not the less spoil sport because it is flagged; indeed, nothing takes the ride out of a field so certainly as the sight of the red boards. Very satisfactory was a letter from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, saying that they discouraged the use of wire on estates under their management, and were always

ready to supply timber or other fencing to their tenants. So well disposed are the majority of farmers that it is only necessary for the landlord to supply timber. One landowner who does this told the writer he had supplied over twelve hundred posts on his estate. All the farmers at the meeting disapproved of barbed wire or the more dangerous strand of plain wire in the fences, but observed reasonably enough that a plain wire fence is not dangerous, and of course it is not, and if where such fences are necessary the top strand is run through a stout rail painted white, no one can object, for such a fence is a fair jump. The writer remembers a farmer who would never let anyone go through a gate, but all were at liberty to jump anywhere fairly. The moral of the Ledbury meeting is, that where difficulties arise, it is far better to meet and talk them over. The interests of those who hunt and of the land are the same, and as each has always helped the other in the past, so they must do in the future. Formerly the farmers needed little, and in their prosperity they were generous. It is for hunting men to requite this by something more than liberality whenever it is possible to help farmers. Hunting men are doing a good deal now, but it is for them to consider whether more is not due to the farmers. One point further: that is, that agricultural distress is not less, but more acute, where there is no hunting, and that on the Continent, the farmers are worse off than in England.

The Puckeridge. — The cub-hunting season has been one of the best in the annals of the hunt. The mange, which to some extent spoilt sport during the last two years, is, it is satisfactory to note,

now practically extinct, and the prospects for the coming season look exceedingly bright. The master had very bad luck with the puppies which were put out to walk, many of the most promising died before being sent in, and others succumbed just after their return to kennels. Those that have survived to be entered have much pleased the master and hunt servants in the way they have taken to their work. As an experimental precaution against distemper, Mr. Barclay has decided in future to have puppies returning from walk sent to kennels which will be specially built, a little distance from the present ones. A few good gallops have taken place, notably from Clothall Bury, Madams Wood, and Albury Park.

The Whaddon Chase. — The most successful cub-hunting that has been known for many years has fallen to the lot of Mr. Selby Lowndes' smart little pack of bitches, and each morning hounds have been out they have not only shown excellent sport, but have been able to mark their successes with blood. It is gratifying also to find that the country is remarkably well stocked with foxes throughout. One of the principal mornings during the past month originated at Willen, where a strong litter of cubs was found, and after a capital dusting was dispersed to all the quarters of the compass. Sturman handled one and worked out a pretty hunt along the meadows which surround the village. After marking one to ground at Linford Wood they went on to a small spinney near Bradwell Common, where another good litter was encountered, and driving one into the open they ended their morning's work with blood. The rainfall which marked the commencement of October did good

service to the Whaddon country, and on the third morning they scored again at Salden Wood, two brace of masks being strapped to the whipper-in's saddle before the order was given for home.

The other morning was at Winslow Spinneys, over which the late Mr. George Greaves exercised such fostering care, and where it goes without saying the present tenant, Capt. W. Lambton, has a rare show of foxes.

The Bicester.—From Aynho these hounds had a very hard morning's work, while from Weston-on-the-Green they not only did good educational work amongst the tenants of Weston Wood and Park Coppice, of which they were able to handle a brace, but they finished their morning's work by running one to Wendlebury, where he just managed to save his brush at an open drain.

October 3rd found them at Croughton Bottoms, a fair scent and a strong lot of cubs to deal with. After a short delay they faced the open and followed a cub which set his head for Tusmore Wood, a covert on the Earl of Effingham's estate which appeared alive with foxes. From Bucknell Common on October 4th, a very cheery morning was participated in, for finding at Bucknell Spinney hounds literally raced for five-and-twenty minutes, pulling their cub down in Stoke Little Wood.

The Grafton.—Fortune has smiled on Bishopp and the beautiful Grafton pack during the present autumn, and their cub-hunting has been marked by some very sporting mornings in the dense woodlands which form such a pleasing feature of their country. Of these may be noted their visit to Halse Coppice on October 6th, where a brace of cubs occupied their attention for some time be-

fore they succeeded in gaining the shelter of the ground. At Brackley Gorse they found again, and chopped one in covert.

Whitfield as a fixture, also proved a very interesting morning, for although in the spinneys the scent was decidedly indifferent, there was a rare show of cubs, and getting into the open hounds ran well through Turweston Spinney and on over the Brackley Road to the Great Central Railway, as if Evenly in the Bicester country was the fox's point, but Bishopp could not carry his line thus far. Returning to Whitfield it was not long before they were in the open again, and having revisited Turweston went on this time to Westbury Wilds to ground. At Owens' Spinney there were at least three brace and a half cubs on foot and after killing one hounds ran another to within a field of Westbury village to ground, but he was had out and killed.

The Oakley.—A capital run of sport has continued to mark the Oakley doings throughout the month, one morning especially being worthy of notice in these pages, for meeting at Moulsoe Village, Mr. Whitaker trotted on to Salford Wood, found Mr. Sturgess' staunch little covert teeming with foxes, and for some time gave them a rare drilling; then as so often happens at this time of year, having allured their followers into the profound depths of coffee-housing, slipped into the open, raced a cub up to Salford village, crossed the brook, and reached Sir Harry Hoares' park at Wavendon without a check. At the Woburn Sands road beyond they wavered a moment, then drove forward again to the Rattlepits, crossed the L.N.W. Railway and having almost

threaded Aspley Guise, penetrated the depths of the dense woodlands which clothe the hills beyond. Mr. Whitaker, however, was not to be shaken off thus easily, and soon afterwards handled his cub in Aspley Wood, close to the deep cutting on the Woburn Road. The few who got away with hounds were the master and his men, Mr. Walter Bull, Mr. Francis Coales, Rev. — Scott and the Messrs. Sturgess. Hounds then went back to Moulsoe Wood, where the morning was finished by the death of another cub.

The Oakley country has sustained a great loss through the death of that good sportsman, the Rev. Charles Selby Lowndes, rector of North Crawley, for although his advanced age—eighty-six—prevented him from following the chase as he would, until the last he was to be seen at the fixtures on wheels. An excellent shot, an ardent lover of the foxhound, and a genial kindly gentleman, “The Bishop,” as he was affectionately called by those who knew him, had won a place in the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, and rich and poor alike will feel the loss of a kindly friend—the severing of another link which binds us with the past. He was the only surviving brother of the late “Squire of Whaddon,” to whom was due the origin of the pack of foxhounds which now occupy the Whaddon Chase kennels.

Ireland.—The war cloud, which has at last burst, after many months of threatening, had for a long time cast a heavy shadow over Irish hunting fields. Not only was the absence of many most popular pursuers regretfully anticipated, but one of the very leaders of the chase, the new M.F.H. of Limerick, has had to vacate that peaceful post for the

sterner duties of his profession. It is to be hoped, however, for every reason, that Capt. Frank Wise of the 13th Hussars, may soon return to take the horn in Limerick, where great things were expected of him this season; for his fine riding, keenness for the chase, and genial manners had commended him to all as the right man for the post. He is no doubt extremely lucky in finding such a substitute to work the country when he is away as Mr. Harrison, late keen and popular master of the East Galway hounds.

In the matter of country to ride over, he will find a vast difference in Limerick, part of which is most undoubtedly about the very best in Ireland, for in East Galway there are large tracts of moor and bog land. And yet it was from these bogs that Mr. Harrison was able to show some of the best of his sport, and we have been told how he used to get his hounds to spread out and draw them, often cheering them on foot, till from some dry heathery tussock Reynard would spring up and the fun begin. Now a man must be very keen to play this sort of game, and when he has good runs, and a cheery word and kindly action ever ready, no wonder he becomes popular with the warm-hearted and sport-loving natives. Perhaps this war news will be most felt in Kildare, where the Curragh has ever provided a considerable proportion of the “field;” and some of the most consistent followers of the county hounds for the past three seasons are now in S. Africa. Notably will Col. George Knox, R.H.A., be missed, for not only was he a very conspicuous figure in the hunting field—particularly when hounds ran hard—but he did much to foster all kinds of sport.

The Castlecomer Hounds.—In "Baily's Hunting Directory" will be found full particulars of the Castlecomer hounds; the new pack established last season by Mr. R. Prior Wandesforde, in North Kilkenny. Mr. Wandesforde first got together a pack of harriers of a somewhat nondescript character, but last season increased his numbers, and hunted the foxes on his own large estates and in the portion of the Queen's County where they were still preserved, and which used to be drawn occasionally with much success by Mr. Assheton Biddulph. Since the close of the season he has obtained the services of George Brown, who once hunted Kilkenny.

The Kildare.—The Kildare hounds have also been very busy, and Col. de Robeck took his hounds down to the Queen's County end of the country to Sir Hunt Walsh's place, to give the big woodlands a good rattling for three days in September, and he has been there since. His new huntsman, Champion, who came to him from Galway, has much pleased some good judges who have seen him at work and foxes abound. These hounds had good sport in the Naas country on one of the last days of September, and did no end of hunting about Mr. T. de Burgh's place at Oldtown.

The Carlow and Island.—In Carlow Mr. Robert Watson seldom does much cub-hunting, but found plenty of cubs when he visited Newtownbarry, Borris and Ballintemple, though he had no sort of scent; however, these hounds could run very hard in Brownes Hill on October 12th, and later in the day took a fox (an old one) very fast from Sir Charles Burton's Gorse, and were stopped at Johnstown. The same

story, "lots of foxes but no scent," comes from Mr. Langrishe in Kilkenny, and Mr. Burke in Tipperary.

Polo.—All our four great polo regiments, the 13th Hussars, the 10th Hussars, the Inniskillings, and the 9th Lancers, have gone to South Africa, and our best wishes go with them. In England the London Polo Club has finished a prolonged and successful season, and we think Majors Herbert and Peters have started well in their effort to popularise polo. County Carlow finished their season with a good tournament; and Portsmouth wound up with a successful and popular gymkhana. Polo, which hardly flourishes as it used in the Bombay presidency, seems to have taken a new lease of life at Poonah, under the care of Majors Kirk and Apthorp. The Poona Horse and the A.D.C.'s, who, by the way, had two of the famous Durham Light Infantry team in their ranks, were the only teams left in for the Open Tournament. After a close-fought game the umpires stopped play, as a shower of rain had made the ground slippery and dangerous. The A.D.C.'s were one goal and four subsidiaries to the good when play ceased. The teams were as follows:—

| POONAH HORSE. | A.D.C. |
|--|-------------|
| Capt. Fraser | Capt. Luard |
| " Cooper | " Wilkinson |
| Duffardar Imtaz Ali | " Greig |
| Jemadur Mahomed Kadir | " Young |
| Umpires: Major Kirk and Major Apthorp. | |

Polo in the United States.—A New York correspondent writes that the season practically closed during the last week of August with the tournament of the Myopia Club at Boston, Mass. The end of August is quite as late in the year as American poloists care to play, for by then ponies have had

four months hard work and require rest; moreover, other sports are beginning to demand attention. This may to some extent explain why the Championship Games, which the National Committee had arranged, as formerly, for September, fell through this year. The Meadow Brook, Westchester (Newport), Myopia and Devon Clubs, the four best teams in the country, had entered, but one after another withdrew owing to the defection of players, until the Westchesters alone remained, and thus won the championship of 1899 by default. The collapse is much to be regretted, for the strength of the teams, as regulated by their respective handicaps, promised interesting polo. The past season in the States has been very successful; if the number of players has shown no great increase, there has been marked improvement in the quality of the play, men working more together and displaying heightened sense of the value of combined play. This has been conspicuous in the case of Dedham and Devon teams, which have won most of their games, and whose improvement has required the imposition of increased handicaps. The Newports and Meadow Brooks also deserve notice for their more scientific play. A novel and interesting feature of the past season was a tournament held at Rockaway, N.Y., at which four teams of players under eighteen years of age competed.

Coursing.—What bids fair to be another very successful season may fairly be said to have commenced, though hardly to be in full swing as yet, and as concerns coursing, September must be regarded as a dead letter. But in looking over the list of fixtures, while the appearance of numerous small meetings for the first

time, or for their reappearance, we cannot but miss and bewail the continued disappearance of at least two well-known names from inclusion. We allude to Ash-down Park and Amesbury, two time-honoured fixtures for the loss of which it will take any number of smaller fry worthily to compensate. We are glad to observe that Cirencester is once again coming into notice, and especially are we pleased to see that the old fixture of Swaffham is likely to be resuscitated. But while such places as Blandford, Basingstoke, Pawlett, Kingscote, Tudhoe, and Borris-in-Ossory are rearing their infant heads, who shall confidently assert that coursing is on the down line? But what's in a name? Nothing much; but we are accustomed to look for and to find the better and higher class greyhounds among the bigger battalions and the greater names. In the South Essex Club, consequent on the resignation, through ill-health, of the secretary, Mr. J. Dobson, Mr. Horace Ledger has been elected to the post, and the headquarters of the club will henceforth be at the White Hart Hotel, Romford; and at the meeting of the Scottish National Club on November 7th and 8th, the programme has been augmented, at Mr. Brooks's request, by the addition of a stake for the tenant farmers on the Hodden and Kinmount estates, to which the club adds a silver teapot, whilst Mr. Brooks will give 2 sovs. to each nominator winning the first course.

The most important meeting in the month of October was that of the Ridgway Club at Lytham, at which some of the best greyhounds of the day competed, Messrs. Fawcett, Gladstone, Jardine, Dr. Harris, Pilkington, Hon. O. C. Molyneux, A. H. Jones, Quihampton, Humphreys, E. M.

Crosse, Dennis, Hardy, Watson, and others being represented. It was a most successful meeting in every way, exceptionally fine weather causing a very large attendance of spectators, a fair number of members also attending the dinner at the Clifton Arms Hotel, Lytham, under the chairmanship of Mr. C. J. F. Fawcett, who was faced by Mr. F. Watson, in the absence of the vice-president, Mr. W. Paterson. Indeed, a guarantee was given that the management of the crowd and everything else would be admirable when it was known that Mr. Mugliston, the secretary of the club, was at the head of affairs. Of the new members joining the club it is worthy of remark that they all came from the southern counties, while from the returns it will be seen that never have the southern counties done so well. Naturally the bitch puppies run better than those of the stronger sex at this time of the season, and from those in the South Lancashire Stakes a choice should be made. The stakes were divided between Mr. R. F. Gladstone's Green Guava, by Green Nut out of Green Lemon; Sir R. Jardine's Mrs. Grundy, by Falconer out of Mrs. O'Shea; and Mr. R. F. Gladstone's Gyr Falcon, by Falconer out of Mrs. O'Shea.

The North Lancashire Stakes for dog puppies, which included 167 entries, 51 acceptances, was divided between Messrs. Fawcett's Fiery Fable, Mr. F. Watson's Wild Irish Lad, Mr. G. W. White's White Waves, and his White Ivory, without the latter running his bye. The Tenant Farmers' Cup for all ages was divided between Messrs. Fawcett's Fiery Flame and (Mr. C. Salthouse names) Mr. H. Hardy's Homer, and the Pee

Stakes were also divided between Mr. Humphrey's Hillcote and Messrs. Fawcett's Forgotten Fashion. A most objectionable fashion is this of dividing stakes, according to our notion, and one which should never be resorted to except under very rare and peculiar circumstances. Heavens what would be the result if such a system were allowed to become the prevailing order of the day at such a meeting as that for the Waterloo Cup? It must have struck everybody how prominent was the "F" division at the Ridgway Meeting, and how Fabulous Fortune, *Fortunâ Faventé et hoc genus omne*, representing the fashionable blood of Herschel and the popular kennel of Mr. Fawcett, were in the ascendant. The Duke of Leeds, we are sorry to say, was persistently unfortunate again, as well in his luck as his nomenclature. By the way, we are reminded that the North of England Club held the usual meeting of the season over the estate of the Duke of Leeds at Hornby Castle in the week following the Mid-Annandale Meeting, so that visitors to the Scottish Meeting could conveniently journey into Yorkshire.

Northumberland held its meeting at Widdrington, at which the competing greyhounds do not appear to have been of very high class, and all the stakes were insignificant, both as regards number of competitions and quality of competitors. To render the stakes additionally unimportant, it only remains to be said that the whole—three in number—were divided. Still, many a grand day's coursing has been witnessed over the spacious Widdrington pastures since the first recorded meeting was held there five-and-twenty years ago. The supply of hares has always

been more than sufficient to meet the increased demand, a fact which affords proof of the loyalty of all concerned in their preservation. On the Saturday of the meeting a blizzard broke over the North of England during the early hours, and it was surprising that such a large number of spectators put in an appearance. Their indifference to the weather was, however, not rewarded, and having waited for an hour in hopes of an improvement, the stewards decided on a postponement until Monday. With a fresh draw rendered necessary, and with cards to be reprinted, Mr. Snowden had to exercise all his well-known energy to reorganise matters in the short time at his disposal. Fortunately there were only two changes to take into consideration, so all was in order when rain fell in torrents, but not with the additional discomfort of Saturday's gale. Later on the weather cleared, and the occasional glimpses of sunshine in a measure rewarded spectators for a weary amount of tramping; but the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. L. Allgood must have entirely reconciled them to their lot.

The stakes were not deficient of blood, for we find Young Fullerton and Fabulous Fortune present by representative in either stake; while the divider of the Widdrington Stakes was Get Hold, a black bitch by Not so Green (dead) (by Greentick out of Miss Glendyne) out of Gladiole (by Mullingar out of Sea Serpent), who won twenty out of twenty-two courses in public. Get Hold is nearly full sister to Gimcrack, who was recently sold for 350 guineas. She is a second season bitch, and is the property of Mr. T. Graham. She was momentarily unsighted from slips, but raced past for first turn, and then "made rings round

Maid Marian" in another well-run course, having previously defeated Mr. G. Brown's brindled bitch Selkirk Sally, by Bellarmin out of Bohemian Girl III. After a wet and boisterous night a fine morning greeted the Basingstoke gathering, which was even less distinguished than that at Widdrington, though here too a Fortunâ Faventé was to the fore in the person of Heronsgate Belle, who defeated the Gay Lord Quex as regards winning a stake, she having been defeated by Lady Swansea II. The Basingstoke Stakes provided some fine trials, which was finally won by Nimble VII., who well deserved his distinction, but the ex-Waterlooer, Wild Rover, performed anything but brilliantly, and appears to have seen his best day. The hares came to hand slowly, but sufficient were found to complete the card in good time.

Sporting Dogs at the Kennel Club Show.—A very pleasing feature of the Kennel Club Show, held at the Crystal Palace this month, was the really excellent collection of sporting dogs. The annual autumn fixture of the leading canine club is never so well patronised by owners of dogs used in field sports as is the one held under the management of the National Dog Show Society in Birmingham later in the year. One reason is, that owners are then better able to spare their dogs after a hard season on the moors, whilst another and perhaps quite as cogent an explanation is found in the fact that the Birmingham committee caters more liberally for purely sporting breeds. After the recent fine show, particularly of pointers, setters and beagles, it is, however, quite possible that in time the Kennel Club fixture will attain the prominence of the older fixture, and

command an entry worthy of the premier all-round dog show in the world. Otterhounds were all but a blank, only the Dumfriesshire pack being represented, but in pointers Mr. W. Arkwright benched Sandbank, a fine lemon and white dog of very high quality, the fact that he beat Major Thomas's True Bill, a well-tried pointer both in the field and on the bench, proving his quality. The winner of the bitch championship, Mr. A. E. Butter's Faskally Nellie, is also a worker, whilst among the setter winners were Dr. O'Callaghan's Punchestown and Mr. G. Bullough's Redruth Colonel, both thoroughly workmanlike exhibits. In retrievers Mr. H. R. Cooke won most of the prizes with a wonderfully level team; but spaniels were rather disappointing, especially after all that has been heard of late as to the improvement of the various breeds as regards combination of bench and field properties. But few of the winners would be of use in the hedge-row, if appearances are anything to go by. Greyhounds never were, and, maybe, never will be strong at a Kennel Club Show, but beagles were a capital collection, Lord Hopetoun, as president of the Beagle Club, having whipped up a very fine entry. His lordship, everyone was pleased to see, had a very choice "under ten inches" brace forward. They are perfect miniature hounds, being as straight in legs and as knuckled-up in feet as any foxhound, without the least inclination to apple-headedness. The variety is, indeed, making very fine progress, the entry at the Crystal Palace being one of the best in the show.

Sporting Pictures. — Messrs. Frost and Reed, the art publishers of Bristol, send a set of three

engravings illustrative of deer-stalking,* from pictures by those able sportsmen-artists, Messrs. Douglas Adams and Charles Whymper. Mr. Douglas Adams has made his name widely known through the brush which has given us so many Highland landscapes and scenes of sport; while Mr. Charles Whymper is equally well known as one of our most able and truthful exponents of animal life whether at home or abroad. The joint work of the two, as might be expected, attains to a high level of merit, and the method of reproduction employed renders their clever pictures full justice. Each one—"Searching for a Royal," "The Stalk," and "Bringing Home the Stag,"—conveys admirably the atmosphere of the hills, while the attitudes and positions of the deerstalkers in relation to their game display practical acquaintance with the business. The set—each print being 10 inches by 7 inches—borne on one mount, may be most recommended to the notice of sportsmen who can appreciate accuracy of detail and artistic merit.

Mr. F. Mansell, of 1, Orlestone Road, Holloway, N., has published an excellent photogravure of Mr. Francis Redmond's team of fox terriers, entitled "The Totteridge XI., 1897." The work is probably known to many of our dog-loving readers. The fox terriers are admirably grouped and posed to show their points; and their modelling, save in one respect, proves Mr. Arthur Wardle's knowledge of the breed. The exception we take is to the length of head with which every dog is endowed: one might almost imagine that the artist had finished his studies from a

* Artists' signed proofs, £2 2s.; India prints £1 1s.

greyhound model. The defect is regrettable, as it qualifies the merit of a piece of work otherwise excellent.

From the same publisher comes a photogravure of the "Tug of War," by Mr. Harding Cox. This picture displays artistic merit, knowledge of canine anatomy and no little humour. A resolute-looking bulldog is steadily hauling over the line two nicely-clipped poodles, whose ally, a nondescript, has lost hold of the rope and is falling over on his back with a ludicrous expression of astonishment. The judicial air of the pug umpire who stands with his back to the spectator is capitally suggested. The time-honoured legend touching the ability of one jolly Englishman to beat "two skinny Frenchmen and one Portugee," adorns the wall in the background in explanation.

The "Foxhunters' Diary,"—issued by the Scottish Accident, Life, and Fidelity Co., Ltd., of Edinburgh, makes its appearance in good time for the hunting season. A glance at the contents shows that a new selection of hunting maxims, scraps of hunt history, and interesting facts connected with foxhunting, replaces those in last season's "Diary." These brief extracts display a knowledge of hunting literature and practical acquaintance with sport that make the booklet very acceptable.

"A King of Fools."—At the Grand Theatre, Islington, there has been many a successful First Night, and of recent years it has become quite fashionable for managers to submit a new play, in the first place, to suburban criticism. Such, at any rate, was the plan adopted by Mr. Charles Cartwright, when he played, during the last week of September,

at the Grand, his adaptation of Dumas' romance, which he has entitled "A King of Fools." No less than four individuals are partly responsible for the book, for, although Dumas alone could write the romance, Mr. Cartwright enlisted the aid of two collaborators to produce the book of the play.

If the number of authors be large, the multitude of players is still more noticeable, and the caste is quite one of the largest which we have ever seen. And yet, as almost invariably is the case with a long caste, this is a one-part play, and the figure of Chicot, the jester, played by Mr. Cartwright, predominates the drama. Mr. Cartwright has for a long while held a leading position amongst English actors, and we must congratulate him upon the success with which he has signalled his return from the antipodes. The part of Chicot is a strong one, and is strongly played.

So far as opportunity permits, many of the other players show to great advantage. Mr. James Erskine plays the king as to the manner born, and gives clear evidence of the ability which he undoubtedly possesses. Mr. Cosmo Lennox gives a masterly rendering of the scheming duke, and Mr. George Bealby is to be congratulated upon having, so early in his professional career, created such a clever study as is his Captain Bron. The part of the heroine was admirably played by Miss Hoffmann, who gave a most finished rendering of a long and difficult study, and the play was staged and put on in a most sumptuous manner. We do not think that "A King of Fools" will take London by storm, or look like rivalling "The Three Musketeers" in popularity, but it

was cordially received at Islington, and is likely to be heard of again.

Swimming.—The swimming season of 1899, which has just concluded, has been remarkable for the brilliant performances of F. C. V. Lane, the amateur champion of Australia and J. A. Jarvis of Leicester, who is the holder of most of the English amateur championships. At distances from 220 yards to a quarter of a mile Lane has proved himself capable of beating the speediest amateurs in this country, and has succeeded in winning the 220 yards and quarter mile championships. Over a hundred yards, however, J. H. Derbyshire, of Manchester, proved more than his equal, for he defeated Lane in the championship by four or five yards in a fraction over a minute. Jarvis was, however, upset by Lane in the quarter mile salt-water championship at Blackpool, and again in a team race between England and Australia at the Ravensbourne Gala at Westminster last month. The Australian was, however, terribly exhausted at the finish, and for some time after the race was almost unconscious. Beyond these defeats Jarvis has proved invincible and has put up a world's record for a mile. He is undoubtedly the best long distance amateur we have ever seen, and from half a mile upwards holds records which it will be hard to backmark. His style somewhat resembles that of the great professional Joseph Nuttall, but his arm has a longer reach. Lane swims with the Trudgen stroke and his form is greatly admired by experts. The head is kept well out of the water, not sunk low down, and the arms make long raking sweeps which aid the swimmer considerably.

Another feature of the season has been the marked increase in water polo competitions and leagues, clubs now recognising how valuable the game is for improving staying power. When International games were started in 1889 Scotland could turn out by far the best players, but since then Englishmen have vastly improved in skill and tactics, and this year they again carried everything before them, they beating Wales, Ireland and Scotland in turn. The last mentioned country was encountered at Aberdeen on October 7th, and there the Englishmen proved victorious by five goals to one. Out of ten matches played between England and Scotland the first mentioned country have won seven, their last defeat being in the Diamond Jubilee year at Edinburgh.

Golf.—The revised rules of golf issued by the Royal and Ancient club of St. Andrews, come into force this month (November), and consequently the duty falls upon golfers the world over to study them carefully, and for the future to regulate their play in accordance with them. The revision of the old rules was undertaken by a strong committee of the club, who may be said to have performed their work with a due regard for the best traditions of the game, as well as for its present day needs. They invited suggestions from all quarters and in the new code one can see that a serious effort has been made to meet points of difficulty which have arisen in circumstances far dissimilar from those of St. Andrews; that in fact, the committee took a broad view of the club's responsibilities and have sought to legislate, not only for the camp but also for the world. Special local rules or bye laws will be necessary in the future as

in the past, but most clubs ought by the aid of the new code, to be able to cut them down very much and so contribute to the happiness and well-being of individual members. The changes made are both numerous and important, so much so, that it is quite impossible to explain many of them in this column. To begin with, there are seventeen definitions, which says something for the courage of the revising committee, the work of defining being proverbially dangerous. Casual water is defined as "any temporary accumulation of water (whether caused by rainfall or otherwise) which is not one of the ordinary and recognised hazards of the course," this definition seems eminently simple and useful, and ought to be given general application. One beside it, is not however, so satisfactory. It defines a hazard, and it concludes by saying, "Permanent grass within a hazard shall not be considered part of the hazard." There is nothing commoner in the case of inland links than to have permanent grass in artificial hazards, and if this grass is to be regarded as a sort of sanctuary, a new form of construction will have to be adopted, or else clubs will require to set up a bye law in defiance of this definition. Another rule of special importance on inland greens says that worm casts may be removed, but not pressed down without penalty. This will involve a change of practice at very many places. In a rule of considerable length, the proper method of dropping a ball behind a hazard or casual water is clearly explained and in the longest rule of all, questions aris-

ing from one ball striking another while on the putting green are dealt with. On this latter point it is made clear beyond dispute, that if the opponent desires to have his ball replaced, he must exercise his option before another stroke is played. When the balls lie within a club length of each other through the green or in a hazard, the ball nearer the hole may at the option of either the player or the opponent, be lifted until the other ball is played. If a ball be driven out of bounds, a ball shall be dropped at the spot from which the stroke was played, under penalty of loss of the distance. Mud adhering to a ball shall not be considered as making it unfit for play; and a player striking the ball twice does not lose the hole but is penalised to the extent of one stroke.

These are some of the more notable provisions in the new general rules. With regard to the special rules for stroke competitions, they provide *inter alia* that new holes shall be made, and thereafter no competitor before starting "shall play any stroke on a putting green under penalty of disqualification;" and that when a competitor's ball is within twenty yards of the hole, the competitor shall not play until the flag has been removed, under penalty of one stroke.

Under the heading of "Etiquette of Golf," the most notable thing one finds is a paragraph saying that, if a match fail to keep its place on the green and lose in distance more than one clear hole on those in front, it may be passed, on request being made.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During September—October, 1899.]

A FAMOUS American sire, Sensation, died on September 10th from paralysis, at Mr. Lorillard's Rancocas Stud. Sensation was by Leamington out of Susan Beane, and was bred by Mr. A. Walsh, Endenheim Stud, Pennsylvania, in 1877. He won eight races as a two-year-old, but early in 1880 burst a foot, and was unable to run again. He sired Democrat, Elfin, Berzak, Centaur, Myakka, and many other winners.

Iroquois, another famous American horse, died in September. He was by Leamington, dam Maggie B.B., by Australian, and bred by Mr. A. Walsh at the Endenheim Stud near Philadelphia in 1878. Sold to Mr. Lorillard when a youngster, he was sent to this country as a yearling, and first appeared in the Newmarket Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes in 1880, which he won; the following year he won the Derby and St. Leger, also the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, besides running second in the Two Thousand Guineas. The horse was out of form as a four-year-old, but the following year he won the Stockbridge Cup, and ran second to Tristan for the Hardwicke Stakes, finishing his racing career, when he was sent back to the States, and has been a fairly good sire.

Mr. Edwin Paget had a bad fall while out cubbing with the Quorn near Six Hills, Loughborough, on September 19th, and sustained a broken thigh-bone.

The Newmarket First October sale, on September 27th, did not result in any big prices. Mr. G. Blackwell gave 560 gs. for Major J. A. Orr-Ewing's bay mare Metallic, by Sweetbread, with a filly by Ayrshire at foot; Mr. C. D. Rose purchased a bay colt by St. Hilare, dam Little Widow, for 300 gs.

The Shropshire Hounds had an exciting and unusual adventure on September 29th. The meet was at Albrighton Hall, and after hunting cubs for a time, hounds got on to the line of an old badger, who kept them going for some two hours. Three times hounds got on terms, but the badger succeeded in fighting them off, but at length numbers told, and the end came. The badger weighed 26lbs.

A correspondent writes to *The Field* of September 30th: "Under the Hunting Notes in your issue of the 16th inst., reading of the mare Baccarat's jump out of her box reminds me of a somewhat similar, but more singular, escape of a horse. On

the occasion of the arrival in Colchester barracks in 1875 of a batch of remounts for the regiment I belonged to, they were found to be one horse short of the number ordered, causing a most amusing scene between old Murphy (the agent) and our chief, both counting them over and over again. Eventually the missing animal was found grazing and unhurt in a field half-way between London and Colchester by the side of the line. He must, in jumping out of the cattle-truck, have performed the very singular feat of jumping between the door top and bar above, with a tremendous drop on to the line, and all without a scratch."

Mr. F. W. Charsley, the popular hon. field secretary of the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Harriers, and who was also a well-known follower of Her Majesty's Stag hounds, died at his residence, Pinewood, Stoke Poges, on October 1st, from injuries sustained by a fall from his horse in Stoke Park, Slough.

Mr. John Gretton, who died at Grant-ham Lodge, Cowes, October 2nd, has had horses in training for many years, but did not attain prominent success on the Turf. He was a very keen yachtsman, and a good all-round sportsman of the best school.

Swimming at Paisley on October 2nd, J. A. Jarvis created a record of 13 min. 43 secs. for the thousand yards, beating the previous best—Tyers, 15 min. 2 secs., in 1894—by 1 min. 19 secs. He also beat all previous records, from 500 yards upwards, on the following evening at Edinburgh, Jarvis succeeding in setting up new figures for the quarter-mile, covering the distance in 5 min. 53 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs., which is 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs. better than the previous amateur record held by Tyers.

An old-time Cambridge cricketer passed away on October 3rd, at Longford Rectory, Derbyshire, in the person of the Rev. Thomas Anchitel Anson, in his eighty-first year. Mr. Anson played in the four winning Cambridge elevens of 1839, 1840, 1841, and 1842. His share of the runs scored was 7, 6, and 29 not out, 15 and 30, and 41 and 24, while he stumped one and caught five batsmen in the four inter-University matches. He was captain of the team during the last three years.

Mr. John Crozier, Master of the Blencathra Hounds, attained his Diamond Jubilee as M.F.H., on October 4th. Mr.

Crozier was in his seventeenth year when he first took over the hounds in 1839, and is consequently seventy-seven years of age.

The polo ponies and hunters, the property of the late Mr. W. J. (Jack) Drybrough, were sold by auction at Eastlands, Rugby, on October 5th. The best prices obtained for polo ponies were Made-moiselle, grey, 540 gs., Twitter, bay, 400 gs., Regulus, bay, 320 gs., the average for nine ponies being about 225½ gs. The hunters made up to 290 gs. for Paleface, Skipping Rope made 280 gs., Hillmorton 240 gs, and Second Thoughts 200 gs.; the average for 17 lots was nearly 192 gs.

Mr. J. B. Littledale, captain of the Gentlemen of Cheshire Cricket Eleven and a well-known sportsman of the county, was on October 10th presented with testimonials to commemorate his forthcoming marriage.

The usual sales were held during the Second October Meeting at Newmarket. On Wednesday, October 11th, the top price, 800 gs., was paid by Mr. S. Darling for St. Loup, a colt by Wolf's Crag—St. Editha, and half-brother to St. Gatien. Mr. J. Robinson bought Doremi, foaled 1894, by Bend Or—Lady Emily, from Mr. Leonard Brassey; Vapour, by Barcaldine, went to Mr. Brodrick Cloete at 500 gs, the same buyer securing the nice mare Bend Sinister, by Bend Or, for 530 gs. The bidding for Kilcock went up to 2,900 gs., but did not touch the reserve.

On Thursday, Mr. T. Leader secured a bay colt by Royal Hampton—Queen of the Adriatic, at 600 gs.; a bay filly by Queen's Birthday, dam Verdigris, the property of the Marquis of Zetland, went to Mr. Darling for 320 gs.

Speaking at the Church Congress on October 14th, Lord Harris, who was introduced by the President as one well known to all the boys present who were cricketers, spoke on recreation. The object of every game, he said, should be to make them healthier, stronger, and better

fitted for the work that was before them in life. Games encouraged many good qualities. First there was patience, and then self-denial. That was one of the reasons he preferred such games as cricket and football to such a pastime as golf. Golf was rather a selfish game. Those who engaged in it only thought of their own prowess, and there was no reason why they should take any pride in any one of ten or eleven other persons, such as in the games of football and cricket. In football, for instance, they thought not of their own success, but of the success of the side.

Mr. G. Rowland Hill delivered an address on "The Love of Games," in which he strenuously warned young England against allowing themselves to be influenced by those who looked upon their sports as purely commercial operations.

Mr. W. H. Fowler presided over a meeting of members of the Tedworth Hunt held at the Star and Garter Hotel, Andover, when Mr. F. R. Sutton, master of the Penton Harriers, made a presentation to the son and daughter of Mr. C. P. Shrubb, the late master, in remembrance of their father's services to the hunt. Mr. C. Shrubb received a silver model of the racehorse Insurance, which belonged to the late master, and Miss Shrubb was presented with a diamond bracelet.

The Duke of Leeds, Master of the Bedale, met with a serious accident while out cubbing; his horse fell in crossing a fence and came down heavily upon its rider. Whilst lying insensible the Duke was severely kicked.

While out cubbing with the Ormond Hounds at Rathmore late in September, Mrs. F. E. Saunders, of Corolanty, met with a serious accident through her horse falling and rolling over her.

A famous French sire, Saxifrage, by Vertugadin, dam Slapdash, died at M. Aumont's Haras de Vicot, aged twenty-seven years. His stock first ran in 1881, and their winnings amounted to about £115,000.

TURF.

MANCHESTER.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

September 21st.—The Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate of 1,000 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. Griffon, by Galopin—St. Bride, 9st. 11lb. T. Loates 1
Mr. Russel's b. f. Semper Vigilans, 8st. 11lb. O. Madden 2
Mr. H. Tunstall Moore's ch. f.

Rapine, 8st. 9lb. Allmack 3
5 to 1 agst. Griffon.

September 23rd.—The Prince Edward Handicap of 1,820 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Jersey's b. m. Maluma, by Malua—Madcap, aged, 8st. 3lb. N. Robinson 1

Mr. H. Hardy's ch. g. Biddo, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb. G. M'Call 2

Mr. J. Daly's b. or br. c. Balmory, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. Wetherell 3
4 to 1 agst. Maluma.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

September 26th.—The Twenty - First Great Foal Stakes of 850 sovs., for three-year-olds ; A.F. (one mile and two furlongs, straight).

Mr. R. A. Oswald's b. c. Scintillant, by Sheen—Saltire, 8st. 7lb.
F. Wood 1

Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. c. Hougomont, 8st. 12lb. M. Cannon 2

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. Sweet Marjorie, 8st. 9lb.
J. H. Martin 3

6 to 5 on Scintillant.

The Buckenham Stakes of 900 sovs. ; T.Y.C. (5 furlongs, 140 yards).

Duke of Portland's h. or br. c. Simon Dale, by St. Simon—Isamay, 9st.M. Cannon w.o.

September 27th.—The Newmarket October Handicap of 435 sovs. ; last mile and a half of Cesarewitch Course.

Mr. A. Wagg's b. c. Mitcham, by Blue-green—Catherine II., 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)
T. Loates 1

Lord William Beresford's ch. c. Grodno, 4 yrs., 9st.Sloan 2

Mr. B. Gottschalk's ch. g. Lexicon, 5 yrs., 8st. 3lb. (7lb. ex.)
S. Loates 3

5 to 1 agst. Mitcham.

The Great Eastern Railway Handicap of 615 sovs. ; Bretby Stakes Course (six furlongs.)

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Leisure Hour, by St. Simon—Love in Idleness, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lb.
J. Reiff 1

Mr. C. D. Rose's b. f. Zanetto, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb.Wetherell 2

Mr. W. Cooper's ch. f. Edmee, 3 yrs., 6st. 13lb.Dalton 3

100 to 6 agst. Leisure Hour.

The Boscawen (Post) Stakes of 1,300 sovs., for two-year-olds : T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards.)

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' b. c. Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon—Perdita II., 9st.M. Cannon 1

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. f. Paigle, 8st. 8lb.T. Loates 2

Lord Falmouth's b. c. Crown Equerry, 8st. 11lb.S. Loates 3

Evens Diamond Jubilee.

The Second Year of the Fifty-First Triennial Produce Stakes of 481 sovs. (3 yrs.) ; A.F.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. g. San Carlo, by St. Simon—Biserta, 8st. 7lb.T. Loates 1

Lord Ellesmere's b. g. Middleton, 8st. 10lb.S. Loates 2

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. g. Roy-aume, 8st. 4lb.O. Madden 3

7 to 1 agst. San Carlo.

September 28th.—The Jockey Club Stakes of 7,190 sovs., for three- and four-year-olds ; A.F. (one mile two furlongs.)

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Flying Fox, by Orme—Vampire, 3 yrs., 9st. 9lb.M. Cannon 1

Mr. R. A. Oswald's b. c. Scintillant, 3 yrs., 8st. 12lb. F. Wood 2

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. c. Choson, 3 yrs., 8st. 4lb. T. Loates 3

8 to 1 on Flying Fox.

The First Year of the Fifty-Second Triennial Produce Stakes of 347 sovs., for two-year-olds ; T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards).

Mr. Russel's b. f. Tiresome, by Tyrant—Chat Moss, 8st. 9lb.
O. Madden 1

Mr. A. Henderson's ch. f. Guid-wife, 8st. 11lb.S. Loates 2

Lord W. Beresford's br. f. Siloah, 9st. 2lb.Sloan 3

4 to 1 agst. Tiresome.

September 29th.—The Rous Memorial Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 400 sovs. added : for two-year-olds ; (five furlongs.)

Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Democrat, by Sensation—Equality, 9st.Sloan 1

Mr. Fairie's ch. c. Mahdi, 8st. 10lb.M. Cannon 2

Mr. Douglas Baird's br. f. Sainte Nitouche, 8st. 7lb.Rickaby 3

10 to 1 on Democrat.

The Newmarket St. Leger Stakes of 475 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; last mile and three-quarters of the Cesarewitch Course.

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Airollo, by Ayrshire—Radiance, 8st. 10lb.
C. Wood 1

Lord Ellesmere's b. g. Middleton, 8st. 7lb.S. Loates 2

Lord Durham's b. c. Polycrates, 8st. 10lb.Rickaby 3

5 to 2 agst. Airollo.

KEMPTON PARK.—OCTOBER MEETING.

October 6th.—The Imperial Stakes of 2,569 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; six furlongs, on the Straight Course.

Mr. T. R. Dewar's ch. c. Forfarshire, by Royal Hampton—St. Elizabeth, 9st. 10lb.S. Loates 1

Lord W. Beresford's Democrat, 9st. 7lb.Sloan 2

Mr. H. Chaplin's b. f. Merry Gal, 8st. 11lb.Robinson 3

9 to 2 agst Forfarshire.

October 7th.—The Duke of York Stakes (Handicap) of 2,165 sovs.; one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. W. Wilson's b. or br. c. Ercildoune, by Kendal—Maid Marian, 3 yrs., 7st. 1lb. B. Lynham 1

Mr. A. Bailey's ch. h. Mount Prospect, 5 yrs., 8st. 1lb.

N. Robinson 2

Mr. W. M. Low's ch. f. Winsome Charteris, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb.

C. Purkiss 3

10 to 1 agst. Ercildoune.

The Kempton Park Nursery Handicap Plate of 880 sovs.; five furlongs, on the Straight Course.

Mr. J. Musker's ch. c. Chevening, by Orion—Simena, 7st. 6lb.

Madden 1

M. Alvarez's bl. or br. Filly by Rusticus—La Carolina, 8st. 2lb.

Nunez 2

Lord Ellesmere's br. f. Leila, 6st. 2lb. (car. 6st. 3lb.) ... Wetherell 3

5 to 2 agst. Chevening.

NEWMARKET.—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

October 10th.—The Champion Stakes of 50 sovs. each for starters only, with 1,000 added; A.F. (one mile and two furlongs).

Duke of Devonshire's ch. c. Dieu-donné, by Amphion—Mon Droit, 4 yrs., 9st. M. Cannon 1

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. St. Gris, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb. T. Loates 2

Mr. J. W. Larnach's br. f. Victoria May, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb. O. Madden 3

7 to 1 agst. Dieudonné.

The Clearwell Stakes of 817 sovs.; for two-year-olds; T.V.C. (five furlongs 140 yards).

Mr. W. Low's br. c. Elopement, by Right-away—Maid of Lorn, 9st. 5lb. M. Cannon 1

Mr. Fairie's ch. c. Mahdi, 8st. 10lb. Rickaby 2

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Atbara, 8st. 13lb. T. Loates 3

11 to 8 on Elopement.

The Newmarket Oaks of 440 sovs.; for three-year-old fillies; T.M.M. (one mile seven furlongs and 203 yards.)

Sir E. Cassel's b. f. Gadfly, by Hampton—Merry Duchess, 8st.

S. Loates 1

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b. or br. f. Multrue, 8st. T. Loates 2

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. Land Rail, 8st. 10lb. J. H. Martin 3

10 to 1 agst. Gadfly.

October 11th.—The Cesarewitch Stakes of 1,030 sovs.; Cesarewitch Course (two miles two furlongs 35 yards).

Mr. R. A. Oswald's b. c. Scintillant, by Sheen—Saltire, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb. (inc. 5lb. ex., car. 7st.) F. Wood 1

Mr. W. Wilson's b. c. Ercildoune, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb. (inc. 10lb. ex.)

T. Loates 2

Mr. A. Wagg's b. c. Mitcham, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb. S. A. Heap 3

6 to 1 agst. Scintillant.

October 12th.—Renewal of the Breck Stakes of 500 sovs.; for two-year-old fillies, 9st. each; Bretby Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Duke of Westminster's b. f. Vane, by Orme—Vampire M. Cannon 1

Mr. R. H. Combe's b. Filly by Orme—Pyramid Rickaby 2

Mr. Arthur James' b. f. Dum Dum, by J. Watkinson 3

6 to 5 on Vane.

The Lowther Stakes of 510 sovs.; for two-year-olds; one mile and three-quarters of Cesarewitch Course.

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Mazagan, by Martagon—Maize, 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb. Rickaby 1

Mr. H. C. White's b. c. Skopos, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb. T. Loates 2

Mr. C. D. Rose's b. f. Santa Casta, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb. O. Madden 3

7 to 1 agst. Marzagan.

October 13th.—The Whip; 10st. each; 220 sovs. each; B.C.

Mr. Archie Gold's br. h. Villiers, by Thurio—Lady Clarendon, 10st. E. Driscoll 1

Prince Soltykoff's br. c. Canopus, 4 yrs., 10st. C. Wood 2

Evens.

The Middle Park Plate of 2,305 sovs.; for two-year-olds; Bretby Stakes Course (six furlongs.)

Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Democrat, by Sensation—Equality, 9st. Sloan 1

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Diamond Jubilee, 9st. 3lb.

J. Watkinson 2

Duke of Westminster's br. c. Goblet, 9st. 3lb. M. Cannon 3

Evens Democrat.

TENNIS.

September 16th.—At Hampton Court. Dealtry v. J. White, former won 3 games to 2.

S. & H. HARRIS.

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OF
SPORTS AND PASTIMES

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WITH
An Engraved Portrait of THE DUKE OF LEEDS • Portrait of MR. ROBERT LUTIFF;
Engraving, "Duncombe."

The Duke of Leeds.

GEORGE GODOLPHIN OSBORNE, sixth Duke of Leeds, born September 8th, 1862, was the second son of the ninth duke, whom he succeeded in the year 1895. His name is well known as an all-round sportsman—best known, perhaps, as master of the Bedale Hounds and the owner of the Hounds. In 1896, when Mr F. Dent laid down the post of office, the duke was permitted to accept the mastership of the hunt whose country once included part of the great Raby

territory hunted by the Earls of Darlington. A better choice could not have been made, for the family estates form an appreciable proportion of the country hunted by the pack. Hornby Castle, the family seat, stands near the centre of their large territory, and a former Duke of Leeds took a prominent part in founding the Raby Hunt Bedale Club in the year 1816. The Bedale country, as it now exists, was created in 1832, when the first Duke of Cleveland ceased

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The Duke of Leeds.

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territory hunted by the Earls of Darlington. A better choice could not have been made, for the family estates form an appreciable proportion of the country hunted by the pack. Hornby Castle, the family seat, stands near the centre of their large territory, and a former Duke of Leeds took a prominent part in founding the Raby Hunt Bedale Club in the year 1816. The Bedale country, as it now exists, was created in 1832, when the first Duke of Cleveland ceased

to hunt that portion of the Raby territory seven years before he gave up hunting altogether. When he sold his hounds in 1837, he took the curious step of burning all the gorse coverts so that his successor, "Duke Henry," as he was always called, was obliged to hunt stag till the coverts grew up again. For many years the effect of the destruction of coverts was felt, and probably other influences contributed to the same end; so much so that, when Mr. Duncombe resigned the mastership in 1867, much difficulty was experienced in finding a new master, foxes being extremely scarce. Mr. J. B. Booth, of Killerby, who was prevailed upon to take office in October of that year, killed only five and a-half brace in his first season. His next season opened badly, and in December, 1868, a meeting was held to consider the situation. A large number of landowners pledged themselves to use their best exertions for the better preservation of foxes, if Mr. Booth would continue in office. He did so, and so well was the promise to promote the preservation of foxes kept that a visible improvement soon took place. A great deal was done during Mr. Booth's mastership of eleven seasons to improve the country, no fewer than twenty-three new gorse coverts being laid down. In his last season, 1877-8, he killed twenty-six and a-half brace, and when he retired, receiving a very handsome and valuable testimonial, a worthy successor was soon found in Major H. F. Dent, who had a short time previously retired from the 7th Dragoon Guards. Major Dent held office for six seasons and gave way to Mr. G. W. Elliot, M.P., who in turn was succeeded by Captain W. P. Wilson Todd, who resigned in 1896 to give

Major Dent a second brief period of office.

When Major Dent retired in 1898 he was followed by the duke, who about two years previously had succeeded to the title. His Grace retained the hunt staff—Fred Holland as huntsman, and Frank Parker and William Hankinson as whippers-in; he found a good stock of foxes, a fine pack awaiting him to hunt one of the best countries in England, and farmers who willingly remove wire during the season; and has done full justice to his opportunities. Few men go better than the master of the Bedale; he always goes straight and is generally to be found near hounds, however fast and hard the run. This season there is a grand show of foxes in the country, and the bright prospects of a month ago have been justified by the sport enjoyed.

Three years ago his Grace became a supporter of the leash, and has owned some good greyhounds. In his brief coursing career he has twice come near winning the Waterloo Cup, "Lang Syne" having been runner-up to Mr. Hardy's "Wild Night" for the coveted trophy in 1898, while "Lapal" was runner-up to Mr. Rogers' "Black Fury" in February last. The duke has built a commodious range of greyhound kennels at Hornby Castle, and has now, we understand, some very promising puppies. Hunting, coursing and shooting afford his Grace abundant occupation during the winter, and as soon as the hunting season is over his yacht, the *Corisande*, is put in commission. The *Corisande* goes far afield during the summer, as the duke prefers a cruise in the Mediterranean to the more familiar and more crowded waters of the Solent.

He is also a fisherman, and can throw a fly and play a fish against any man.

For eight years, 1887-95, as Marquis of Carmarthen, he represented the Brixton division of Lambeth in the Conservative

interest, and in 1898 he took his seat in the London County Council as representative of the City of London. His Grace married, in 1884, Katherine, the daughter of the Earl of Durham, by whom he has four daughters.

Twenty-one Years of a Chalk-Stream Diary.

IN the early spring of 1879 I commenced keeping an angling diary for the purpose of accumulating accurate data in reference to the sport. Since that date the number of fish caught, their individual weights, the successful pattern of artificial fly, the direction and force of the wind, some general idea of the weather and any circumstance calling for special remark have been duly recorded on each day. The old diary is now full, and perhaps under these conditions a retrospect of its contents is excusable.

The aggregate number and weight of the fish killed during these twenty-one years will probably disappoint the reader. It must, however, be remembered that for the first decade the author was actively engaged in business, and could only spare occasional days for the pursuit of his favourite sport. A considerable portion of his time at the riverside has always been devoted to the collection of insects serving as food for the Salmonidæ. Much of the study of the life-history and metamorphoses of these insects, from the egg to the imago, has been pursued on the banks of the stream, and continual observations have been made of the habits of the fish and general conditions governing their idio-

syncrasies and influencing the angler's chance of success.

The total bag of the twenty-one seasons amounted to 1,151 trout, weighing 1,746 lbs. 13 ozs., and 598 grayling of 821 lbs., or altogether 1,749 fish, 2,567 lbs. 13 ozs. The average weight of the trout works out at a trifle over 1½ lb., and of the grayling very nearly 1 lb. 6 ozs., and the general average is about 1 lb. 7½ ozs. The best trout year was 1893, when 115, weighing 172 lbs. 14 ozs., were taken. The best grayling year was 1885, when the bag comprised 123 of 168 lbs. 8 ozs., but since 1888 good grayling fishing was not available, although I generally had a few days each autumn by kind invitation of friends. Of abnormally large specimens there were comparatively few—4 lbs. 9 ozs., 4½ lbs., 4 lbs. 3 ozs., and two of 4 lbs. 2 ozs. each, were the largest trout, and of grayling 3 lbs. 5 ozs., 3 lbs. 3 ozs., 3 lbs. 2 ozs., and two of 3 lbs. each, being the most noteworthy. The fish were with few exceptions killed on the Test, Itchen and Kennet, but I paid occasional visits to waters on the Anton, Wiley, Driffild Beck and other chalk streams.

The pages of a sportsman's diary cannot fail to recall to his memory the number of congenial

spirits whose acquaintance he had first made on sporting expeditions. They will also serve to remind him of the numerous instances in which such acquaintance has ripened into warm and staunch friendship. Unfortunately, however, there is generally a reverse to the medal, as looking over a long vista of past years must bring back the memory of a number of good friends whose loss we have to deplore. These sad reminiscences are accentuated in my case by a note from which I see that the late George Selwyn Marryat and I first met in 1879, and that I was introduced by him to the late Francis Francis in the same year.

It had been my ambition for many years before to try and write a full handbook of the dry fly, and I was gratified to find that poor Marryat was quite in accord with me as to the need of such a work. He at once volunteered to render any assistance in his power, and this kindly offer was promptly and gratefully accepted. From that day to the end of his life we were continually in consultation either verbally or by correspondence.

After making notes and comparing our impressions for some years, he suggested that a full treatise on the subject would be a monumental work, and that it might be advisable to bring out as a *ballon d'essai* the fly-dressing portion in a separate volume. It was in furtherance of this idea that "Floating Flies, and How to Dress Them," was published in 1886, followed by "Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice," in 1889. The publication of "Making a Fishery," in 1895 and "Dry-Fly Entomology," in 1897, completed the series of handbooks covering the ground of our original scheme.

Some apology is due for devoting so much space to matters of a somewhat personal nature. If these books have been of any use or interest to my brother dry-fly fishermen, they must remember that the compilation of the mass of detail on which they are founded would have been almost impossible without the methodical arrangement of various information in the pages of the old diary. Of the value of the co-operation of Mr. Marryat it is needless to say anything—his knowledge, his experience, and his unselfish endeavour to assist are thoroughly appreciated by all of us. If these extenuating circumstances do not, in the reader's opinion, constitute a good and sufficient plea for leniency, perhaps a solemn pledge not to offend again—at least, not for the next twenty-one years—may serve to ward off the consequences of his wrath.

The development of any sport can generally be traced by the development of the weapons or gear by means of which it is carried out. Hence it must be of interest to the fly-fisherman to consider the improvements in his rod, line, hooks, flies and the hundred and one other accessories to his tackle. In 1879 the fly rod was of greenheart or hickory, generally with an ash butt. It was whippy and weak in the back, and as a necessary sequence the extreme tip was very thin.

The line was light with long tapered point. The best lines were of silk, and the inferior ones either entirely of jute or a mixture of silk and jute. Dressing consisted in soaking them in a compound of shellac or other varnish, which when dry formed a thin coat on the surface. After very little use this surface cracked and the line was soon rotten and useless. Flies were dressed on

hooks to which the strands of jute were whipped. Wings of flies were single, and both generally taken from the same feather. The bodies were of silk or dubbing, and in some patterns the undyed peacock quill was used for this purpose.

With this gear it was possible to cast with some degree of accuracy against or across a very light wind. With anything like a fresh breeze, however, even the most expert hands were utterly beaten. The exertion of fishing under conditions in any way adverse was something terrible, and to dry a fly so as to float it hard work on a fine day and impossible on a wet one.

Mr. Marryat insisted that a dry-fly fisherman must be equipped with rod and line with which he could with ease cast against anything short of a hurricane. His experiments indicated the necessity of the rod being distinctly stiffer and the line heavier than those then in use; he also advocated a short taper to the line.

The split cane rod was spoken of and occasionally seen in this country, but the majority of our English fly-fishermen dubbed it a transient American fad. The late Mr. Deller was making the first of his glued-up rods, and even these showed the same excellent qualities of action and balance so marked in all the rods manufactured by his firm up to the day of his death. In 1880 he made me my first split cane rod; it was eleven feet nine inches long, slightly stiffer all over and heavier in the point than the rods then in vogue. Subsequently it was gradually cut down to stiffen it, and eventually made a serviceable eleven feet rod. It was too heavy for me, but my good friend Marryat accepted it and used it for many years. In 1882 Eaton and Deller

built two interchangeable eleven feet rods, and these, after being reduced to ten and a-half feet, were most effective, and are even now in use and fit to kill any trout or grayling in the Test. The original "Priceless" was made in 1887.

At this time Eaton and Deller's rods were all the rage, but with the great care and personal attention devoted to their manufacture the number turned out each year were totally inadequate to cope with the demand. When Messrs. Hardy, Brothers, of Alnwick, took up this branch of the trade seriously, they soon effected a revolution. The mechanical knowledge devoted to systematical labour-saving, the accurate manner in which the triangular sections of the joints were shaped, and continual improvements in varnishing, glueing-up and other matters of detail, all tended to enable them to turn out great numbers of rods of uniform and good quality. Candidly, they deserve the success they have achieved.

As the result of a number of experiments, the modern line made of pure silk, plaited solid and dressed under the air pump with boiled oil has been evolved. The method of dressing by a considerable number of immersions in the boiled oil under the exhausted receiver of an air pump, the drying of each coat in an oven and rubbing down the surface after each coat, is largely due to Mr. Hawksley's skill and perseverance. The line should have a short taper of five to six yards, and the stout portion is far thicker than the old-fashioned one.

At first the manufacturers of these lines exaggerated the thickness, and this operated seriously against their general adoption. Anglers found that this great weight rendered it difficult to

cast lightly, and in some cases crippled or broke the rods. Even now it is not altogether easy to find a rod-maker who can send out a line to fit his rod. In the early days of the oil-dressed lines it was the fashion for tackle-makers to dissuade their customers from buying them. They would darkly hint that the particular form of dressing or method of application would certainly rot the silk. Now this fallacy has exploded. Such lines in continual use have lasted twelve to fifteen years with ordinary care, and are still serviceable.

The introduction of the eyed hook and its rapid progress until practically no other is used by the modern dry-fly fisherman, have been so often described as not to need reiteration here. The manifest advantages accruing from its use are now fully appreciated.

There have been many additions to the long list of materials of which artificial flies are compounded. Quills for bodies have almost superseded silks and dubbings, and the recipes for bleaching and dyeing them are well known. The rule of taking the fibres forming wings from right and left feathers, and the use of double instead of single wings, or four thicknesses in place of two is universal. These improved wings and the use of two shoulder hackles instead of one, have tended to make the floating of the flies more easy. In this direction it must, however, be admitted that the paraffin bottle has been the most efficacious means yet tried.

In connection with this there is a point worthy of note. It is the fashion nowadays to vaunt the so-called *odourless* paraffin. What this sticky compound is I do not know. It is certainly very thick, makes the feathers messy, does

not dry well, and is in no way comparable to the common lamp paraffin (with its odour) for the fly-fisherman's use.

Thus it is clearly proved that rods, lines, flies and all the rest of the angler's paraphernalia have been greatly improved during the last twenty-one years. As a result, any moderately proficient manipulator can now place his fly accurately, delicately, floating and cocked over a rising fish at the first attempt. The direction or force of the wind will scarcely affect him, pouring rain or blinding sleet will not drown his fly. Can anyone, however, honestly say that sport generally has increased in the chalk-streams?

Some of this deficiency in sport can undoubtedly be imputed to the extraordinary augmentation in the number of the exponents of the dry-fly. Even allowing for this, it must be admitted that, with a few notable exceptions, fishing in the Hampshire streams has steadily deteriorated from year to year. This falling off may well be due to a variety of causes, chiefly, I would venture to suggest, to deficiency of stock, pollution, decrease in the volume of the streams, and in some instances to bad management on the part of lessees or proprietors.

Dry-fly fishing is so popular a form of sport, and the qualities of such rivers as the Test are so thoroughly appreciated that the moment a length of water is to be let the proprietor is deluged with applications. The result is as might be expected—a continual rise “by leaps and bounds” of the letting value. There is, as a rule, no inquiry made as to the records of recent years, no question is asked as to the stock of trout in the water, and it is quite impossible for anyone to judge of this by personal inspection, unless

he happens to be on the spot on the rare occasions when the fish are rising well. The owner is quite unconcerned; he lets the fishing for a season at a heavy rent; sport is bad and the tenant will not continue. Meanwhile, the landlord does nothing to the water, because he feels sure that, failing the present tenant, one of the numerous applicants will take it for next season, and quite possibly at an enhanced figure.

The result is easy to foretell. The stock of Salmonidæ is being gradually killed off, and no steps taken to replenish it. The natural increase of the river is totally inadequate to make up the deficiency. Then, too, probably the pike and other coarse fish are increasing. Birds that prey on the ova and helpless alevins are plentiful. Spawning shallows get choked up with mud. Everything necessary to keep the stream and fish in order is neglected because attention to these matters means expense. What does it matter? Another fool will come along next season and pay the same or perhaps more rent.

There are a few fisheries where the proprietors or tenants have been roused to action. They have taken in hand seriously the work of stocking. Some have purchased yearlings or two-year-olds and fed them up in stews until they are sizable. They have netted, trimmered, and even spun for the pike. They have raked over the shallows, and even carted loads of gravel from a distance to make new spawning-ground. They cut their weeds with judgment, and in some instances they have been successful in hatching the eggs of Ephemeridæ and other insects on which the trout feed. They drag out by the roots undesirable vegetation

in the bed of the river, and encourage the growth of those species which are the homes of the shrimps, snails, caddis and dun larvæ. What is the result? These lengths of water and possibly those adjoining them are the only ones in which there has been an increase of sport during the last few years.

Pollution is a more serious question than we generally imagine. When the river looks like an open sewer and smells like an open sewer, there is no doubt about it. After a course of years of agitation the local authorities may languidly take some steps. Complaints to a Government department will end in time being given to propound a scheme for dealing with the sewage. Extensions of this time will be granted while the local boards will discuss, amend, reject, or adopt some scheme. At last perhaps they will apply for permission to raise the cash required. Then perhaps some powerful local magnate will develop a strenuous opposition, and very likely succeed in getting the decision postponed, while year after year the fish in the river are being poisoned.

When the water in a stream looks fairly clear, and there is no very pronounced stench, we are contented, and hug ourselves with the delusion that there is no great quantity of sewage turned into our rivers. Probably careful investigation would show that mansions, farms, mills and other buildings are drained into the stream. The harm done to the mature fish is perhaps not serious, but a small volume of pollution will effectually choke the ova deposited on the shallows, and thus entirely destroy the natural reproduction of the river. Sewage, even in small quantities, tends to kill the larvæ of the Ephemeridæ and

Trichoptera, thus decreasing the quantity of fly food. Another bad effect of it is that the growth of rank vegetation is stimulated, while such weeds as the water celery and crowfoot do not flourish in water even slightly polluted by fæcal matter. The celery and crowfoot are the homes of the majority of mollusks, crustaceans and insect larvæ, which are the most nutritious forms of food of the Salmonidæ.

The steady decrease in the volume of water in the streams is due generally to improved land drainage. The result of this is that a flood soon runs off, and the level of the rivers is permanently lowered. In some cases, too, the water supply for large towns is pumped from the streams or from the springs supplying them. There is no possibility of improvement in either of these cases, and in fact the evil is likely to increase.

The management of a fishery is a difficult matter. Millers and farmers have, or affect to have, extensive water rights. A fishing tenant cannot afford to be on unfriendly terms with them, and as a rule his interest is not sufficiently permanent to permit his contesting their assumed rights. Weeds must be cut' so as to suit the farmers and millers, but it is often possible to make amicable arrangements with them, so as not to sacrifice the prospects of sport altogether. Sometimes the fishermen themselves are much to blame. They have a rooted objection to losing trout in the

weeds. Hence each of them will worry the keeper to cut weeds in some favourite spot. This may well result in the bed of the river being quite bare, and not only making the fish shy and difficult of approach, but also decreasing the quantity of weed, and with it the food of the fish, until they get half starved and stunted in growth.

Twenty-one years ago I had not outgrown the illusions of youth, and had a strong inclination to paint all sport *couleur de rose*. As one grows older, so one tends more and more to look at the gloomy side of life; yet I hope that in declining years I am not overdoing this propensity and becoming a pessimist. The main question is a serious one. The present school of dry-fly fishermen are provided with the best of rods and lines and flies; they have great skill, and are patient and persevering; they are keen for sport, and spare neither time, trouble nor expense in their endeavours to obtain it. On the other hand, neglect of stocking, pollution, decrease in the volume of the rivers and other causes are all tending to deplete these beautiful chalk streams. The remedies, which are not far to seek, must be applied by the rising generation.

May 1900 be a season of health and prosperity, and may all of us enjoy the best of sport, so that many pages of our new diaries may be filled with the records of our success!

FREDERIC M. HALFORD.

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|--|----------------|--------------|-------|-------|---------|--------|-----------|
| Lapwing
Loyal
<i>Painted by William Ross, June 1849.</i> | Plato
Tuner | Bliss Bonnet | Prism | Lofty | Sponsor | Bumper | Soundwell |
| <p>On the 1st of June 1849</p> <p>MR. ROBERT LUTHER OF ACTON SALOP</p> | | | | | | | |

Amateur Huntsmen.

YOUR readers may be somewhat surprised to know that, on looking through the list of hounds and their appointments for the present season, we find that there are no less than seventy-nine gentlemen huntsmen of packs of foxhounds in the United Kingdom, and nine of staghounds, thus making a total of something near a hundred gentlemen that carry the horn, exclusive of course of masters of harriers.

I shall crave your indulgence, therefore, Mr. Editor, in penning a few thoughts, which learning and experience have taught, as to the attributes that go towards constituting a first-rate huntsman, and in this it is not altogether necessary to put forward my own authority, for I have the advantage of being able to quote *ad libitum*, if necessary, from our old and well-established authorities on hunting.

Thomas Smith, of Craven fame, says, that "to be perfect a huntsman should possess the following qualifications: health, memory, decision, temper and patience, voice and sight, courage and spirits, perseverance, activity; and with these he will soon make a bad pack a good one; if quick, he will make a slow pack quick; if slow, he will make a quick pack slow."

It has been very rightly said that a first-rate huntsman is fit to be a Prime Minister, and the natural query arises on this, How many of the eighty odd amateur huntsmen were fit to be Prime Ministers? and yet the qualifications which Mr. Thomas Smith lays down are of a rarely attainable character. When we come to think of the years of probation that have to be gone through by

professional huntsmen in the lower walks of hunt service, it is not a little surprising that so many young gentlemen huntsmen should aspire towards carrying the horn, whose practical knowledge of hunting is very meagre, and whose natural qualifications are hardly those laid down in the words I have quoted above. The majority of these young sportsmen are practising on the country of their adoption, not so much for its advantage as for their own advancement in the ranks of sport. Probably they have the command of money which enables them to buy or control a country, and they imagine that there are none to gainsay them. The inherent kindness and consideration of hunting men to one another is extended to them, and their shortcomings are smoothed over by the elders of the hunt, who wish to give them every chance; but how often does the truth burst forth when you hear it whispered, that "So-and-So is not a born huntsman." The number of noses on the kennel door speak plainly the want of keenness in his pack of hounds, and in his field tell the same tale. The subscriptions, if he requires any, begin to diminish, and, at last, the experimenter discovers that his dreams of becoming a huntsman are fantastic, and that his has been a mistaken vocation; not that we wish it to be understood that amateur huntsmen are necessarily failures, because we have before us striking instances of the reverse.

There are sportsmen of the true type, who have set themselves the task of learning their profession by every possible means at their command, and have happily en-

joyed some if not all the attributes which contribute towards success. To them be all praise, for they have emulated the glorious positions which our leading professional huntsmen have won for themselves. They have not, in my humble opinion, eclipsed it, and their number represents at the present day a sadly poor proportion to the total of the gentlemen huntsmen now in the field. I allude to such men as the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Reginald Corbet, Mr. Lycett Green, Mr. Rawnsley, Mr. Rowland Hunt, Mr. Wharton, Mr. Hamilton Russell, Mr. Charles Wright, Captain Whitaker, Mr. Clayton Swan, Mr. Sherbrooke and few more of a like calibre, with whom I have not sufficient personal knowledge of to speak with certainty. I do not include Ireland in the scope of my remarks. To this small *coterie* belongs the honour of maintaining the reputation of gentlemen huntsmen, and of these I fear Lord Willoughby de Broke, owing to ill-health, will never again awake the echoes of the Warwickshire vales with his horn, and Mr. Reginald Corbet has resigned the horn in South Cheshire to his son, Mr. Reginald, junior, who, if he emulates the deeds of his father, will indeed live in the annals of Cheshire. To Mr. Reginald Corbet, I consider, worthily belongs the premier position among gentlemen huntsmen of England. He has presided over the destinies of Cheshire sport ever since the 'sixties, and has, for at least twenty-five years, carried the horn in South Cheshire. During that time he has uniformly won the record for his number of foxes killed in this, the smallest and, at the same time, the fastest in a riding sense,

two-day-a-week country in England; he also has held his own against all comers, and been the proud possessor of the choicest lady pack that any master of hounds can bring into the field, all home bred. That Mr. Reginald Corbet possesses all the qualifications that Mr. Thomas Smith has laid down I will not avow. Let it suffice that he has courage, perseverance, activity, decision, and a fair amount of patience; and as to temper, well, his true friends know how to bear with this, when weighed with those fine qualities which master the situation. In the history of Cheshire hunting the name of Mr. Corbet will ever hold a foremost place, and most worthily so.

The Duke of Beaufort will always be better known in the hunting arena as the Marquis of Worcester—a huntsman to the manner born. To him it has been a gift to hunt a fox from a knowledge of the animal and his ways. To him the idea of being a dashing horseman has never been uppermost, and yet his love of his hounds, and their love of him, has prevailed to bring many a stout fox to his death, when many a more courageous huntsman would have failed. The Duke has studied hunting—his advantages have been unrivalled, and there is not a British sportsman who grudges him his great success. As regards the other gentlemen huntsmen, whom I have dared to mention by name, they are all more or less in their zenith, and hunting to them has been a study of the deepest delight; they enjoy a well earned popularity, and it would ill become me, or any one writing in your Magazine, and having the success of hunting at heart, to criticise their prowess in the field. All we would say is, would that many more of the

army of amateur huntsmen in the United Kingdom would emulate their example, aye, even claim to approach them in success.

Old Beckford was not far wrong when he advocated such tutelage as a mastership of harriers towards the attainment of success in a mastership of foxhounds. Nothing tends towards the attainment of perseverance and patience, as well as discretion, in hunting a pack of hounds, as the entering of harriers, or even beagles, can accomplish. I have noted several instances of this, and would strongly advise it in young men, to whom a study of hunting is an earnest desire.

Thus you become accustomed to the use of the horn, and of your voice. You learn the attributes of your hounds, the peculiarities of scent, and the nature of the animal you hunt; you get hardened to your work, you learn quickness, horsemanship, and above all, patience. Well, as to temper I confess to approaching this subject with much hesitation and reserve, because in reality it is in temper that the greatest pitfall to the amateur huntsman exists; he has not the same inducements to hold his temper in check that a professional huntsman has, and consequently there is greater fear of it running riot with him. It too frequently does, not because he is naturally bad tempered—probably the reverse—but because his very keenness and anxiety to excel make him forget the position in which he stands towards others who desire to enjoy the sport as much as he does, or think that they do so. Here a professional huntsman stands out superior to the gentleman, and necessarily so, because the professional's first idea is to please his master, and his field, to show sport, and keep his temper. His very livelihood

depends upon it; he bears the pressure of an eager throng of sportsmen in his wake with comparative equanimity. He knows he is paid for being where he is, and that if the too eager ones spoil his sport, it is not his fault. Hardly so with the amateur, he hates the idea of people riding too near him, and if they go in front of him the matter is still worse, his best friend then is his worst enemy, he gets between him and his pack, and no anathema that he can think of suffices to be hurled at him.

Yes, it is sad but true, temper such as this in the moment of supreme trial, spoils the happiness and crushes the discretion of many a gentleman huntsman. In the silence of after reflection he bites his lips in remorse, but pride forbids a recantation, and a renewal of the circumstances brings another and another edition of the same scenes—and yet, dear readers, what would not, what do not, good sportsmen bear in the way of abuse from their huntsman M.F.H. with equanimity, knowing the difficulty of his position, and the trials he undergoes? There are, however, our weaker brethren, who are offended, and will not bear it, and who have to be considered in these days of tender-footed, and tenderer hearted sportsmen, who affect the hunting field; and they would rather give a tip of a fiver to the professional huntsman, receiving in return a civil touch of the hat, and a word of encouragement now and again, than have the hard words thrown at them remorselessly by the M.F.H. and huntsman in one.

Then, again, voice is such an essential gift in a huntsman, and this is often lacking in the amateur. To cheer hounds at the right moment adds dash and decision to their work, and makes

them drive ahead. The silent system of hunting, now I regret to say, somewhat in vogue, destroys, to my mind, one of the chief charms of the hunting field. How we love to hear a fox well holloed away, and the pack cheered to the echo on his line, and how finely many of our best professional huntsmen do that work! It wins the lasting love of their hounds, it inspirits the field, it even touches the hearts of our horses. Oh, how I hate the whistling coon! More fit is the whistle for terriers than hounds. Does not their own merry music tell us that they enjoy these cheers as an accompaniment to their chorus? The gentleman huntsman thinks he can please himself as to this, and probably he does. Does he also please his hounds or his field? I trow not. He kills no more foxes by it, and too often leaves his field in the lurch. I know that this will be considered treasonable talk in many quarters, and yet I would ask, where is the silent huntsman who can boast of a first-rate record, unless under peculiarly favourable surroundings? "Oh," says the advocate of silence, "the man who makes a noise only gets his hounds' heads up, and makes a mess of it." Momentarily, perhaps, he does, but hounds are not fools, they know the true meaning of that holloa, and put down their heads at the right moment, and dash away for all they are worth, with the answering chorus, which we all enjoy. I have, on the other hand, seen the same thing enacted under the silent system, where hounds seemed unable to recognise the position, and feebly feeling for the line, hardly dared to own it at first, thus losing the dash which the human voice brings to their aid.

Then, again, there is the slow huntsman, who declines to ride up to his leading hounds, or encourage the tail hounds to join them. Beckford thus sums him up when he says, "It is not often that a slow huntsman kills many foxes; he is a check upon his hounds, which seldom kill a fox but with a high scent, when it is out of his power to prevent it. What avails it to be told which way the fox is gone when he is so far ahead that you cannot hunt him? A Newmarket boy, with a good understanding and a good voice, might be preferable perhaps to an indifferent and slack huntsman. He would press on his fox whilst the scent was good, and the foxes that he killed he would kill handsomely."

One more quotation from Beckford, for I know no better authority, although he lived just a century ago. After speaking of a huntsman being a good kennel man, he goes on, "If besides this he makes his hounds both love and fear him, if he be active, and press them on while the scent is good, always aiming to keep them as near the fox as he can; if, when they are at fault he make his cast with judgment, not casting the wrong way first, and only blundering upon the right at last, as many do; if, added to this, he be patient and persevering, never giving up a fox while there remains a chance of killing him, he then is a *perfect huntsman*." Alas! it is given to few in this lower world to attain anything approaching perfection, and I am not wishing here to unduly deny the merits of our gentlemen huntsmen, who really give their minds to the lofty ambition of becoming celebrities in their calling. All I feel compelled to say is that of the large number who practice the art, only a small

proportion succeed. Why this is so I leave to wiser heads to decide. In this article it has been my endeavour to touch upon some of the points in which failure is too often found, and in many of which a remedy might easily be forthcoming. I fancy that were a ballot taken pretty widely of hunting men on the question of amateur *versus* professional huntsmen, that the weight of the vote would go very much in favour of the professional, and that rightly so.

Since entering upon this article I have been able to obtain the engraving of a picture of the late Mr. Robert Luther, for many years master and huntsman of the United Pack in Shropshire, for reproduction as a frontispiece to this article, and, indeed, no worthier example could be found of the fine old type of yeoman sportsman, a race of men now, alas! all too few in our ranks.

Mr. Robert Luther farmed largely at Acton, near Bishopscastle in Shropshire, under the Earl of Powis, and this picture, painted in 1849, represents him on his favourite mare by Hesperus, surrounded by some of his hounds, which show their Welsh descent. He was one of the finest men it was ever my lot to meet, and rode over 16 st. He nearly always bred his own horses, and grand animals they were, such, indeed, as cannot be met with as home-bred in Shropshire now. He hunted quite a territory, extending from the Stiperstones on the north, within

ten miles of Shrewsbury, to Radnor Forest on the south, a distance of fully thirty miles, and broad in proportion. He liked small hounds, which he always declared immeasurably superior to big ones over a hilly country. I recollect a favourite of his, "Lofty," which is in the picture, and her descendants were the mainstay of his pack, especially a nearly white bitch, called "Lily." He also had rather a big hound, called "Wellington," given him by Sir Watkin, that was a bad drawer, but used to help him out on a foggy day by hitting off the line when his leading hounds had gone, and he always had a good word for old "Wellington." I could enumerate some grand runs of tremendous length, which he enjoyed in those days, especially one from the Riddings Plantation near Kerry to the foot of Plinlimmon, of which no horseman saw the end, and some of the hounds were several days returning to kennel. Another from Pilleth Gorse in Radnorshire to the Mynde Scrubs near Bedstone in Shropshire, and from Stanner to Aberedw Rocks on the Wye. And he thought it no uncommon thing to run from the Wenlock Edge Wood to the Clee Hill, east of Ludlow. It was with dear old Robert Luther that I imbibed my first lessons in hunting, and gained the love of it. To him the silent system was an abomination, and to hear his splendid voice cheering on his pack was a thing that all who heard it will never forget.

BORDERER.

Sportsmen to the Front.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

WE often encourage ourselves in active pastimes and sports, such as polo or hunting, with the thought that they are a good preparation for the stern realities of war. It cannot, therefore, but be interesting to recall traits and characteristics of those whose actions in South Africa we are following with an interest that may be called breathless, since no thoughtful man doubts that on the course of the present war hangs the fate of the Empire. So many names that are now famous belong to men whom I have known in the polo or hunting field that I think it will be of interest to put down some of my recollections, even though they may be of a trifling nature. Naturally the first name that occurs to my mind is that of Baden-Powell, not only because he occupies a very prominent position in the thoughts of all his fellow-countrymen, but also because wherever he may be and in whatever he may be engaged, whether in play or work, he is always a remarkable and interesting figure. Stephen Baden-Powell comes of a family of rare and versatile gifts and endowments, and most Anglo-Indians well recollect his brother the judge at Simla. I call him the judge because on the whole that was his most important appointment, but he had held most leading appointments open to a civilian, and had been Conservator of Forests in Burma, and Postmaster-General somewhere else. He was an interesting talker, a charming musician, and an amateur painter in water-colours of much skill. The elder brother, Sir George

Baden-Powell, was known to everyone, and other members of the family have the same gift of doing many things and doing them well. Baden-Powell, of the 13th Hussars, had all the family characteristics when I first knew him as a subaltern twenty years or so ago. He was then one of that group of officers trained under Sir Baker Russell in the 13th who have distinguished themselves since in sport and war, and of whom the names of John Watson and Maclaren will be familiar to my readers. It fell to my lot to share with the 13th Hussars that dreary period after a campaign when the army is still on service, but the interest and excitement are all over. Those who have seen Quetta of later years can have but little idea of the dreary discomfort of those early days and of the depression produced by the climate, bad food and much sickness. But these bad times opened a chance for Baden-Powell, and he availed himself of it. He wrote songs, set them to music and sang them, he got up theatricals, he painted the scenery, he took part in the plays to their great advantage, and, above all, he delivered lectures, two of which, on Railways Trains and Natural History, monologues helped out with a black-board and a ready chalk, I have never forgotten. The soldiers, of course, delighted in him, for while there was often real wit, Baden-Powell had too much tact to get over the heads of his audience. His topical allusions were, at all events, apt, and one I recollect brought down the house. It was in the lecture on Natural His-

tory when he announced with a little dry cough that he was about to sketch for us the Afghan Nightingale, and drew upon the board—the head of a camel. In camp our ears were always full of the bubbling, gurgling complaints which the camel is never tired of addressing to his driver for expecting him to work. I think those of us who thought at all recognised that Baden-Powell would go far, if he had the chance. Whatever troubles and hardships they have in Mafeking, I am sure they will not be dull there.

Curiously enough, though I played polo regularly in Quetta, and was indeed for a time secretary of the polo club, I cannot recollect Baden-Powell playing. Perhaps John Watson, who was far superior to any player we had then seen, rather over-shadowed the other Hussar players. I only recollect of the others “Ding” Mc-Dougall, who was then and always a better horseman than a polo player, and Maclaren, who is with Baden-Powell in Mafeking, and whose name is known wherever polo is played.

Later, when the regiment moved to Muttra, and devoted themselves to pig-sticking, Baden-Powell came to the front, and wrote a book, which after Newall's, is the best treatise on a sport which perhaps more than any other makes calls on the personal pluck and resources of those who pursue it. The very best of sports for a soldier, it was just the pastime for Baden-Powell, who was, as we all recognised even then, devoted to his profession above all other interests in life.

But in that same camp at Quetta were other men who are now fighting or suffering for their country in South Africa. There

was Major Humphries of the Gloucestershire Regiment, a capital polo player, who did wonders on ponies not too good. I played in the same team with him in the first handicap polo tournament at Quetta, and we had some hopes of winning, for Humphries, our back, was a fine player, as the game went in those days. However, we did not win, and I have forgotten who did. The Gloucestershires were always a good polo regiment, and it was about that time that Major Capel Cure joined them. He was, I think, the most promising beginner I have ever seen. From the first he hit hard and straight, and he rode with tremendous dash and pluck. Afterwards Capel Cure and the Gloucestershires were for a time, though to a less degree, what De Lisle and the Durhams became in later years. But polo was not then, as we are often reminded, the scientific game it has since become.

Another regiment which is now at the front, and which has been remarkable for its sportsmen and its talent at theatricals or sing-songs, is the Manchester Regiment (63rd). All played polo, from the colonel downwards. Later, the other battalion, the 96th, went to Agra, and devoting themselves to pig-sticking, had splendid sport. Colonel Ridley, who, like so many other good sportsmen, has been taken from the old regiment for staff employ, was a very notable pig-sticker, and the best manager of a hog-hunting country I have ever known. He used to have a horse which had met with a curious accident, a spear having passed right through him from the shoulder to the quarters. However, when I saw him he was little the worse, save for the scars, and was as bold after a pig as ever.

The men of whom I have

written so far belong to an older generation of sport, or have had their training in India almost entirely. But of well known polo players of to-day, to take only those who are on the staff or on special service, how many first-rate polo players there are! Major Rimington, Captain Mackenzie, Captain Brand, Lord Charles Bentinck, Captain Hanwell, and very many others, for are not all our great polo regiments at the front? Not one has been deaf to the call, even those who were preparing to leave the service and settle down to other occupations, have gone at the first call. Mr. Frank Wise and Lord Wicklow have left their hounds, and Captain Egerton Green a comfortable berth at Hurlingham. It was only their duty, it may be said, and they themselves would say it, but a nation whose sons love duty and delight in sport is not likely yet to be left behind in the struggle for existence.

But from the polo field, which has indeed sent nearly all its best men to the front to take part in that reality of which the game in its tactics, its combination, its dash and its grasp of suddenly occurring opportunities is the image and for which it is an excellent training, let us turn to the hunting field, which has for the last century at least been a favourite play-ground for soldiers. I have tried to show, in my "History of the Belvoir Hunt," how great a stimulus to the sport of foxhunting was the great war at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. Nor do I think it would be difficult to show the value of the growth of that sport in keeping alive a spirit of dash and adventure among horse-keeping Englishmen during the long years of peace

which preceded the Crimean campaign.

But to return, I will speak only of those whom I have myself known, for this is but a chapter of personal recollections. The first who occurs to my mind now, alas, with affectionate regret, is the late Captain C. K. Pechell, K.R.R., with whom I drove last year to the opening meet of the Belvoir at Croxton Park, and who, though only riding a hireling, held a good place in a scurry from Sproxton Thorns. This, his last year, has been full of adventure for him, but his name, with that of the other heroic defenders, will not soon be forgotten. Then there is Lord Robert Manners, a keen soldier, with all the inborn instincts of service to England of a race which has given statesmen and soldiers to the country in every generation. A hard riding heavy weight, his tall figure is well known with the Belvoir. It is interesting to recall that Robert is a name which has been borne by many fighting members of the race. One of that name died fighting his ships, and another well known in Leicestershire hunting fields was a dandy and a soldier, and one of the hardest riders of his day in the period when the fifth duke ruled over Belvoir.

It is not foreign to this paper to remind readers of BAILY that Sir Redvers Buller is a hard man to hounds, and that hunting was his favourite recreation in his Devonshire home. Indeed, as the recollection of those one has known or those whom one has only seen when riding in front at the top of the hunt, or making a run at polo, what a crowd of names comes back. Major Little of the 9th, a follower of the Duke of Beaufort's hunt, and so well known at Hurlingham. Cheery

Neil Haig, whom neither heavy weight, nor a bad horse, nor the stiff fences of Mr. Fernie's country could stop when hounds were running. Then to leave the hunting field for a moment, there is at least one university oarsman at Ladysmith, and how many more whose names do not now recur, as bold, as keen, as enthusiastic as those whom I have mentioned.

But one name there is which demands something more than a passing mention, if only because he has made the last great sacrifice for his country and the service he loved. Of whom could one speak if Scott-Chisholme were forgotten. A true scion he was of a famous border and cavalier family. A good rider between the flags, a dashing polo player throughout his service. Trained in that school of soldiers, sportsmen and

polo players, the 9th Lancers, he was a brother officer of Lord William Beresford, of Colonel Bushman, of Major Little (now at the front), and many others. Then he commanded the 5th Lancers, and their exploits are a testimony to his training, and lastly he formed that splendid corps, the Imperial Light Horse. What better memorial of his soldier-like qualities and gifts is needed? Yet those who remember the charming companion, the genial messmate, the true sportsman, may be permitted to regret him even though so splendid a death was his lot, for did he not give his life to save one of his own troopers? Others we shall have to mourn for also, but none will be more missed or leave more friends to preserve his gallant and splendid memory.

T. F. D.

Hunting in France.

THE appearance of the sixth "Annuaire de la Vénérerie Française" tempts examination of the conditions under which our neighbours pursue their sport with horse and hound. Needless to say no modern French hunting establishment can compare in point of antiquity with many British packs; the Revolution made an end of the *Capitaineries* with other institutions and the oldest pack of hounds in France appears to be that of the Marquis de l'Aigle in the Dept. Oise, which dates from 1790 and hunts the wild boar. Prior to the Revolution the Kings of France enjoyed the prerogative of granting to princes of the blood the exclusive right to all game in certain dis-

tricts, even upon manors granted at a previous date to other individuals; so that the erection of a district into a *Capitainerie* amounted to cancellation of all manorial rights to game in favour of the prince to whom the sporting rights were granted by the throne. The condition of the peasantry under this old *régime* was pitiful; the slaughter of a deer or wild pig in defence of crops was an offence punishable by a long term in the galleys; so jealously did the law protect the game that the farmer might not cleanse his field of weeds, mow hay, nor remove stubble, until a stated date, lest he disturbed the young partridges; the practice of steeping seed was forbidden lest the birds should be

injured by eating it, and manuring with night soil was not allowed lest the flavour of the partridges should be impaired. With the Revolution the *Capitaineries* and their accompanying restrictions were swept away; and the tendency of French legislation since has been to grant facilities for sport through a system of loopholes in laws framed to protect the agriculturist.

Prior to 1789 custom allowed the sportsman hunting with hounds the right of following his pack over the land of another when in pursuit of game started on ground over which he possessed hunting rights. This right is irreconcilable with modern French law, which absolutely forbids hunting over the fields of another person without his consent; at the same time the difficulties of controlling hounds in pursuit are recognised, and Article 11 of the Law of 1844 provides that if hounds, on the line of a quarry unharboured or unkennelled on their owner's land, follow their game on to the land of another, it rests with the latter to obtain redress by proving damage in a civil court. Should he bring such action for *délit de chasse*, which we may render "hunting trespass," the master of the pack, to make good his defence, must prove (1) that the game was found on land where hounds had right to be; (2) that his huntsman or whipper-in was not able to stop the pack; and (3), which is hardly distinguishable from (2), that the pack trespassed against the will of the master. Hunt servants commit trespass if they follow hounds to help them; they may follow only to whip them off. Inasmuch, however, as there is nothing whatever to prevent proprietor or occupier from granting the right of chase over his ground to another

person, the French master of hounds is really in much the same position towards the farmers in his country as his British or Irish brother in sport.

The French laws governing sport contain one prohibition which is of interest, though not from the hunting point of view, it must be admitted; the more far-reaching applicability of the word *chasse*, however, requires mention of it in the *Notions Juridiques* which preface the *Annuaire*. Under Article 9 of the Law of 1844, the use for the pursuit of game of greyhounds or any dog of similar build, as the borzoi (*lévrier russe*) or Algerian greyhound (*sloughi*), is absolutely prohibited. A French hunting friend to whom the writer appealed for explanation of this ordinance, is not able to state positively why the employment of such dogs should be forbidden; but he conjectures that the "destructive character" attributed to them applied less to the dogs than to the persons who most commonly owned them; and herein we find a curious and instructive point of contact between our own mediæval game laws and the modern game laws of France. "It seems," writes the friend referred to, "that in the South of France where they were principally kept, their owners were individuals unworthy of the name of sportsmen, small tradesmen, peasants, &c., who had not their dogs under proper control; poaching for their masters and for themselves the *lévriers* did a good deal of damage."

There is the ring of true sportsmanship about the minor motive for prohibition of greyhounds; that their great speed gives them an unfair advantage over the hare in open ground when handled by men who hunt for the pot. In BAILY'S for May "Game Preserva-

tion in the Middle Ages," mention was made of 13 Rich. II. c. 1, which laid down the principle, for centuries upheld by our game legislation, that persons not possessed of certain property qualifications, should not be allowed to keep greyhounds and other animals or engines for taking game. The old English law-givers cared nothing for the susceptibilities of persons of low degree; they had no franchise considerations to weigh; the French legislators of half a century ago could not draw class distinctions, so they sought accomplishment of their end by the simple process of making pursuit of hares with greyhounds illegal. That such dogs were chiefly kept by men of the lower orders may or may not have been in the mind of the Chamber of 1844 when it passed the law.

It must be added that this law allows the Préfet of a Department to sanction the use of greyhounds and similar breeds under exceptional circumstances; but only for the chase of noxious or troublesome animals.

Like shooting, hunting in France begins and closes on dates prescribed by the local authority in each *Département*; ten days' notice of the dates fixed being publicly given. This is necessary from the legal standpoint, as shooting and hunting are forms of sport between which the law has to discriminate in view of the employment of firearms. Our authority (The *Annuaire*) informs us that hunting (*La Chasse à courre*) does not in its principle require the carriage or use of a gun, but that it is necessary to make one exception; when the lives of sportsmen or of hounds are endangered by a wild boar it is legal to use firearms for their defence; in the absence of such necessity of defence, the employment of a gun

would constitute an act of shooting (*un fait de chasse à tir*) and as such amount to a misdemeanour if committed out of the shooting season.

The responsibilities of a French owner or lessee of woodlands which hold game, more especially red deer, fallow deer and roe deer, do not differ widely from the responsibilities of an English landowner who rears a large head of pheasants or rabbits. It is recognised that a certain amount of injury to neighbouring crops is inseparable from the existence of game, and before the farmer who has suffered in property can obtain redress at law he must prove fault or negligence on the part of the owner of the game covert. Fault consists in the encouragement or maintenance of game in excess; and negligence is the omission to take necessary measures to check excessive increase. It is held comparatively easy to prove fault or negligence in the case of trespass and damage by the *cervidæ*, because deer "may be considered sedentary and do not leave the woods in which they have established themselves." This within limits is true enough; but a field of grain in the vicinity of wood or park containing deer will generally afford evidence that the animals are not too sedentary in their habits to work havoc among the standing corn. Responsibility on the part of covert owners for damage caused by wild swine is more difficult to prove "because these animals are wanderers (*nomades*) and often travel great distances from one forest to another." Such responsibility can be imposed, however, if the sufferers can show that the covert owner has enticed wild swine to take up their quarters in his domain, has endeavoured to keep them there and has encouraged their increase;

or that he has opposed their destruction by his farming neighbours while himself taking insufficient or tardy measures to keep their numbers down. If he take proper measures in the shape of frequent hunts and battues to which he invites the neighbours, he escapes all responsibility. In a word, the covert owner renders himself answerable for damage by any game including hares, rabbits, wolves, foxes and badgers if, in the interests of the chase, he encourages undue increase and opposes their destruction. The law recognises the right of farmers and cultivators to expel or destroy all animals which inflict damage upon their property, and all means of destruction are lawful; provided only in the case of deer that they are actually doing his property a mischief, or that his property is in imminent danger of harm. In practice, no doubt, it amounts to this, that the farmer only kills deer when he catches them in the act of trespass.

That noble animal, the fox, is not appreciated by our neighbours; we find him coupled with wolves, badgers and other noxious animals, and, as such, liable to be made the object of public hunts or battues at the discretion of the local authority. French law prescribes that every three months, or oftener if necessary, wolves, foxes, badgers and *autres animaux nuisibles* shall be hunted under the direction of forest officers in the public woods and fields. As campaigns against vermin these battues may be organised at any season and over any extent of country. The person appointed by the *préfet* to organise *une chasse collective*, can require the mayor of town or village to call out volunteers for the business and any man so summoned is liable to a fine not exceeding fifteen francs if he fail

to appear at the place and time appointed.

Mayors are invested with special powers in regard to wolves and wild boars. A mayor may arrange with the owner of thickets, woods and forests to take necessary measures for the destruction of these as "noxious animals." If the covert owner objects the official cannot enter his preserves; but the mayor has another card up his sleeve which he can play in the winter when the snow lies. At that season he may require the owner of coverts wherein wolves and wild boar lie, to destroy them within a given time; and if he fail to do so, the mayor can call the inhabitants with arms and dogs to drive and exterminate the game.

La louveterie is a code or series of administrative measures whose object is the destruction of dangerous beasts, more especially, as the name suggests, wolves. The execution of these measures is entrusted in each department to *lieutenants de louveterie* who hold their appointment for a year; prior to 1814 these officers had extensive powers, but since that date their functions have been curtailed; the *lieutenant de louveterie* nowadays works hand in hand with the forest officers and his chief business, out of the hunting season, is trapping.

The rights of hunting and shooting in woods and forests belonging to the State are let by public sale. Hunting rights give power to pursue stag, fallow deer, wild boar and wolf, and the lessee can hunt twice a week during the season, hunting days being settled in advance by the lessee and local authorities, Sundays and fête days being excluded. The hunting lessee of a State forest is not allowed an entirely free hand; the authorities reserve certain powers in respect of noxious animals and under these the Conservator of

Forests may require the lessee to destroy within a stated time a specified number of specified beasts; a sound and economical method of exterminating vermin, but one which might not invariably commend itself to the sporting lessee.

It would be impossible to catalogue the three hundred packs of hounds owned in France according to English ideas as represented in the annual Kennel Lists. Packs that stoop to only one species of game are in the minority, and packs over which the owner shoots hare or roe deer are included among those which "hunt" in the British sense of the word: equally, packs of foot-beagles occur among packs followed on horseback. Furthermore, many gentlemen maintain small packs of hounds, and possessing no country themselves, join forces with neighbours who have hunting rights.

It crosses the insular mind, in glancing through these pages that unless hounds are exceptionally steady the temptation to riot must often be too strong for canine nature to resist. For example, Mons. Bailly du Ponts' pack of ten couples of griffons, *chasse tous les animaux qu'il rencontre* in the Vendean woods, stag, wild boar, fox and hare: "and with a success that denotes in the pack a great love of the chase." Again, the Comte d'Elva shoots over his pack of *bassets-griffons vendéens* "every running animal," and when the shooting season closes they run hare. Mons. Mazeaud-Germeuil, again, has a pack of half-breds with which he hunts in the Limousin district; his season's bag is given as averaging four wild boar, four roe deer, ten foxes and eighteen hares. Numerous are the French hunts which hunt the hare and the hare only; but in the whole long list we find but a single

pack which "habitually hunts only the fox." This is the *Equipage de Beauchêne* in Mayenne, of which the Comte du Boberil is master and owner; the Comte du Boberil's father founded the pack in 1840 and for many years hunted the wolf; wolves having now disappeared from the country, they hunt fox by themselves and join with Comte François de la Rochefoucauld's pack to tackle wild boar.

The badger, as a beast of chase, is specifically mentioned once; it shares with hare and fox the attentions of Mons. Justin Dupaya's pack of *briquets*, which hunt in the Landes Dept. It does not necessarily follow from this that the "brock" is elsewhere neglected. A few hunts return the average season's bag at so many "animals" and its identity may be hidden under this generality. Also those packs to whom everything is lawful game doubtless stoop to badger occasionally of a night, more especially such as hunt State preserves and may be required to devote themselves to killing specified animal nuisances.

The only pack of otter hounds mentioned in the *Annuaire* is that of Mons. Ravul le Ber of the Chateau d'Hongerville, in the Dept. Seine Inferieure.

As might be expected, many masters of hounds are *Lieutenants de Louveterie*, their sporting proclivities singling them out for these appointments. The *doyen* among French masters is undoubtedly the Vicomte Emil de la Besge, who, at the age of 86 years is capable of spending ten or twelve hours in the saddle hunting roe deer in the Poitou forests. Formerly this venerable sportsman confined his attentions to wolf, but although his pack accounted for five last season, the increasing scarcity of wolves now compels him to turn to roe.

France is rich to embarrassment in breed and variety of hound. A substantial majority of packs consist of half-breds (*bâtards*) concerning whose antecedents no particulars are given. In his work on the "French Hounds," the Comte E. de Couteulx de Canteleu, himself a master and owner, tells us that there are certain varieties of these hounds which have sprung from breeds closely allied and which possessed high qualities. The modern cross-bred hound has acquired a reputation at least equal to that of his ancestors, for much and frequent crossing has produced a tendency to revert to the original type. It is undeniably a useful hound, for our neighbours enter it successfully to every kind of game from boar to hare.

The *briquet*, for which the dictionaries at hand provide no equivalent, is a much less determinate breed; there is no certainty in breeding the *briquet*; not only may puppies differ in form and foot from their parents, the individuals of the same litter differ among themselves. Various parts of France possess different varieties of these hounds; which being from 22 to 23 inches high are accounted small by the authority just quoted. Bassets also figure largely in the *Annuaire*; and here again is infinite variety, all the numerous strains, however, being vigorous and blessed with staying power.

The *briquets* and *bassets* in their varieties appear to be most usually entered to hare.

Among the pure breeds there are St. Huberts (bloodhounds) the Vendéan hound (La Vendée was always a great sporting district, rich in stag, boar and wolf in the old days); the Gascogne and Saintonge hounds, ranging from 23 to 25 inches, strong and plucky breeds which hunt the wolf by preference; and the Poitou hound, remarkable for its splendid nose and wonderful stoutness. Mons. de Large, a sportsman of the last century, who was guillotined in 1793, had a famous strain of Poitou hounds. It is said that after having hunted a wolf all day he would whip off and returning next day put his pack on the line again. The frequency with which *bâtard du Poitou* occurs in these pages indicates the esteem in which the blood is held.

One dare not attempt even to catalogue the varieties of French hounds, and save to an expert in hound breeding across the channel a list would convey but little meaning.

We may admire without envying the wealth of variety indicated by such distinctive breeds as the Gascons-ariégeois, Griffons Cossé, Vendéan harriers, Gascons, Saintonge, Beagles-harriers, Briquets d'Artois, Porcelaines, Céris, Griffons Nevernais, &c., &c.

C.

More about Mules.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

I TOLD in last BAILY the story of our mule purchase in Alicante, and of how we embarked our animals for the war in Abyssinia. But while all this was in progress I received instructions from the War Office to break ground in another locality. I was to proceed forthwith to Barcelona, accompanied by a commissariat and a veterinary officer in order to deal with a large number of mules collected there on the faith of advertisements issued by the British commissioners who had been sent to work that city. These officers had publicly announced their readiness to accept all mules answering certain conditions, and to pay for them at a fixed price. They waited patiently a month or more, and waited in vain, no mules were brought in for sale, and it was plausibly explained that the Catalonian mule is such a fine tall beast, so much in local request, that the price offered tempted no one. In the end our officers, who were doing nothing for their money (£3 per man per diem), were recalled to England.

Shortly after their departure it was reported that they had left too soon. The news of the proposed purchase had spread very slowly through the district and the answer came in as tardily. But it came in the person of contractors and others who had busied themselves to meet the advertised demand, who had entered into engagements with mule owners and who were now prepared to produce a considerable supply. To their disgust they found no buyers. Our British officers had gone, and the poor

misguided people who had trusted to the honour of England were left with a number of animals on their hands and the near certainty of having to face a serious loss. This was a just complaint on the face of it, and it was backed up by the only British representative left—the consul at Barcelona.

My instructions were, directly I arrived in Barcelona to announce that the British Government was prepared to buy all mules collected on the faith of our advertisement, provided always they fulfilled the published conditions.

The first consideration was to keep faith with the Spanish public. At the same time I did not need to be told to exercise judgment and avoid all but the most undeniably good beasts, those which would pass the vet. and were worth their money. We were in every other respect to follow the plan pursued at Alicante, arrange for the housing and care of the mules until the arrival of transports to convey them to the Red Sea.

As the consul had, so to speak, fathered the complaints of the supposed sufferers, our first step on reaching Barcelona was to call on him and state the object of our mission. We never got much good out of that consul, who, I fear, did not in the least wish to see us, and we certainly did not find it easy to see him. We called fruitlessly several times; we wrote him pretty sharply, but we were long in getting a reply. At last I had a brief letter from him headed "*Re-mules*" (I have it still) in which he vaguely said he would attend to us as soon as the pressure of his consular duties

would permit him. We were not to be put off like this. A party of British officers representing the British Government could not tolerate such treatment from a colleague, and I have a pleasing recollection of a very lively scene with our friend the consul, into whose presence we somewhat unceremoniously forced ourselves.

One of the results of this stormy interview was rather comical. That same evening a Neapolitan general, an exiled adherent of King Bomba, whom I had known at Gibraltar not long before, called on us at the Hotel of the Four Nations. He was a man of fine presence with a very dignified manner and a magnificent voice, very much the gentleman, who bore his reverse of fortune bravely. But when he told me with a grave face that he was the bearer of a *cartel* from the consul, who wished to call us out, all three of us, collectively and singly, I am afraid I laughed in his face. Yet I doubt whether I succeeded in explaining the joke to him. That an irate British official should desire to fight a duel with three brethren in arms or, more exactly, three fellow-servants of the Crown, because they insisted on doing their duty, was humour too refined for the Neapolitan.

Consul or no consul, we went on with our business; published notices, secured ground for the mule market, settled all preliminaries and prepared to purchase mules. The complaints formulated had been very specific; the injury done to contractors was set at a high figure, and we naturally expected to be inundated with mules. Nevertheless, the whole thing was a ludicrous fiasco. On the day we opened our purchase not half a dozen mules were brought before us, and one and all were sorry

broken down brutes that were hardly worth their hoofs and hides. The next day none were produced at all; the third, a letter was received from a contractor, with an English name, who called upon us peremptorily to take over seven mules he had bought on our account. I forget whether he showed them; if he did they must have been rubbish, for we certainly did not buy them. No others were tendered or appeared.

The affair did not, however, end here. The contractor I have just mentioned appealed to the law, and we were summoned to appear before the "Judge of the First Instance," to answer for our failure to fulfil our engagements. There was nothing for it but to defend the action, but the War Office decided that I could do that alone, and my colleagues accordingly left for England. I engaged counsel, a very learned and rather long-winded Don, who gave his opinion with great force and effect, that the plaintiff had not a shadow of a case. That was never put to the test, for the judge nonsuited him on the ground that only one of the three defendants, myself, was present. As the others had been permitted to leave Spain he must quash the proceedings.

From Barcelona I was sent on to Madrid on another War Office mission. The mules bought under contract which were forwarded to us at Alicante had been very disappointing, and an opinion that they were below the standard of value was now endorsed by the reports that came back from Abyssinia. As I was now at a loose end I was desired to proceed to Madrid and investigate. My attention was to be especially directed to the question of price. The terms of the contract were somewhat peculiar. The con-

tractor was really an agent buying on behalf of the Government, whom he was to charge the exact sums he paid, and his one remuneration was in a fixed percentage or commission per mule. It was my business to find out, if I could, whether the prices charged had been really paid; for, as I have said, the mules bought did not in the opinion of experts come up to their ostensible value.

I was accredited to the British Legation, and met with a very different welcome to that accorded me at Barcelona. Mr. Sackville West (afterwards Lord Sackville) was *chargé d'affaires* in the absence of Sir John Crampton, and his assistance was invaluable. By his advice I associated myself with an English barrister who knew Madrid well, and together we hunted up a *valet de place* who had an intimate acquaintance with all the *chalanés* or gipsy and other dealers who dealt in horse and mule flesh in the "Corte" or capital of Spain. This man, whose name was Adolfo, at once declared that there was one person of all others to help us, a certain Pedro, "El Salado," who had, he knew, been much mixed up with mule buying in the previous autumn. This useful personage was, however, absent from Madrid for the moment, and I had perforce to wait for his return.

I found life in Madrid very pleasant, especially in watching what went on around. It was at that time a general centre for rascality. People said that it was full of three classes, rogues, fools and policemen. I presume I belonged to the latter class, although I had not yet got on the fringe, even, of what I was after. They were times when the law of extradition had not been extended to Spain. My barrister friend pointed out to me at the *table*

d'hôte more than one interesting person who was very much wanted at home. There was the absconding member of a great firm of bankers that had recently smashed; opposite him sat a detective whose business it was to decoy him back, if possible, to England. Not far off was a fraudulent bankrupt who had fled to avoid criminal proceedings. One or two were no doubt even greater offenders. Then there were numbers of hungry folk seeking concessions from the Spanish Government and altogether unscrupulous as to their means of obtaining them. I heard one man sadly complaining to another that he could do nothing with Narvaez, at that time Prime Minister to Queen Isabella, and practically the despotic master of the land. "I went straight to him and offered him 5,000 dollars for his good word. Would you believe it? He sent an *aide-de-camp* to me next day to call me out." He did not add whether he had fought or not, but his friend rebuked him for his methods. "Serve you right for being so silly. That is not the way to work it. Now I happen to know that Narvaez is very sweet on a pair of pure bred barbs standing at a certain dealer's in this city. Take my advice, buy them and send them into Narvaez's stables. I'll manage that he shall know where they came from." I heard not long afterwards that the concession had been granted.

So much for the foreign element in Madrid, the visitors and sojourners at the hotels, of whom I may confess I soon wearied. But having some command of Spanish I was fortunate enough to be welcomed into good Spanish society, was invited to many balls and *tertulias* (receptions) where I enjoyed myself hugely. One of the

pleasantest houses was that of the Countess of Montijo, the mother of the Empress Eugénie, a lady of English extraction, the daughter of a Mr. Fitz Patrick, who had been English Consul at Malaga in the early decades of the century. Madame Montijo had not forgotten her English, and I remember her kindly welcome, "It gives me great pleasure to receive an English officer in my house." There was a good deal of English talked in Madrid then as now, not always the best or most fluent. I can remember being introduced to a young American lady, the daughter of the American minister, whom I asked for a dance. "Why," she said, "you speak English quite nicely, not at all like these *pollos* (chickens)," that being the current name given in Madrid to the young men we call "mashers" and "chappies" and so forth. We had a great laugh together when I assured her that I had a very good excuse for speaking English, although she would not allow my claim to speak it better than she did.

Some weeks passed before I heard of Pedro El Salado's return. I struck oil directly I met him. He had been actively engaged for the agent or contractor whose proceedings I was investigating, and he remembered, perfectly well, the execution of several contracts. I pressed him to tell me exactly where the contracts had been made and by whom. After some delay I obtained the address of the notary public before whom, according to Spanish law, they had been ratified. It did not take me long to call upon the notary, who remembered the circumstance perfectly, and made no difficulty about showing me the contracts. I saw at the very first glance that they stipulated for the supply of a certain

number of mules at a price considerably less than the agent had charged the Government. This was exactly what I wanted, but as it would be necessary to produce the contracts in proof of the fraud I asked for copies. "Are you a party to the contracts in any way?" asked the notary. "If not, I cannot give you copies." I could only tell him the truth, that I was representing the British Government which had really been the principals in the transaction, but there was nothing to show this on the face of the contracts, and the notary positively refused me the copies.

I took counsel with my legal friend and we went on together to the British Legation. As a last chance I asked the *chargé d'affaires* whether it would be possible to get these copies through official channels, and this in the end I did. A formal application was made to the Minister of Grace and Justice, who is equivalent to the Home Secretary in Spain, and he, by the exercise of some special authority, I fear not very legal, put pressure upon the notary to hand over what I asked. I can well remember the delight with which I carried off the huge bundles to my rooms, feeling that my case was complete. My first step was to translate them into English from end to end, from the preamble to the signatures, one of which was illegible and unintelligible for a time. Then I proceeded to write my despatch to the War Office stating the successful result of my enquiry, and once more I tackled the illegible signature.

Now to my horror I found it could only be the name of another English officer, a veterinary surgeon of high rank, who had accompanied the agent to Spain and who had practically approved

of his proceedings by counter-signing the contracts, although as I knew, in utter ignorance of the purport. All the reply I received in due course was that the law

officers of the Crown did not advise the War Office to proceed with the case, and I was directed to return to my staff duties to Gibraltar.

What Next ?

THE glorious weather of the summer of 1899 afforded us an ideal cricket season, so far as Nature herself was concerned, "and only man was vile," that is to say, whilst every opportunity for playing the best cricket was afforded by ground-men and grounds—we purposely place the ground-men before the grounds—batsmen, by their own greedy faint-heartedness and miserly methods, succeeded on the one hand in securing high batting averages at the cost of much precious time, and on the other hand in stirring such a storm of talk amongst critics who are cricketers and critics who pose as cricketers, that the national game stands in danger of being discredited.

It is now matter of ancient history that of five international test matches played between England and Australia during the past season, four were unfinished, and of these two at least were in no way interrupted by bad weather. Moreover, no less than 53 batsmen were successful in compiling an aggregate of over 1,000 runs apiece in first-class cricket. The percentage of first-class matches which ended in drawn games was an exceedingly high one; and so at the end of the season of 1899—a season intended by Nature to be the most triumphant vindication of the national game—because cricket could throughout be played under the most suitable and congenial

conditions—we found the critics and the authorities wagging their heads and saying, "This will never do, cricket played under proper and favourable conditions is absurd, because the batsmen never get out and the matches never finish."

The great Arthur Shrewsbury is reported to have given us his reason for not accepting an invitation to play for England against Australia, that he was "Aweary, aweary," and herein he has our complete sympathy.

During the past few months all who are wrapped up in cricket must indeed be "Aweary, aweary" of the sagacious plans which have been suggested by the critics and the chatterboxes as a remedy for the drawn game; and the senile schemes of the "have beens" to check the growth of their grandson's batting averages would appear ridiculous were it not that cricketers are the most conservative and dutiful race of sportsmen.

One of the most frequently urged schemes owes its genesis to this oft-heard remark, "The grounds are too good nowadays, they don't give a bowler a chance."

When the critic has gained assent to this proposition he proceeds, "In my day there were no cursed heavy roller and mowing machine to squeeze all the life out of the ground and then shave it as bare as

the face of your bat—our best wickets at Lord's were scythe-mown and sheep-fed, and one ball would break your head and the next three shoot dead. The village greens were the best wickets in those days because they were fed down by geese and the grass on the pitch was closer, and we could pull up our averages on the goose-fed grounds, so we went there."

This is all very well and extremely interesting, but when your critic goes on to say that the only chance for the national game is that there shall be no more heavy roller and no more mowing machine, and that the state of civilisation of cricket shall be put back thirty years, because so many batsmen are unsportsman-like misers, and so few bowlers in this country have any idea of getting a batsman out on a good wicket, why then it makes you tired to listen to such stuff.

We have all patiently lent our ears to the critic who says, "This tall scoring will never do, it was never so in my young days, and must be stopped; we must widen the wicket." "Nay," says his friend; "we must add another storey to the existing stumps and make the wicket some inches higher. That's where my best balls used to go, over the bails."

"Oh, but," says another, "it's this cursed playing balls with the body that ruins the game; if the law had been altered when I was a young man, and it counted out if the bowler hit the batsman on or above the pad, I should have got a great many more wickets than I did, and I have always regarded the law as it stands as a most unfair one. If you want to improve cricket you must keep on altering the laws."

We do not propose to weary our readers with further samples

of senile sagacity on this subject, beyond the proposition which we had hoped and believed had died a decent death some ten years ago, but which would appear actually to have arisen from the dead and once more to have clothed its dry bones with a fleshy semblance. Speaking without the book, we believe it was in the later 'eighties, in the days of the ill-starred County Cricket Council and just before that body became moribund, that it was proposed by the captain of a minor county, that the ground for all county matches should be enclosed by a wire netting two, or four, feet high, we gladly forget which, and that all hits which did not clear the netting should be run out. This practically was the proposition which at that time was apparently not regarded as reasonable, but which has quite recently been regarded as worthy of consideration by authorities on the game.

The argument would appear to begin this way: "The batsman strikes the ball to the boundary and stands in his crease leisurely waiting until the ball is thrown back by a spectator, when the batsman receives the next ball from the bowler with the utmost coolness and *sang froid*, and hits that also to the boundary and again lounges leisurely in his crease waiting for the next bad ball. . . . The batsman ought to have to run out his hits, so that when the bowler bowls two bad balls running, or when the batsman makes two fine hits running, the batsman must make himself out of breath by running up and down between the wickets whilst a fieldsman is making himself out of breath fetching the ball, and the grand consummation of it all, according to the advocates of this absurdity, is that a punishing

batsman, if he run like a stag for every hit he makes, will presently be so pumped and out of breath that he will, from sheer exhaustion, fall a prey to a bowler whose very rottenness has proved his own gain.

This is the view which the advocates of this folly would have you adopt. They would have you believe that if there be a netting for a boundary, so that the boundary hits have to be run out, the batsman, who at present is master of the situation, will be outwitted by this scheme.

Let us pause for a moment and ask ourselves the question. Is this same batsman, whose self-control, whose judgment and whose *savoir faire* enables him to resist the bowler's wiles all day, is he the sort of short-sighted simpleton who is going to rush up and down the pitch in a frenzy of excitement because he has sent the ball up against the wire netting, and by so rushing about reduce himself to such a beaten condition that he is to succumb to a bowler who has to trace his ultimate success to his own previous incompetence?

The aged advocates of this so-called reform tell us that in their own day so few spectators assembled to witness their play that most of their hits were run out, since no crowd was there to form a boundary, and they tell us that which history confirms, that they compiled comparatively moderate scores. All this may well be true. We need express no surprise that they made few runs or that they attracted few spectators, but we cannot agree that the fact of their having to run out their hits should have rendered them victims of their own ferocious punishing powers which were so grievously in excess of their staying powers.

In 1883 there was played at Rickling Green a match in which the Orleans Club compiled the highest aggregate up to that time known, namely, 920 runs. Mr. G. F. Vernon made over 300 runs and Mr. A. H. Trevor well over 200 runs, and except for a small enclosure on one side of the ground, there was no boundary, and all hits had to be run out. Neither of these gentlemen was at that time in his boyhood and they had the sense and judgment to accept the goods the gods offered them, and comfortably to help themselves to runs, whilst the opposing team, bowlers, wicket-keeper, and all in turn, were racing about Rickling Green and its vicinity retrieving the ball which the batsmen kept beating away, as fast as it was returned and rolled up to them again.

Herein, in the story of Rickling Green, is, we confidently assert, to be found the full answer to the fallacious folly of the wire netting.

The thoughtless people who advocate its institution, do so avowedly in the interest of the fielding side, because in their minds they have focussed the picture of the brilliant batsman hitting so beautifully that he presently falls into a swoon from the effects of the severe running entailed upon him by his magnificent hitting powers. A sorry triumph surely would this be for any bowler who deserves the name of bowler, but yet it would appear that if such an end were possible such would be the end and object of our cricket reformers, that batting should die of its own brilliancy.

In cricket councils and committees time is of no object; in BAILY'S MAGAZINE space (which walks hand in hand with time) is all important; briefly, then, to refute this fallacy of the netting,

we would remind our would-be reformers of these few matters.

(1) The batsman, if he strike the ball, has an option (*a*) whether he run at all or (*b*) how many runs he shall attempt.

(2) The fieldsmen, so far as we know, have no option but to fetch the ball with all speed and return it to the wicket in the hope (*a*) of saving another run or (*b*) in the more remote hope of running a batsman out.

A batsman, so-called, is often a poor thing as such, but so long as he be at the wicket he is master, ostensibly, of the situation; to him the bowler serves the ball, which he may at his own risk take or no as suits his purpose; for him the fieldsmen stand around prepared to stop or fetch (or, most fatal of all things, catch) the ball he strikes, and when the ball be struck beyond the field, with all speed must it be retrieved and returned by the fieldsmen, whilst it is entirely a matter for the convenience and judgment of the batsman and his partner how many runs they elect to run, or whether they run at all. So this beautiful scheme of the wire netting which is advocated as a certain check to drawn games, and a certain antidote to long scoring is likely, were it ever adopted, to operate in exactly the opposite manner to that desired by its advocates, and actually to favour the chances of a drawn game, whilst it would materially assist the batsman in his deadly work of staying all day at the wickets.

Any person of intelligence who will take the trouble to look into such a scheme must readily perceive that the abolition of boundary hits must certainly be felt more severely by the eleven fieldsmen who have to fetch the ball and keep on returning it throughout the day than by the two batsmen who

can run just as fast or slow as they feel inclined. It requires no greater exertion on the batsman's part to hit a boundary than to hit a single, and the exercise of trotting with judgment between the wickets will in no way demoralise or discomfit the prudent man; but the repeated fetching of the ball from the boundary, by short slip, mid-on, cover point and third man—for unless an entirely new placing of the field were to come in along with the netting this would have to happen—would certainly give the batsman a greater advantage than he at present possesses. In addition to this there would with the netting be a further and greater chance of drawn matches than even now, for an appreciable amount of time would certainly be consumed when a fieldsmen had to fetch the ball from the boundary and return to his place, time which is now saved by the spectator who throws back the ball with but little delay. We are prepared to admit that many hits which now count four runs each, would, under the netting system, only realise two or three runs and often only a single; but this reduction in value means absolutely no reduction in time, and time alone must be saved if drawn games are to be avoided; anybody can see that if each side in a match average the same number of boundary hits it makes little difference whether each boundary hit counts four runs or two runs, or, for the matter of that, twenty runs.

We trust that to any reader who has had the patience to follow us, we have made it clear that this proposed scheme would, if adopted, actually defeat its own object by giving the batsman a greater advantage than ever over the fielding side, and by consuming

more time over the game than is now the case.

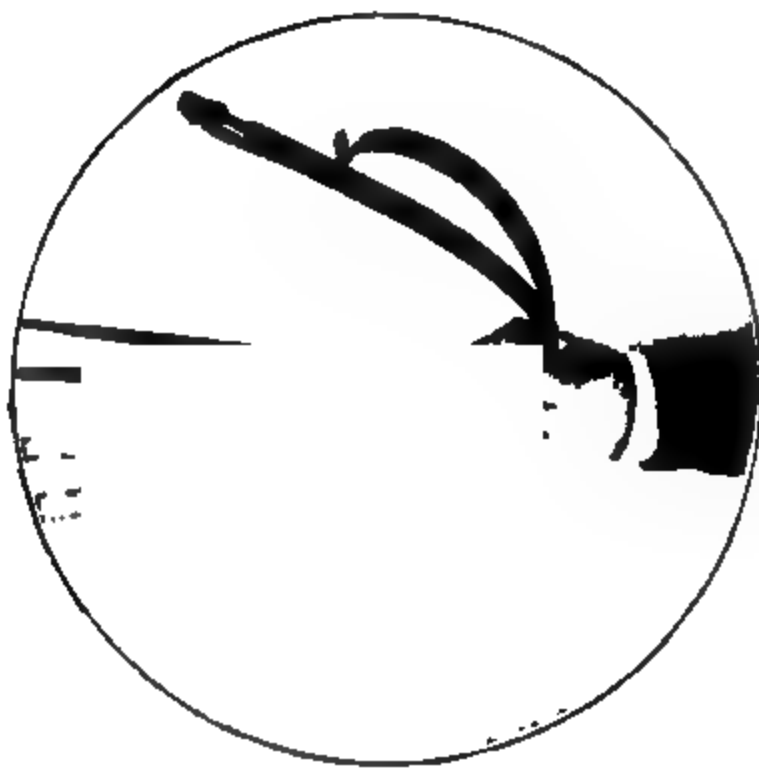
There are other and serious objections to the scheme, one or two of which we may mention. At present the field is placed by the captain and bowler in presumably the best positions for getting the batsman out, and even now with all the extra slips and cover points and short-legs of civilisation it takes a bowler all his time to get some batsmen out. With a netting boundary and all hits to be run out it is obvious that a redistribution of the field must be made in order to guard the boundary. With the field in its usual position a snick behind the wicket would be the most valuable stroke in the game, and it would not be a long while before prudence and the breathless slips would dictate to the bowler the necessity of placing a man on the boundary behind the wicket where he could never get a catch, but where he could busy himself fetching the snicks. We presume, too, that cover point and mid-on (who are as often as not bowlers supposed for the nonce to be resting), would soon tire of racing to the boundary and hurling in the ball, and so an out-field square with the wicket and on either side of it would be required. It would seem that at least four out-fields would be required at all times to guard the netting, and of these one at least would be in a place where a catch could never come, and two others in places where a catch rarely comes.

Now with these four men taken away, and a wicket keeper and bowler deducted from the original eleven fielders, we find ourselves with only five fieldsmen to stand near the wicket and catch the

batsman, point, mid-on, mid-off, cover point, third-man, and at least one slip all seem essential, and yet already we have counted six places for but five men! Here, then, is the dilemma of a team set to field with all hits to be run out; either you must field near the wicket and repeatedly turn round and race to the boundary after the hits that go past the field (which at present are thrown back by an obliging spectator), or you must line the boundary and pick the ball out of the net, making a single or two of a hit, which at present counts four; in which case it is obvious that there can be so few fieldsmen near the wicket that there is a poorer chance than ever of getting the batsman out.

At present there is no finer sight than to see the outfield, running at full speed, cut off a ball just as it is reaching the boundary, and hurling it in, convert what looked like a certain fourer into one or two runs. This fine feature of the game will be destroyed by the netting, for it will pay the fieldsmen just as well to let the netting stop the ball and then toss it back, as to make the great effort of cutting off the ball.

There are many other vital objections to the introduction of this netting scheme which would speedily reveal themselves should the plan ever be adopted. We have already trespassed far too long upon the patience of our reader, but indignation makes one's pen sputter at the idea that such a preposterous plan should ever be seriously considered, let alone advocated, by those who are supposed to be as much cricketers as men of reason and sense.



Photos by Fellows Willson, 118, New Bond Street.]

Hand holding single pair of reins.

Hand holding double pair of reins.

Side-Saddle Riding.

THIS little book* may be recommended to the notice of ladies who think of learning to ride, who are learning to ride, and—if it might be whispered rather than written—some who have dismissed their teachers under the misapprehension that they can ride and have no further need of tuition. Miss Christy displays thorough understanding of her subject, and, what is more, knows how to teach it; she writes so clearly and straightforwardly that there is no possibility of mistaking her directions, even though she had not enlisted the aid of the camera to demonstrate her meaning.

She has wisely confined herself to the actual business of riding, on which a lady is the proper instructor for ladies. Stable management and grooming do not usually come within the scope of woman, and, if circumstances oblige her to superintend her own stable, there are numerous reliable works, written for men, from which she may learn all that books can teach. The author, in her introductory remarks, puts lucidly a truth every woman should lay to heart at the beginning of her riding education. "A girl may be a good horsewoman without being a graceful rider, but she cannot be a good horsewoman in the true sense of the words unless she be also a good rider."

She might have gone a step farther and have added that a good rider is also a graceful one. We are entirely at one with Miss Christy in holding that a lady is the only competent teacher

for ladies; it is no doubt an advantage to have a tutor who can jump down at any moment and tighten up the girths or put the gear to rights, but this advantage is a small one, whereas those accruing to tuition by a lady who has mastered the art she has to teach are many and patent. A man's seat differs so widely from a woman's that the man cannot detect at a glance the shortcomings of a lady pupil as can a teacher of her own sex.

We have nothing but praise for Miss Christy's chapter on "The saddle, saddle-cloth and girths;" when she deals with safety stirrups, she says much that is true and eminently sensible, but we are not quite sure that natural belief in the merits of the excellent cage stirrup which she invented, and which is known by her name, does not blind her in some degree to the merits of such deservedly popular devices as the Latchford, Cope and Scott stirrups. The advantages and drawbacks of various safety stirrups and bars were discussed in BAILY'S a few months ago (March, 1899), and, as then pointed out, the ingenuity of horsemen and horsewomen in devising new methods of coming to grief will probably never be completely overtaken by the ingenuity of inventors.

It is a curious fact that few ladies hold their reins properly, the majority, and among them some first-rate performers across country, preferring methods of their own. One lady, we remember, explained that she knew the right way to hold her double reins, but did not adopt it "because of my rings." That rings should be left in the jewel-case when the habit is donned is the obvious

* "Side-Saddle Riding." A Practical Handbook for Horsewomen. By Eva Christy. Illustrated. 6s. Vinton & Co., Ltd.

Photos by Fellows Wilson, 112, New Bond Street.]

Hands holding reins for a young or awkward horse.

Hands holding reins for a runaway horse.

answer. Miss Christy very properly insists upon the necessity of holding the reins in the right way, and of exercising the fingers in their management until the rider can guide her horse without assistance from the right hand. The figures with which the authoress illustrates her instructions as to the correct manner of holding the reins are here reproduced; they serve perfectly their direct purpose, and also serve to show the exceedingly practical tone of the book.

Miss Christy has the gift of summarising truths in a few words. "Never think you can ride till you have been on several different horses and given each a good

trial, for, although you may have managed one well and mastered all his paces, you are by no means proficient till you can ride *any* well-trained horse." This is a good example of the matter to be found in a book, short but full of useful suggestion and valuable hint. As already said, it is simply and straightforwardly written; in fact, we do not remember to have read a book of the kind so free from verbiage and "padding." The manner not less than the matter of Miss Christy's little work are alike excellent; marginal notes in heavy type denote the subject or subjects discussed on each page, and there is a full index.

The Foxhunter's Widow.

I NEVER hear the chase go by,
The fleeting chase upon the lea,
But there is something in the cry
That brings a pang of grief to me;
I never hear the horn and hound
But one fair face is by me still,
And one sweet voice in every sound
Comes back across the distant hill.

I see it now—the sylvan scene,
The broken fence and where he fell,
The black mare's face, so dazed and keen,
The white hounds racing through the dell;
And then I knelt, his own true wife,
Beside him in the grass and weeds,
And watched the slowly-dying life
Go out across the smiling meads.

And ah! my God, I see him yet,
My own true love, for he was mine!
And through my tears of wild regret
His face stands out as half divine.
And so it comes—the merry chase,
The merry chase across the lea,
And one dear life in all I trace,
For he was all the world to me.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

Modern Marksmanship.

By HON. T. F. FREMANTLE.

To compare the old with the new, to judge of the skill or prowess of modern days by the standard of old times, to find grounds on which to justify or condemn the *laudator temporis acti*, is often a very difficult task. And where the skill of man shows itself in the use of mechanical appliances, the constant progress of invention is apt to obscure altogether the issue whether the man of to-day is more capable or less, than his forefathers were.

Such is certainly the case with marksmanship. A hundred years ago one R. M. Mason, wrote a book to prove that the volunteers of that day should be armed with pikes and long bows, the latter being more effective in range, accuracy, or rapidity, than musket or rifle. The records of the first years of this century show that the very best rifle under the best conditions attained only a degree of accuracy that would now be considered very inadequate. General George Hanger, in 1814, speaks of a much improved rifle of his own design, which would hit the figure of a man without alteration of aim at any distance up to 300 yards. He says that with it he can make fair shooting at 300 yards, and adds—evidently expecting utter incredulity—that he can hit with it constantly a mark 6 ft. high by 13 ft. broad, at the enormous distance of 600 yards. This unheard-of improvement stands out in sharp contrast to the shooting now to be seen at Bisley, where a 3-ft. bull's-eye is more often hit than missed at from 800 to 1,000 yards, or the shooting at Omdurman, where the white heaps of slain Dervishes were more than 600 yards from the position of our troops.

We will not do more than allude to the various steps in the adoption and improvement of the elongated bullet, which at once gave accuracy at ranges much greater than had previously been the case. One result of this was, that rifles were thought capable of performances really quite beyond their powers. The shooting for the Queen's Prize and Elcho Shield in the early Wimbledon days, shows how much too small the bull's-eyes and targets were for the capabilities of the weapons used.

Let us take, for instance, the short range shooting of the year 1864, when Wimbledon was well established, and compare it with that of 1898. Direct comparison of the shooting at 200 yards cannot well be made. But at 500 yards, at which distance the shooting was from the knee, only one highest possible score of five shots was made at 500 yards at a bull's-eye 2 ft. square, while in 1898, in one competition (*The Daily Graphic*), at Bisley, eighteen highest possible scores of seven shots were made from the knee at 200 yards at a round bull's-eye 8 inches in diameter. The apparent area of the latter bull's-eye as compared with the former is about as five to nine, and with the increased number of shots the performance (we must suppose equal weather conditions) of making the full score in 1898 is more difficult by at least 100 per cent., after allowing for the absolute increase in the range.

The men of 1864 could shoot well enough, but we know that the accuracy of the service rifle of to-day is double that of the old Long Enfield. In the late 'seventies, when the Snider (the converted Enfield) was the volunteer arm, it

was a very uncommon thing to hear of a string of seven or ten bull's-eyes being made at 200 yards, though at that time the lying down position was general at that distance. With the Martini Henry rifle "full scores" were much more frequent. But it was the advent of the Lee Metford that showed how often it had been the weapon and not the man that had been in fault. Marksmen astonished themselves with their own scores. Strings of bull's-eyes were made at 200 and at 600 yards: lying down. At 500 yards in ordinary weather so many men made the full score of thirty-five, or only missed it by one or two points, that endless ties were produced in competitions at that range only, and it lost almost all value in sifting out competitors for an aggregate at several ranges, such as the Queen's Prize. The scoring at 600 yards with the Lee Metford is as high as it used to be at 500 with the Martini Henry. In fact, it may be said that the new rifle might not unfairly be handicapped against its predecessor by setting it to fire at 100 yards' greater distance all down the range, from 200 to 1,000 yards!

One thing, then, is quite clear, that in spite of the mockery incurred by the workman who finds fault with his tools, the marksmen of this country had for years shot with an accuracy far beyond the capacity of their rifles. Scores of 100 points and upwards out of a possible 105 (in seven shots at 200, 500 and 600 yards), have now become no uncommon thing, whereas with the Martini Henry not more than two or three were recorded in a season. Even the full score of 105 at the three ranges is sometimes reached. It was made by Col.-Sergt. Matthews, of the Civil Service Rifles

in 1898, and in the present year by Sergt. Woods at Bisley. We can hardly deny to men who can make such shooting as this, some greater capacity for straight holding, than was possessed by the former generation.

An interesting comparison of continental methods of shooting with our own was given by the International Rifle Match of the present year, held at the Hague, in June last. It is not necessary to argue the drawbacks of always firing from under shelter, and at no range exceeding 330 yards. The Match showed how great an advantage as regards mere bull's-eye making is given by conditions quite incompatible with military requirements. The hair triggers, artificial supports in the kneeling position, delicate sights, and other refinements, which are general at continental rifle meetings, go far beyond the small amount of help from appliances sanctioned by the National Rifle Association for the great bulk of its competitions at Bisley. We are a practical nation, and the question is often raised whether the National Rifle Association does not even now err a little on the unpractical side in its desire to satisfy competitors, and to enable them to shoot under equal conditions with the Service Rifle. Where such appliances as match sights are allowed, obviously too delicate for service in the field, it is with the express object of testing military arms and eliminating the tendencies to error caused by the use of open sights.

From the point of view of military marksmanship, however, the International Match distinctly showed that not enough attention is given in this country to the standing position. It must not be forgotten that when it was given up at Wimbledon many

competent military men thought it obsolete for warfare. That this idea is quite erroneous is now generally recognised, but neither our military practice nor our prize shooting customs do much to encourage the standing position.

In regard to actual performance at long ranges, the scoring with rifles of the modern small calibre, though far superior to that of former military rifles, will never surpass, and not usually attain, that made with the old match rifle and M.B.L. of about .45 bore. But as sporting rifles they can more than hold their own. The scoring at Bisley in the competition for this class of rifle has been higher in recent years than ever before. Many times of late has a group of seven shots all in the black (*i.e.*, in or touching the 3-in. bull's-eye) been made at 100 yards, in the Martin Smith competition. This was once a very unusual performance. Several times six shots out of the seven have struck the 2-in. central carton of the bull's-eye, and on one occasion this year a "full score" of all cartons was made for the first time. There can be no doubt that the increasing use of the .303 Mannlicher and other rifles of the same class in deerstalking, aided by the Lyman aperture sight, has much improved the performance of the average man in shooting deer or antelope. Their handiness and small recoil, and, above all, their flat trajectory, are the chief factors in this advance. The very high scores now made in the competitions at the Running Deer and Running Man, are also due to these qualities.

It would be hard to distinguish how much of the advance of the highest scores at long ranges in this country is due to the skill of the men, and how much to the capacity of the rifles. Certain it

is, that while most excellent shooting was made in the old days of the Metford muzzleloader, rifles of this type were over-matched by the American breechloaders—wiped out carefully after each shot. Wonderful results were attained in this way, but the labour of so unpractical a method made it a weariness to the flesh. And when the American matches of 1881-2 showed that very fine work could be done at long ranges by the military breechloader without cleaning out, the rule for match rifles was altered, and they had to be used similarly. For a time the scoring seemed to suffer, yet not for long. The highest score ever made by a team in the Elcho match—1,696 out of a possible 1,800 at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards by the Scotch team in 1892—and the six next highest winning scores in the record were made under non-cleaning conditions. So have been the highest individual scores in the match, *viz.*, 219 out of 235 by Major T. Lamb in 1893, and 218 by the late A. G. Foulkes in 1892. The highest individual score ever made in public competition in this country under the same conditions, was that of Major Lamb in 1892, shooting for the Army against the Volunteers in the officers' long range match. On this occasion he scored 220 out of 225. Scores of 222 have been made in America, where the weather conditions are usually better than prevail with us, and scores of 223 and 224 have once or twice been heard of from across the Atlantic. Major G. C. Gibbs's well-known score of 48 hits on the 3-ft. bull's-eye out of 50 shots at 1,000 yards, or 248 points out of 250, is likely to remain unbeaten for a very long time.

The long range scores at Bisley, now that the old match rifle has been replaced by the smokeless

powder rifle of calibre smaller than .315 in., have fallen off. The bullet is so light as to be more susceptible to the changes of wind which so constantly prevail there than the old heavier bullets of lower velocity. A still more serious trouble is the difficulty of securing even results with the smokeless powder cartridges used. Our own .303 seems now to lag behind the foreign .256 Mannlicher, which makes excellent shooting, if rather variable; yet there is no doubt that with really perfect ammunition the British rifle can well hold its own. Good as are Cordite cartridges—and they are better than factory made ammunition could a few years ago have been imagined to be—they do not really do justice to the rifle.

To give a typical example of the improvement in rifles rather than in men, it may be mentioned that the famous Capt. Horatio Ross, when sixty-six years old, made the then very good score of 7 bull's-eyes, 3 centres and 5 outers, in 15 shots, at the great distance of 1,100 yards. This was recently mentioned by a writer in BAILY as being equivalent, in modern scoring, to 60 points out of 75. It is really not so large a score as this. The bull's-eye at that time was a square one and larger than the present in the proportion of 14 to 11. The "centre" was 6 ft. square, and covered the whole area of the present inner and magpie. Almost certainly one or more of the bull's-eyes made by Capt. Ross would now have counted as inners, and one or more of his centres would have been magpies. But if this is waived, the score would not be more than 57—7 bull's-eyes, 35 points; 3 inners, 12 points; 5 outers, 10 points—a score which would not in these days be thought worthy of any record. The one

1,100 yards' competition at Bisley—the Wimbledon Cup—has only twice in nine years been won by a score of less than 65 points and each time in exceptionally bad weather. Mr. J. Rigley's score of 71 out of 75 for it, with a .256 Mannlicher rifle, in 1897, was a remarkable performance.

We must draw the sharpest distinction between marksmanship of this kind—competition in whatever conditions exist at the time—and the fancy rest-shooting which used to be a fashion in America. Mr. A. G. Gould, in his excellent work on "Modern American Rifles," gives diagrams of some extraordinary targets made at 200 yards. One of them shows 10 shots, all but two touching the central ring counting 12—a ring only 1.41 inches in diameter—the other two only $\frac{1}{8}$ inch away from it, and scoring 118 out of a possible 120. Another diagram shows a group of which eight shots are on the 12 ring while two (scoring 11) are near it, and one shot is just outside the 11 ring (2.33 inches in diameter). These represent the occasional very lucky groups, which can be made with a rest and every other refinement imaginable, each shot being fired under picked conditions of weather. But they give no clue to the normal accuracy of a rifle. Mr. Gould says, "I have seen targets of 10 shots which could be touched or covered with a silver dollar which were shot at a distance of 200 yards, and later the same rifle, ammunition and man, shooting at the same distance and place, would not be able to shoot into an 8-inch bull's-eye, and I have seen this done with breech and muzzle loading rifles, rifles weighing 20 pounds, fitted with telescopic sights, and shot from a machine rest, as well as the 10-pound breechloading rifle fitted with the usual target

sights." These American experiences go to illustrate the well-recognised fact that however skilful a shot a man may be, he requires good fortune as well, if he is to do better than others of nearly equal skill. Mr. Gould is very properly contemptuous of all trick-shooting at very close distances, such as was done by Dr. Carver, as being not at all necessarily compatible with even moderate skill with the rifle at ordinary distances.

To illustrate in bulk the difference between the shooting of those who use the Bisley ranges in the ordinary musketry course, and that of those engaged in match shooting, we give here the copy of a photograph. It shows three canvas targets four feet square (or their remains) through which a large number of shots have been fired at 200 yards. The papered surface of the target has of course been renewed again and again, and the back view here given shows the destruction of the canvas foundation and the wooden frame. The target numbered 1 has its centre shot clean away close to the bull's-eye, while the outer part of the canvas and the frame are hardly touched. This is the effect of the match shooting. On No. 2 target, used for class firing, the damage is much more widespread, and the frame has been greatly injured. Of No. 3 nothing remains but splintered fragments of the frame, too much shot away to hold together. These targets give some idea of the extreme closeness of the shooting on the ranges.

Practice at moving targets at unknown distances is of course far less accurate. But in these days the flatness of trajectory makes the precise distance almost immaterial up to 100 or 600 yards, when the mark is of any size. Perhaps, too,

at our target practice sufficient stress is not laid on rapidity of fire. Rapid fire, if not over-hurried, is compatible with very good shooting; and in this respect the extreme deliberation of much of our marksmanship is faulty. The effect of accurate fire, now that there is no smoke to obstruct it, must be in proportion to its promptitude and rapidity.

The Alpha and Omega of marksmanship is constant practice. England can never offer the opportunities for this which are given by the plains and rocky hills of wilder parts of the world. But if we are not to be out-classed in skill by other nations more systematically trained, the men of our population in general should have some training at least, and the professional or amateur soldier should be quite familiar with the use of his weapon. The man who normally fires a rifle two or three times a week will shoot better and fight with far more confidence than he who does not fire ball for forty-eight or fifty-one weeks in the year. First-rate as are many of the shots in this country, the average level of shooting among men drilled with the rifle is but poor. Turning, as the mind naturally does at this time, to South Africa, we find most effective fighting being done by the Boers, a nation of marksmen. Their half-disciplined commandos can surely teach a useful lesson to all our offensive and defensive forces. Our volunteers can be made at least as efficient fighting men as are now opposed to us in South Africa. It is mainly a matter of finding money for more rifle ranges and ammunition. Efficiency is the only true economy, and the man whose carefulness takes the form of neglect to insure his house, regrets it in vain when he sees the flames spreading.

Hunting, Ancient and Modern.

As each hunting season comes round, and whenever some difficulty arises in a hunting country, we are reminded by sundry writers that hunting is not exactly the sport it was—an obvious truism, for no sport or pastime has stood still since it was first introduced. Is cricket the game it was when Lord's Ground was situated in Dorset Square? is polo the same game as we knew it on its first introduction some quarter of a century ago? or is billiards the same sort of pastime that it was in the days of list cushions? Between the steeplechasing of seventy years ago and that of to-day there is as wide a difference as between the colours of black and white, while in many respects the Turf itself has undergone great changes. Is it therefore to be supposed that hunting has stood still while all other sports and pastimes have for various reasons developed? I use the word develop in connection with hunting, because it is more development than change which has overtaken our great national sport.

In connection with this paper an illustration is given from a painting by Ben Marshall, one of the foremost animal painters of his time, and if we go no further than the illustration itself, we shall fail to find any great difference between the hunting of that time and the sport of to-day. The hats, it is true, are of a somewhat different type to those now seen in the hunting field; the collars of the coats, too, are more of the roll order than we are accustomed to see nowadays, and the rider of the grey horse has those deep tops to his boots which were in vogue

early in the century, or, indeed, up to the late 'fifties. The second figure in the illustration is doing what many a man does now, namely, putting the thong of his whip over the post of a gate in order to hold it back while the hounds go through. The men are seated very much as men sit nowadays, while the types of hunters represented in Marshall's picture would not disgrace the most fashionable field of to-day.

Will it be deemed heterodoxy if we venture to suggest that there is possibly less difference between ancient and modern hunting than between the old and the new forms of any other sport, shooting not excepted. Enough has been written on gunning to show how, in many particulars, the new form varies from the old. Driving has caused a great change in the methods of shooting, but I do not propose to follow this in any further detail, but I do suggest that if we look at hunting history we shall find that absolute changes are neither very many nor very great; at any rate, neither so enormous nor so important as is commonly supposed. It is development only, I venture to suggest, which chiefly differentiates between ancient and modern hunting.

We hear nowadays a good deal of the stranger, but when did he not exist? No sooner was the Quorn started under Mr. Meynell than nearly everybody who could afford to hunt away from home flocked down to that eligible country. Mr. Meynell's house was generally fairly full of guests. Mr. Lambton (who afterwards hunted his own hounds) went to Melton Mowbray for the sake of quietude, and following his ex-

Painted by Benj. Marshall]

HUNTER.
DUNCOMER, THE PROPERTY OF GEORGE TRRACHER, ESQ.

[Engraved by John Scott.

ample, many people went to that excellent hunting centre until at last Melton became what we know it at the present day, that town and its district being the headquarters of a huge number of hunting men and women. We must, of course, remember that when means of transport were comparatively limited there were fewer migratory hunting men than at present, but so far as post-chaises and coaches served, men then, as now, went down to the best countries they could find, and those who galloped in ecstatic pleasure after the Quorn, the Pytchley, the Belvoir, and Lord Talbot's Hounds (now the Atherstone), were largely recruited from the ranks of those who dwelt many miles away.

We may even go back further, to the days of the Charlton Hunt in Sussex. Hard riding had not perhaps been invented in those days, and therefore a comparatively easy country, with its share of down land, was possibly more in favour then (for one is now speaking of the time of William III.) than would be a country in which stake and bound, and ox fences figure largely. "Who's for Charlton?" was only re-echoed later by "Who's for Melton?" and what we should now consider this unpretentious Sussex country, which, by the way, is now without a pack of foxhounds of its own, was largely peopled by strangers. The quality from other parts of England did not disdain the modest accommodation of a labourer's cottage, and houses which have long since been razed to the ground were run up for the accommodation of hunting visitors. "Foxhunters' Hall" was a well-known resort, and long before Mr. Boothby laid the foundation of the famous Quorn Hunt the Charlton Hounds, under

Mr. Roper, and the rival pack owned for a short time by the Duke of Somerset, enjoyed a prestige as great as that which now attaches to any famous Midland pack. If we turn to the West of England we can at least carry the hunting of the wild stag as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in the same era the Earls of Lincoln, and the Somersets in Wilts, were no doubt pursuing the deer with the greatest enthusiasm, while the Belvoir kennels no doubt at that time contained staghounds. All the evidence, indeed, of hunting history tends to show that wherever there was a good pack of hounds and eligible country, men who lived in less favoured districts resorted thither to enjoy what at that time they considered to be the best of sport.

Reverting for one moment to staghunting, the first change of any importance appears to have happened when the old lemon-pyes, which occupied the Ascot kennels, were sold to Colonel Thornton to go abroad. Then, so far as is known, the foxhound was substituted for the staghound for the pursuit of deer, the Duke of Richmond giving his pack to the Prince Regent early in the century, and when that change came about a huntsman and three whippers-in were substituted for the huntsman and the band of Yeomen prickers which had formerly done duty with the Royal pack. The deer cart was certainly invented in the last century, and if it was not in use in the days of Queen Anne, deer were certainly liberated from paddocks or from outhouses on certain occasions to obviate the trouble of finding them, and from that time to the present the changes in staghunting have been comparatively few and unimportant.

In connection with foxhunting

it is development, as before mentioned, rather than change, that one must look for. It must be remembered that in the early days of foxhunting—and the sport, as may be seen from Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden's "Britannia," was known in the time of the Confessor, though of course it was not a regularly organised amusement at that period—there was a great deal more woodland in England than exists at the present time, and when hounds hunted principally in covert the sport was necessarily of a less flippant nature than we see it in the grass countries of to-day. Still, so far as their lights went, ancient hunting men rode hard, and in Charles II.'s time we have records of a run from the Windsor district down to Lord Petre's place at Thorndon Hall, in Essex, and whatever the pace of hounds may have been no man could have gone to the end except he had done a certain amount of galloping and jumping.

Is the complaint of non-subscription a grievance of new standing? One would imagine not, seeing that Mr. Meynell at one time had but three subscribers, though his field numbered between two and three hundred. Is over-riding the hounds an innovation? scarcely, it would appear, for Mr. Meynell is always understood to have said that his friend Cecil Forester, generally preceded his hounds out of covert when a fox was holloaed. Mr. Child, of Kinet, is said to have introduced hard riding and when mounted on his Arab, or half bred Arab, is reported to have held his own with all comers. One is justified in coming to the conclusion that ever since hunting was a sport a goodly proportion of men have hunted to ride, just as they do at present.

In early days, however, as has often been stated, horses were not clipped, a sufficient proof that they could not have galloped at anything like the pace at which the modern hunter travels, while as the art of conditioning was at best but imperfectly understood, the hunters of the last century were not equal to the work now accomplished by hunters even in provincial countries.

The times and distances of old runs are often manifestly inaccurate, for no person having any knowledge of hounds and horses could for a moment believe that ten and twelve miles were covered for two or three hours at a time in each sixty minutes, as some of the old accounts would have us think. I take a few old accounts at random, and find that in 1764, according to the *St. James's Chronicle*, a stag given by the Duke of Bedford to the members of the Brentford Hounds, was turned out on Guildford Downs and was killed after a run of four hours, a journey which caused the deaths of four horses. Then in the same year it was recorded that on January 16th, the members of the Confederate Hunt, which then hunted a part of Shropshire, turned out a bag fox, which began the day's sport by running three tremendous rings, after which he was headed for Llangedwyn, the seat of Sir Watkin Wynn, of the period, near which place the leading hounds seized the fox by the brush and the rest of the pack demolished him. This run is said to have been more than fifty miles, the time being four hours, namely, from nine o'clock in the morning till one in the afternoon. That hunters or hounds ever covered fifty miles in four hours, which means a pace of rather over twelve miles an hour, no one would willingly believe nowadays.

Twenty years before this, that is to say, about 1744, a pack of hounds in Staffordshire are said to have run a fox for rather more than fifty miles into Derbyshire, the time being just over four hours, a run which was commemorated in verse, of which the refrain is :—

“ Fifty miles in four hours, it has been a
hard ride
And in Wotton Park, old Reynard he
dy’d.”

The *St. James's Chronicle*, which appears to have paid particular attention to hunting records, after having mentioned the previous runs, stated that the Shropshire run had been excelled by one in Cheshire, for in this case, sixty miles were covered in four hours, and an apology is made for the Shropshire Hounds, on the plea that they were harriers and consequently could not do more than twelve miles an hour for four hours at a stretch!

It has always been a moot point to what extent the pace of hounds has increased, though it is undoubtedly the fact that hounds do go faster than they once did, and if for no other reason because, owing to the superior condition of horses and to their being clipped, they are more pressed upon, and this will certainly accelerate the pace of the pack. I once knew a pack of foot harriers with which after a time first one person and then another used to go out on horseback. So long as everybody ran with them they could, except “on very grand scenting days” keep within reasonable distance of them, but when several of the followers were mounted the hounds were pressed, and in the course of a single season their pace very materially increased. It has been a common complaint against masters of hounds that they have bred for pace; but this is probably a mistake, because in

many cases as we know hounds have been drafted because they went too fast, and no master would care to have a pack in which a couple or two of hounds could materially out - pace the remainder.

The hours of hunting have of course undergone a change, at least, in fashionable countries, for at the beginning of the century eight, nine and ten o'clock, were the ordinary times of meeting, just as in some countries, the Border for example, hounds are found at the covert side by eight or nine o'clock.

It is difficult to speak with extreme accuracy, but perhaps one of the greatest changes which has come over hunting is in the huntsman's art. In olden days when a fox was first of all traced by the drag to his kennel, and then found, the huntsman's aim was to keep his hounds on the line, if possible, and eventually run him down, and this was no doubt the reason of the numerous long runs which took place. There was not then, as now, a man in every field, nor were pedestrian hunters all over the place; consequently, a huntsman in the days of Ives did not receive so much extraneous assistance as at present. But as long as we can trace hunting history huntsmen have differed in their styles. Luke Freeman, who hunted Lord Egremont's hounds, welter weight though he was was given, when he had a chance of lifting his hounds, to galloping them on in the hope of cutting off the fox. Philip Payne did the same thing, and so to a lesser extent did John Raven, Mr. Meynell's huntsman; and when he and old Stephen Goodall hunted for Lord Sefton on alternate days the difference between their two styles was very marked, for as Goodall rode

something like 22 stone, and Raven something less than half that weight, it will easily be understood that the two could not have hunted on the same lines. There appear always to have been huntsmen who were rather given to a dashing style of hunting; and we have it on old George Carter's authority, that whereas he liked to hunt slowly and wear his fox to death, Assheton Smith used to like to bustle on and pull him over in as short a time as possible.

Provincial countries, even at the present day, are possibly very much what provincial countries were a hundred years ago or more. No one going out, say with the Ullswater or the Coniston Hounds, will find the field composed of strangers who have gone to the Lake district for the sake of the hunting. In Devonshire, in the Messrs. Leamon's time, the writer has seen a Lamerton field composed of seven persons, including the twin brothers who were huntsman and whipper-in. In Cornwall, fields are by no means overgrown, and except for a casual visitor or two the followers are drawn exclusively from residents, while with some of the Welsh packs the same remark holds good. To sum up, therefore, it would appear always to have been the case that fashionable countries in which there was much grass, plenty of foxes, and much good fellowship, were always extensively patronised by people who had leisure, the opportunity of leaving their homes, and who could go far afield for their sport, just as nowadays Londoners go north to Scotland to shoot grouse, or to Norway to fish for salmon.

In connection with the changed state of the country, it will of course be readily understood that

railways have, to a certain extent, changed hunting, not merely because they enable people from a distance to hunt with any given pack of hounds, but because they have, in many cases, completely changed the run of the foxes, though not perhaps to the extent that might have been expected. Still, those who are acquainted with countries in which branch lines have recently made their appearance, cannot be unaware that lines which used to be in favour with foxes between two distant coverts are now but seldom run, though, to a certain extent, it is true that foxes have become accustomed to railways, and take less notice of them than might be supposed.

Wire fencing, too, has of course been productive of much difficulty, especially from a riding point of view, but, as has often been pointed out, the removal of this is simply a question of money, and so much has been written about wire that it is unnecessary to go further into the question.

That there is less touch between farmers and hunting men one is afraid must be admitted. Old newspapers and magazines tell us of many a pleasant evening spent at a dinner or supper which was attended by hunting men, generally farmers as well as squires; and these evenings indeed went far to keep alive a sporting spirit. In the Quorn countries organised dinners were frequent, while in provincial places, as in Devonshire, Cornwall, the Eastern Counties and in Wales, nothing was more common than to celebrate the happening of a good run with a dinner, sometimes on the same evening, but more frequently on the following day. The ease with which people can now run about by train, and the increase

in the number of hunting men, not to mention the fact that comparatively few farmers hunt nowadays, has unquestionably served to break that touch which, at one time, was attended with so much good to hunting. But, on the other hand, perhaps fewer foxes are killed now by gamekeepers or by those who are hostile to hunting than at any other time. Countries have been cut up and subdivided, and an area which, once upon a time, served a single master for three days a week is now divided into three or four portions, in which an aggregate of fifteen or sixteen hunts a week take place. This

of course means an enormous increase in the number of foxes. The time was when the Dukes of Beaufort hunted over what is now not only their own country, but that of the South and West Wilts, and the Heythrop as well; and it is only necessary to take a map and see what an enormous tract of country was included. Then again the Berkeley was formerly hunted from Berkeley Castle to London, and is now divided at least between the parent pack, the Croome, the two Cotswold packs and the two Old Berkeley packs.

W. C. A. B.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

"LITTLE" Kitchener, Lord George Bentinck's famous feather-weight jockey, was, of course, the lightest professional that ever figured in pig-skin, and, if I remember rightly, he could ride 3st. 7lb. George Fordham in his early days rode, however, nearly as light. He made his first mark by winning the Cambridgeshire of 1852 on Little Daniel for Mr. Smith, against a field of thirty-nine, riding at the extraordinarily light weight of 3st. 12lb. George's mount stood at 33 to 1 on starting, but there were certain keen-eyed sporting men present who were so taken with the boy's form and the way he sat his horse, that they backed him to win. And he not only won, but Little David ran right away with him into the town before he could be stopped. It

was a great triumph for the youngster, but his master thought it was sufficiently rewarded by a present of a Bible and a gold-headed whip. On the whip was engraved the words "Honesty is the best policy," and to that motto George kept sternly true all through his long and splendid career as a jockey.

Two years later, in 1854, Fordham won the Chester Cup on Captain Douglas Lane's Epaminondas against twenty-five starters at 4st. 10lb., and it was his riding on that occasion that drew from the great book-maker, "Leviathan" Davies, the remark, "That lad is the best light-weight I have ever seen." Frank Buckle is said to have ridden under 4st. when he commenced his career in the

Hon. Richard Vernon's stables, and the clever Sam Chiffney, who could ride 7st. 12lb. to the last days of his life, is said to have ridden under 4st. when a lad. Fred Archer, on the other hand, never rode lighter than 5st. 6lb., at which figure he won the Cesarewitch of 1872 on Mr. J. Radcliff's Salvanos.

For precocity in horsemanship the present Lord Lonsdale would be hard to beat, for he hunted "on his own hook" when he was but five years old. And the famous Captain John White, one of the finest horsemen of his day, either with hounds or on the flat, commenced his career in the saddle about the same age, on a pony so small that, to quote his own words, "with the saddle on him he used to walk under a leaping-bar at home, and be afterwards galloped over it." Charles James Apperley, famous as a sporting writer under his pseudonym "Nimrod," tells us that he rode to hounds in "full hunting fig."—velvet cap and scarlet coat—before he was twelve, and drove a coach and four when he was but a year older.

Scarcely less precocious in equitation was the great Thomas Assheton Smith, whom Napoleon addressed as *le premier chasseur d'Angleterre*. Whilst he was yet a schoolboy, the fame of his skill and daring in the saddle had spread pretty far, as the following anecdote will show. One day his father was at his club in London among a party of sportsmen, who were speaking of the splendid horsemanship of Sir Henry Peyton and his son. "There are no father and son in the kingdom that could beat them!" exclaimed one enthusiast. Whereupon Thomas Assheton Smith,

the elder, quietly remarked, "I will back a father and son against them for £500." "Name, name!" cried half-a-dozen voices. "I am one, and my son Tom the other," was the reply. No one took the bet.

On the other hand, some great horsemen have given no promise of future prowess in the saddle in their boyhood. The present Earl Spencer, who has been justly described "as one of England's hardest riders," was a timid and nervous child who dreaded mounting his pony, even with the hand of his governess to cling to, and developed no taste for hunting or *penchant* for horses till he was a young man at Cambridge.

I mentioned above the name of Captain White, and it occurs to me that he, at any rate, would not have endorsed the disparaging remarks recently made by a distinguished aristocratic sportsman on the Scottish bagpipes as an instrument of music. The jovial captain was particularly conscientious in his efforts to keep down his weight, and on one occasion, having to get off 10lbs. in order to ride a horse at Heaton Park Races, he went off on a tremendous sweating walk, and put on the pace so fiercely that he found himself dead-beat whilst he was yet some miles from Lord Wilton's house, where he was staying as a guest. How to drag his weary limbs all that way he knew not, till, by good luck, he fell in with a Scottish piper, whom he promptly engaged to cheer him up. So invigorating were the strains of the bagpipes that the captain "bucked up," and marched gaily up the avenue, with the piper in front, as fresh as a daisy, to the great amusement of the house-party, who were watching his march from the drawing-room.

A similar experience of the inspiring qualities of the bagpipes befell the famous jockey, William Arnall, who won three Derbys, besides being the rider of Sir Joshua in the great match won by him in 1816 against Filho-da-Putta, or, as Simmy Templeman called it, "Fill the Pewter." Arnall, who always found it difficult to get his extra flesh off before a race, on one occasion took no food whatever for eight days, except now and then an apple; and he used to declare he felt, when riding that time, as strong as ever he did in his life. Another time, when wasting by taking long walks clothed in many

coats, he met an itinerant bagpiper towards the end of a weary and painful journey. "Well, old boy," said he, "I have heard that music cheers the weary soldier; why should it not enliven the weary and wasting jockey? Come, play up a tune and march before me into Newmarket." And to the tune of "Bannocks o' Barley Meal" Arnall entered the town, stepping out as if he had only just begun his tramp. Who, after that, will deny to the bagpipes the power of inspiring courage and determination even in a Southron, or wonder that the pibroch fires the valour of the gallant Scot in battle?

The Sportsman's Library.

THE author of this little book of verses* dedicates it to the Warwickshire Field in grateful recognition of five-and-twenty happy seasons in their company. Most of the pieces take horse and hound for their theme, and the lines breathe that ardour for sport which will appeal to all hunting men. "Harry L." does not neglect dog and gun, but shooting hardly lends itself to versification as successfully as hunting. One of the best pieces is "The Durham Ranger," the tale of an Usk salmon.

. . . The cute old stager
Four Major Generals cast their flies
Then three Colonels—he wouldn't rise
And he gazed with an air of calm surprise
At the fly of a common Major.

In a very different vein is "Life's Run," inspired by Whyte Melville's phrase, "the whirl and tumult of the day are over and it is time to go home." We are not sure but that we prefer the author in this, his graver mood, to the

verses written in a light-hearted spirit.

This unpretentious little book* contains the articles contributed to the *Fishing Gazette* by the late Mr. H. G. McClelland over the signature "Athenian," which readers of that journal had learned to associate with writings distinguished by soundness, originality and knowledge. The book will be of real value to those anglers who tie their own flies, for the instructions given are clearly and simply conveyed by one who brought ingenuity and observation to bear on his work. Mr. McClelland's early death has deprived the angling fraternity of one who, had he lived, must ere long have taken his place among the leaders of the craft. As it is, anglers must be grateful to Mr. Marston for having thus collected Mr. McClelland's instructive articles for republication in this handy and convenient form.

* "Lays of the Chase and Odds and Ends."
By Harry L. 2s. 6d. Published for the author by
Vinton & Co., Limited

* "The Trout-fly Dressers Cabinet of Devices."
By the late H. G. McClelland ("Athenian.")
Sampson, Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.

Will Dale.

WILLIAM DALE, popularly known as Will Dale, was entered to hounds very early in life. Born in 1837, at the Oakley Kennels, he made his *début* in the field when ten years old, at which mature age he helped to turn hounds to his father, who hunted the Surrey Union. When thirteen years old he left home, beginning life on his own account as whipper-in to Mr. Johnson's harriers, which at that time hunted the Wytham district of Lincolnshire. He remained with Mr. Johnson for a couple of seasons, and left the harriers to become second whipper-in to the Duke of Buccleuch's foxhounds, where he remained one season. He then came south again as second whipper-in to the Vale of White Horse, which at that period (1862) as for twenty-four years after, hunted the whole territory now shared by Earl Bathurst and Mr. Butt Miller. In 1863 Dale went to the Rufford, then under Major Welfitt's mastership; and after three seasons as second whipper-in went in the same capacity to its northern neighbour, Lord Galway's. In 1871, after four seasons with Lord Galway, Dale went as first whipper to the Burton, under Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe, and being in 1873 promoted to carry the horn, continued to do so until 1881.

He had a most successful career both in kennel and field while with the Burton. One of the best runs he ever saw was with this pack on January 16th, 1877. Hounds went away from Stainton Wood with a fox which stood up before them for two hours and fifty minutes. His first point was eleven miles, his second eleven, and his third six miles; hounds scarcely stopped running from

start to finish, and killed in the open. Dale in this run was splendidly carried by two five-year-olds, the first a very hard-pulling mare, his second being Arrow, a horse got by Mr. Slater's Dart. Dart had the legs of every horse in the field; he carried Mr. G. Foljambe in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire for several seasons. Dale was always well mounted by Mr. Foljambe, and often on horses of his own breeding. Among the best of the home-bred ones were Vaulter by Voltigeur, Redskin by Sydmonton, and Vauban by Engineer, all of them from the same mare, Cayenne. Another marvellously good horse was Rector, which carried Dale seven seasons and only once came down. Duchess, a mare quite on the small side, was another wonder; it was Duchess that carried him through the great run from Halton Beckering to Redbourne, a fourteen-mile point.

In 1878 Dale took an ugly fall which broke his thigh, an accident which laid him up for a long time. In his absence Mr. Foljambe carried the horn, and showed capital sport, scoring some memorable runs. The last season of Dale's service with the Burton was a very good one; the best run was on January 9th, when, quite late in the day, hounds went away with a fox from Huckerly, and ran him for an hour and twenty-five minutes over a fine wild country, killing him handsomely; a nine-mile point and fifteen as hounds ran. The master and Dale had quite the best of it on this occasion. On the Monday following the same pack ran into their fox after a ten-mile run.

The one season Dale hunted the Burton under Mr. Wemyss,

1880-1, was memorable for good sport, and also for the performances of a mare named Swiftlass; she was a hard puller but a tremendous jumper. On one occasion she carried Dale over a drain 25 feet wide and 15 feet deep near Drinsey Nook; and another time she cleared the Old Eau River, 26 feet wide; both these jumps were measured.

After three seasons with Lord Fitzwilliam, Dale went in 1884 to the Brocklesby, where he remained for twelve years. Space forbids detailed mention of the numerous good things he saw while with Lord Yarborough. One noteworthy run occurred in November, 1895—an eight-mile point in forty minutes over wild country from Kirton Covert to the Trent bank, where hounds killed.

Only four of the field, with Dale and his first whipper-in, got to the end of this run. During his term of service at Brocklesby Dale did good work in the kennel, and left his mark in a much improved pack. Among the horses he rode was a wonderful performer named Cadney, which carried him for seven seasons. In the season of 1893-4 he had a second bad fall, this time over a wire sheep net in a fence, which resulted in a fracture of the other leg. During his absence from the saddle Mr. J. M. Richardson carried the horn.

His accidents have done nothing to impair Dale's nerve or staying power. In 1896 he left Lord Yarborough to go to the Duke of Beaufort's, which this season hunts six days a week.

"Our Van."

Sandown Park October Meeting.—The foggy season set in early in the district of the Thames Valley, where it most effectively flourishes; or perhaps it should be termed a short preparatory season. Prevalence of fog generally goes hand in hand with soft going, but such was the effect of a dry summer following on several others of the same character, that the turf at Sandown was distinctly on the hard side, the rains that had fallen having percolated through in quick time. The Sandown October Meeting extends over three days, the third day being devoted to racing under National Hunt rules. Whether the Liverpool Mixture, on the "ha'porth of all sorts" principle, would not be more attractive could be determined by experi-

ment only, but I am of opinion that the regular frequenters of Sandown would rather have a steeplechase as a relief to the five-furlong races than not. A two-year-old plate in the third week in October cannot fail to have had some of its once possible features eliminated, the form having settled down by that time, and the Great Sapling Plate seemed to bear chiefly on the merit of one that was not running, Diamond Jubilee, to wit. People who had seen this full brother to Florizel II. and Persimmon run Democrat to half a length in the Middle Park Plate, were anxious to determine how much the closeness of the finish was due to merit on the part of the son of St. Simon, and how much to the favourable start he got as com-

pared with Democrat, and to the lack of necessity on the part of Democrat's jockey to do more than make the race safe. To my thinking he had a good deal to spare. At Sandown the guide to Diamond Jubilee was to be the way Paigle ran, for Paigle had finished second to Diamond Jubilee, beaten a head only, but in receipt of 6lbs., for the Boscawen Stakes at the Newmarket First October meeting three weeks before. An impression seemed to be abroad that Paigle would prove third best only to Victor Wolf and Longy, which was tantamount to discounting the merit of Diamond Jubilee by proxy. What there was about Victor Wolf to make him a warm favourite I have not yet discovered, whilst Longy's continental failure might have been considered to have relegated him to the season's list of disappointments. In the sequel Paigle fairly raced down his field by the time half a mile had been covered.

The Sandown Foal Stakes of a mile and a quarter fell to Merry Methodist, whose respectable run of previous successes justified the expectation that he would win, although St. Gris was once more trusted—surely for the last time. Here, if you please, was the colt which, twelve months previously, had beaten Flying Fox at 5lbs., and now unable to give a stone (or any part of a stone, it seemed) to Merry Methodist. And I cheerfully admit that I was one of those who, in 1898, saw in St. Gris the possibilities of a Derby horse, even on his first appearance, when he was beaten out of a place.

The proceedings of the third day cannot be fitly described otherwise than lamentable. The executive and the stewards could not help it that the fog was so

thick that one could not see across Tattersall's ring, the number-board being absolutely invisible from the stand, but they could help it that any racing—save the mark!—was allowed to take place. Things would have been bad enough had flat-racing been in progress, but to allow steeple-chasing and hurdle-racing to proceed under such conditions was positively wicked. Looking at what has recently been happening in South Africa, one cannot conscientiously regret that jockeys are to be found in any number so careless of life and limb as to race over obstacles which could not be seen at a distance of 50 yards. But in matters of deed and daring Englishmen require looking after, and the guardians of the jockeys in this case were the stewards. The fields were probably as large as they would have been under the most favourable conditions. Besides the element of danger other considerations should have been taken into account. One was the absolute unfairness of the proceedings, proof of which was provided in the going astray of more than one runner through getting into the wrong course and having to come back. Another consideration that is suggested by this mishap is the entire lack of necessity for a horse to go the right course at all. He might miss half-a-dozen jumps and no one be the wiser. After five races had been thus unsatisfactorily decided, the stewards realised the enormity of the farce—which might easily have become a tragedy—and stopped the regrettable proceedings. In the meantime the judge had necessarily mistaken the colours of finishing horses, and had to correct decisions in the weighing room. The wonder, of course, was that mis-

takes were so few, seeing that reporters posted on the rails to note the "runners-up" after the first three gave up the job after the first race.

Newmarket Houghton.—What was the matter with the public in connection with the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire is a puzzle. Except in the paddock, where there was a very large attendance, the Cesarewitch crowd was a great deal below the average, whilst on the Cambridgeshire day there was a marked falling off everywhere. Why people come on some occasions and stay away on others I never expect to see explained. Perhaps, in the case of the Cambridgeshire, the public took to heart all it had read concerning the way Oban was pitchforked into the race and concluded not to spend time and money to witness what was to be practically a walk-over. Oban is an aged (very much aged, I am given to understand) horse from the antipodes, where he had won with 10st. in the saddle. There was a terrific, and continuous, outcry at his being allotted as little as 7 st. 5 lb., the pandemonium of dispraise of the handicap increasing as it came to leak out that Robinson, Oban's trainer, had tried the horse to be invincible. There was scarcely an individual amongst the many well-informed people who go racing who was not impressed with the apparent certainty of Oban's chance, though experience taught the folly of relying upon a single reed. But for the Foxhill trials it would have been pertinent enough to point out that the fact of carrying 10 st. first past the post does not, in itself, constitute a good horse; everything depends upon what the opposition was like. What is the average form where Oban achieved his principal racing feats? That is the question which

people should have put to themselves. But the satisfaction of Robinson of course removed the necessity for any such inquiries. After all I had heard and read of Oban my first view of him in the paddock (for I had not noticed him at either York or Epsom, where he had previously run) was a staggerer. Whatever ability Oban possesses as a racer, it is not reflected in his shape, and for the size of his feet he may safely be matched against any other racehorse in the country. To use a common expression of the betting ring, I would not have backed him if the money to do it with were given me. However, there were the Foxhill trials, and Oban started at the extraordinarily short price of 7 to 2.

Since the Jockey Club abolished the old Ditch Mile stand, the "heads" that collect at the Bushes to see the Cesarewitch run are few compared with what they used to be. Without professing to the racing knowledge that qualifies one for the position of "head," I made one of the little group this year, as often before, and the opinion of one and all was that Irish Ivy was a Cambridgeshire horse. The night before the race the Irish division, which had come over in great strength, was divided solely on the question whether Irish Ivy would win by one hundred or two hundred yards; someone who suggested fifty yards came near being ejected from the hotel. Irish Ivy *was* a Cambridgeshire horse and it may be safely assumed that the Irish money lost on the Cesarewitch was got back on the Cambridgeshire. Provided that Ercildoune and Scintillant had the necessary speed the race seemed to lie between them, Ercildoune for preference, favoured as he was in the weight. The Mazeppa party were quietly happy with

their filly, but she went a little wrong. *Airs and Graces* was a great tip and for good reason, as she showed in the race, for she beat everything but *Irish Ivy* who, with *Kempton Cannon* up, on the saddle that seated him when he won the same race on *Conifrey*, galloped away with the race in a style that surprised no one who knew her.

Again did the absence of *Forfarshire* leave the way clear for *Democrat* in the *Dewhurst Plate*, and as he was giving *Diamond Jubilee* and *Goblet* but 1 lb. each, it was hard to see what book-makers were taking 5 to 2 about. Of course *Democrat* beat *Diamond Jubilee* again, and three-quarters of a length was thought sufficient to win by. This was *Democrat's* eleventh race, and seventh win of the year. His winnings amount to over £13,000.

A favourable second appearance was that of *St. Nydia* in the *Criterion Stakes*, in which *Simon Dale* showed what looked like further deterioration. If deterioration it be, let me hope that it is but temporary. *Lutetia* had beaten *St. Nydia* at the *Newmarket Second October*, and here she beat *Blue Diamond* in the *Cheveley Stakes*. Placed horses in the *Cambridgeshire* are expected to do well in the *Old Cambridgeshire*, and *Airs and Graces* was the tip, but *Lexicon* most unexpectedly won the race, from which the only thing to be inferred is that he likes uphill work and has improved.

Liverpool November Meeting.

—The war was a factor in connection with this meeting, Liverpool being the centre of the transport arrangements and many were far too busy to go racing. Then whole families are affected by the casualties, and this was seen in the county stand. I do not remember seeing so few people at any

previous anniversary of this meeting. The sport was enjoyable from its usual variety, every class of racing being represented, and a welcome relief indeed was it to witness the *Great Sefton Steeplechase* in the midst of five and six furlong races which, at Liverpool, depend so much on the start. I venture to place this steeplechase first in point of interest, Liverpool's eminence in the Turf world being due to its steeplechase course, which is as satisfactory as the flat-race course is the reverse. If we do not see good chasers at Liverpool we do not see them anywhere. Some very useful ones were seen out, *Drogheda* at the head of them, and a capital demonstration of power he was. One cannot rely upon horses that are likely to have a chance for the *Grand National* being fully wound up in November, and sufficient reason was supplied by the way *Drogheda* ran to assume that he can be made much fitter. He had as good a chance as anything, three furlongs from the finish, but he tired and *Julia*, who had always been prominent, went away with a long lead. Waiting behind all the time had been *Hidden Mystery*, however, and he came with a rush such as is very rarely indeed witnessed at the end of a three-miles' steeplechase. *Hidden Mystery*, a five-year-old, by *Ascetic* out of *Secret*, is trained by Sir Charles Nugent, and was ridden by Mr. Nugent. His previous exploits for the most part have been confined to Ireland.

"A *Grand National* thrown away," was the general remark; but for my part I think Colonel Gallwey a wise man to win when he can and chance the extra weight. The bottling up game when played with horses very frequently comes to grief; and if

a man be not satisfied with winning the Grand Sefton, he does not deserve to have a good chaser. Hidden Mystery will probably never again have 31lbs. of Drogheda, but, at his age, he has plenty of time before him in which to win a Grand National. He is certain to improve, and a few pounds do not stop a good one, of which let Manifesto bear witness.

One very decided feature of the meeting was the superior sport provided by the distance races, which, with few exceptions, produced close finishes—some of them very close indeed. Nothing finer in the way of sport has been seen than the dead heat for the Wavertree Welter Plate, nine furlongs, between Hearwood (L. Reiff up) and Victor Don (Mr. J. Thursby up), and the decider. L. Reiff showed on several occasions that he did not understand the course, and on a straight course would probably have won three or four more races than he did. In the deciding heat Mr. Thursby, by a sudden spurt, poached a lead of some eight lengths with only half-a-mile to go. Reiff got his mount up close home and three strides from the chair a second dead heat appeared imminent, but Victor Don got the race by a short head.

The finish for the Autumn Cup was a close one, and though Kempton Cannon did as well as he has ever done before in winning with Chubb, this time weighted with, it was impossible not to concede that could Charina, who finished at a great pace, have been got through earlier, she must have won. This was another of L. Reiff's unlucky mounts. Charina is one of the difficult ones to get to start, but she must win a good race or two in time.

The Liverpool Stewards inaugurated some severe measures

in the case of jockeys who were slow in mounting and going out of the paddock. On Friday five were fined £5 each and on Saturday L. Reiff, one of the five, was fined £25 more, for the same reason. That time is cut to waste at race meetings all who attend them are made aware, to their great inconvenience, but the public, I fancy, did not suspect that the dilatoriness of jockeys in mounting was the cause of it. The Liverpool stewards, however, knew a little more than most people. Naturally, I am all for punctuality and for keeping jockeys in their places, but I think that, if matters are to be conducted with the strictness suggested by the action of the Liverpool stewards, there should be a recognised signal for jockeys to mount. That old institution, the saddling bell, seems to be about as efficient a medium as can be employed.

Death of James Jewitt.—On November 11th, a man who had been one of the most successful trainers of the day, passed away at the early age of 44, in James Jewitt. The mental affliction which attacked him not long since filled the racing world with wonder, and it was subsequently known that his case was hopeless. Jewitt began life in Charles Blanton's stable at Newmarket in 1856, when 11 years of age, riding his first race two years later. The next year he won the Great Eastern Handicap on True Blue and in the same year the Newcastle Stakes at Newmarket, which successes were followed up in 1870 with the Newmarket Handicap and the Lewes Handicap. But in August that year he had his left leg broken at Windsor by a kick at the post and he was necessarily long on the shelf. In 1873, however, he won the Great Cheshire Stakes on Bertram, and

in 1874 the Chesterfield Stakes on Balfe. Getting too heavy for flat racing Jewitt took charge of Captain Machell's steeplechasers in 1875 at Kentford. He soon scored by winning the Grand National Hurdle Race at Croydon on Chandos; but in the Grand National the next year Chandos fell. The winner, Regal, was, however, trained by Jewitt. He also trained Seaman, who won in 1882. He also had the celebrated Seabreeze and Kilwarlin; likewise Harvester, who dead heated St. Gatien in the Derby, Crafton, Sweetbread, Elzevir, Shillelagh and Trayles. Bedford Cottage he became connected with in 1880, and as is well known, when his illness overtook him he had the horses of Captain Machell and Mr. McCalmont in his charge. His duties for Mr. McCalmont placed the incomparable Isinglass in his hands, and had he trained nothing else this horse would have handed his name down to posterity. A man of his undoubted ability cannot be but sadly missed and, like the majority of Newmarket trainers, he was both amiable and hospitable.

Hunting—The Opening of the Regular Season.—After a cub-hunting season which has not been without its difficulties, and which will be remembered in many stables by the presence of lame horses, the season has begun well. The ground has been softened by abundant and timely rain, and heavy gales have swept the leaves off the trees and made the fences fairly open. Many countries, notably three, the Quorn, the Pytchley, and the South Cheshire, have opened the season with runs of more than average excellence and from all sides there is a fair amount of sport. It looks very much as if this was to be a good scenting season. Some

countries have more foxes than ever, and it is well to recollect that, in this matter, we are better off than our forefathers. When we remember that, previous to 1835, the Badminton and Heythrop countries between them could only afford sport for one pack of hounds, and that now the same extent of ground gives nine days' hunting every week of the season, we shall be able to gather how much better foxes are preserved than they used to be. In most places, this season, there are more foxes and less mange than for some years past has been the case.

The Quorn.—The Kirby Gate assemblage on the first Monday in November was a very large one. To say that there were more or fewer people present than on past occasions is beyond my power. At all events, there were enough, from a hunting point of view, to make the annual pageant to which Leicestershire looks forward. There is no doubt that Kirby, with its magnificent show of horses and its crowd of rank, beauty and fashion assembled there, is an element in the popularity of hunting in the Midlands. The gathering at the meet is one part of the show, another is to see a fox found in Gartree Hill coverts. There is here a convenient ridge, on which foot people can stand and see all there is to see of finding a fox. Yet, if hounds can drive their fox out on the Burton side they can get away, for the crowd is far enough off on the hill-top not to interfere, and there is a gate at which the master can stem the rush of the mounted portion of the field. The fox chose the right end, being, as the result showed, a Belvoir fox on a visit to friends in the Quorn. I say the fox, but there were three, and Keyte had not all his

hounds when he started. But a Quorn huntsman on a Kirby Gate day must do not what he will but what he can, and while the master held the field at the gate aforesaid, Keyte got the pack settled. There was a rush, and then the field began to tail from Gartree Hill to Burton Hall. The pace was good, but when hounds swung round towards Melton the fox knew what he was about, for in the suburbs he roused a dust-bin hunter and tried to shift the burden on his back, but the hounds were too many for him. Some, indeed, wavered, and went off on the new scent, and were for a time lost to us; but others stuck to their hunted fox, and when the hunt got clear of Melton by Craven Lodge (Mr. E. H. Baldock's), they had the fox before them with which they started. After this the pace was not so fast, and the whipper-in was able to bring up the rest of the pack near Melton Spinney. The fox probably meant Croxton Park, but the pace at first had burst him, and his strength failed at Freeby Wood. It was a beaten fox that crawled along the edge of the wood and turned away from the covert to die gallantly in the open. A very good run, no change, a six-mile point, and done in fifty-five minutes.

The Pytchley.—Exactly the same length was the run on the Pytchley Wednesday from North Kilworth. In this case, too, the fox was a stranger to the country he was found in, being, one would suppose from the line he took, a native of Gilmorton or Peatling. He was found in the sticks, and the holloa brought hounds out quickly. So sharp was the start that the fox was driven some distance towards Misterton, before he could turn and cross the border into Mr. Fernie's country by

Walton. He was then so little ahead that he was viewed by Mr. Beatty going apparently for Jane Ball. The turns favoured some people, but Lord Annaly and Mr. Beatty had had the best of it so far; when, a few minutes later, hounds turned away from Jane Ball and began to run over the familiar Monday country, everyone was able to spread out and gallop and jump, for though stiff, the country here is everywhere open to a fairly bold horse. But hounds had now been going for some forty minutes, and the heavy weights began to drop back and the light weights to go to the front, including Mrs. Walter Buckmaster, Miss Dawkins and Mrs. Kennard, the latter knowing every yard of this country. It was a little disappointing to lose the fox among some farm buildings at Peatling after all.

The Belvoir Hounds.—So far these hounds have not had the best of the luck. Scent has been poor, as a rule, and the Leicestershire foxes have been comparatively little disturbed so far. The Croxton Park day was too windy for sport—with the exception of one headlong swing for about a mile or so after an outlying fox into Freeby Wood.

The Cottesmore at Tilton.—Second only in importance to Kirby Gate, the first Leicestershire meet of the Cottesmore is eagerly looked forward to and largely attended. Those who journey thither are, however, nearly all bent on sport, the situation of Tilton not being very suitable for sightseers. If a fox leaves Tilton Wood on the Skeffington side, and they generally do so, no one but those who are mounted well will see much of the fun, and carriage or bicycle folk are quite out of it. The writer can testify, from personal expe-

rience, that Tilton is a very easy place to be left behind in, and accordingly on the first Tuesday in November, when the pack came out of Tilton, or rather the upper part of Skeffington Wood, with their fox, there were but five horsemen with the hounds, and of these five Gillson and his whipper-in were two. The fox was a good one, or was so driven by the hounds as to have no chance to turn, running first over a rough bit of country to the Skeffington Road. Hounds swung over the road with little hesitation, and ran on towards Rolleston. As soon, however, as the fox had a chance he swung back, and running homewards, was viewed and killed in Tilton Wood. The map will show the distance as short, but what the map does not show is that the grass was perfect, the fences possible, though stiff, and the going as good as could be.

Lord Harrington's Hounds.—So good a servant as J. Brown could not be allowed to leave without some parting gift to express the feeling of the hunt. Brown has gone as huntsman to the Warwickshire, a difficult and honourable post. Lord Harrington, on behalf of the subscribers, presented Brown with a silver horn and a cheque for £300, and gave some capital advice. To keep his temper is sometimes a difficult task for a huntsman, but it is always a necessary one, and the example of that master of hounds is to be avoided who was said to spend the week in swearing at his field, and Sunday in writing letters of apology. Lord Harrington afterwards drew the coverts round Mr. Millington Knowles' place, at Colston Bassett, and found plenty of foxes. One good one gave a smart gallop to Outhorpe and back. By the way, Mr. Knowles is a covert owner in

three hunts, the Quorn, the Belvoir, and South Notts.

The Rufford had but moderate scent on their opening day, but a lawn meet at Rufford Abbey is always worth seeing, and Mr. Lancelot Rolleston is a master of many years' standing. He was, I believe, master of the drag at Oxford, and has been hunting hounds ever since, some twenty years or more. He has had a good cubhunting season, and as there is not much wire and many foxes, should do well in the coming season.

The Shropshire.—One of the very best runs of the past month has been that of the Shropshire Hounds, hunted by Mr. Rowland Hunt. Ran hard for an hour and thirty-five minutes. The pace was tremendous, and a dead-beaten fox just saved his brush. Of the large field, but seven, including the master, saw the run. Shropshire is always a better country for hounds than horses, and the district over which this run took place is stiff and trappy, and there is still a certain amount of wire. Only the stoutest horses and those in good condition can see hounds when they really run. Sir Walter Smythe has a covert in this hunt, and it goes without saying that there are always foxes in his coverts and no wire on his estate.

The Puckeridge.—It is not country that brings them, it's the hounds and the men! This, which was said of the Belvoir in Goodall's days, might well be said of the Puckeridge of to-day. It is a curious fortune that makes one pack famous with a country not, perhaps, remarkable for scenting qualities, or for giving opportunities for riding. The secret of the attractive power of the Puckeridge is soon seen, when one looks over the pack and

realises the pains that have been spent in breeding; still more when one watches them go away, and sees that legs and feet, necks and shoulders, have not been gained at the expense of nose and tongue. Some of the Puckeridge woods are notorious for bad scenting places, and all have plenty of covert, so that it is necessary for hounds to let one know where they are. Good all-round sport has fallen to the lot of these hounds, and the master, Mr. Barclay, may well congratulate himself on the nice gallops his pack have had. We understand he has taken a very wise step, though perhaps strong in the eyes of some people, in sending out a circular letter to all the covert owners and keepers in the limits of his hunt asking them to oblige him by keeping their earths permanently blocked throughout the season, at the same time intimating that the usual fees would be paid to the earth-stoppers just the same. This was done to make sure of stamping out any mange there might be left in the country by keeping all the foxes above ground, and with this we entirely agree.

The North Cheshire.—There is no county in England where fox-hunting is dearer to the residents than Cheshire, nowhere perhaps where it is more enjoyable, save in very wet weather, when the ground rides very deep.

Lord Enniskillen was rather fortunate in his choice of Church Minshull—a rather rough district (for Cheshire)—but carrying a good scent, as a rule, to finish the cubbing at. This is an ideal country for cubhunting, not quite so popular in the season. At any moment you may be stopped by the Weaver, a stream which can only be forded, and which is never very easy to cross, running as it does be-

tween deep and rugged banks, and comes too often in the path of the stranger. On October 21st, the day being Saturday, and Church Minshull being fairly accessible for Manchester and Liverpool men, there were a good many people at the fixture. The first part of the day was cubhunting pure and simple, but when hounds came to the covert below the Davey Institute, I imagine the word had been given to Gosden to slip the pack, for those in the know began to throw away cigars and settle themselves for business. The covert carried a good scent, to judge by the eager chorus which came almost as an answer to Fred Gosden's cheer, and but a few moments elapsed before a beautiful cub went away. Gosden does not need what an old Lancashire friend of mine used to call Dr. Speediman's pills when getting away from covert, and consequently hounds were near enough to their fox to drive him into and through Aston coverts. Down by the Weaver, but not across it, they ran in a way that made us forget that it was not December, and that leaf was still on the hedges. What matter, a horse is less likely to chance his fences if he cannot see through them. By a railway station he turned, and went to ground in a culvert. Just twenty minutes, but quite far and fast enough for October horses, and so home while the merry chorus of the hounds echoed round the pretty Minshull coverts.

The North Staffordshire.—All the conditions of hunting in Cheshire are reproduced in the country which the Duke of Sutherland has ruled successfully for twenty-four seasons. Dairy farming is the prevailing form of agriculture, and the grass has steadily invaded the plough for the last

twenty years. Having plenty of woodland, the foxes are stout. The Duke often carries the horn himself, and so far has been very successful in showing sport, perhaps his best day being a run of an hour and fifty minutes from Winnington Withy beds. The hounds have much of the old Blankney blood in them, as well as a strong infusion of Brocklesby strains, and they have all the substance which is needed. William Boxall, the Duke's huntsman, is deservedly esteemed, both for skill in the field and the scarcely less important matter of condition as the result of sound kennel management.

South Staffordshire Hunt.—November 4th saw a large assemblage at Elmhurst Hall, the residence of the hon. secretary, Colonel Wilkinson, to present a wedding gift from the members of the hunt to Sir Charles Forster, on his approaching marriage with Miss Palmer. The present took the form of a gold cup weighing 23 ozs. on a silver-gilt pedestal, a silver cigar case and an illuminated address; while the farmers of the hunt, through Mr. Keen, presented a silver-mounted whip. The members' gift was presented by Mr. Manley, of Manley Hall, who has hunted in the country for sixty-four years, and was acknowledged by Sir Charles in a graceful and feeling speech, in course of which he gratefully referred to the kindly assistance that has been accorded by landowners, farmers and field alike during the fourteen years of his mastership. He also acknowledged the great assistance his brother, Mr. F. V. Forster, who shares with him the duties of office, had rendered in the management of the hunt affairs. A very pleasant and successful function being over, hounds

were thrown into covert and found a fox which gave a clinking run to within a mile of the spot where the Meynell met that morning.

The Suffolk.—This is a country which has a double interest for all hunting men, first as a country where foxhunting still survives in spite of many difficulties, and then as the pack with which the son of a famous huntsman is to carry the horn for the first time. Every hunting man will follow with interest the fortunes of young Frank Gillard, and wish him well, if only for the sake of the name he bears. Suffolk, which was said to be the best plough country in England by no less an authority than Mr. Osbaldeston himself, is a first-rate one to learn to hunt hounds. Foxes are not too plentiful, and the huntsman must hunt the fox he finds, for there is no casting at a gallop three or four miles on to pick up another. Scent is not too good, and a huntsman must learn to trust hounds and teach them to trust him. It is probable that early schooling in such a country is invaluable to a huntsman, and we may refer to the large number of first-rate huntsmen who have been trained in Essex and Suffolk.

The Bicester.—Mr. Heywood Lonsdale prolonged his cubhunting until the second week in November, having so many strongholds in his vast territories which had not been disturbed at that time. The Bicester country, however, can boast of good sport, whether it be during the education of the cubs or when attention is turned to the older members, and so the closing days of the autumn session were marked by many a cheery gallop which would have been no discredit to midwinter. October hunting was ter-

minated by a hard morning for hounds and horses at Hogshaw, after which Mr. Lonsdale decided that hounds should not go out again until rain came, and it was not until November 2nd that they made their first appearance on the Aylesbury side of the country, tested the resources of the far-famed Mason's Gorse from the time-honoured fixture, Waddesdon Cross Roads, and despite the fact that that district still required a great deal more rain to make the going perfect, the men who were out thoroughly enjoyed the sport they saw. Getting away from the covert on good terms with a fox, they raced him over the well-known Blackgrove Double to Lionel Gorse in the Whaddon country, and after one short circle in the valley below Holborn Hill, hounds ran into him close to Mr. H. Brashier's Farm. Finding again in Mr. J. W. King's Double, the hunt went fast back to Mason's Gorse to kill within a field beyond the covert; but then there is an old saying in fox-hunting that it is the first ten minutes which kills, and the first few minutes were made so warm for this customer, through the intervention of a horseman who galloped him the moment he left his kennel, that there is no doubt he took all the heart out of him. The third fox was found in Mr. Terry's Double, but he succeeded in beating hounds after a brief interval, during which he had nevertheless piloted their followers by Berryfield to Quarendon and Clarke's Brake to the Lillies at Weadon.

On Monday, November 6th, from Charndon Common a really first-class hunt was worked out, and more than once from here have we been furnished with pleasing detail for these notes, yet never have we seen hounds

perform their part of the contract in better form than on this occasion, as they showed this fox by their determination that he must leave the fastnesses of these woodlands, and then having forced him into the open, literally raced him down; leaving their followers coming in one long line over the difficult strip of country, they crossed by Grendon Wood to Ham Wood and Collick, and just as it had been determined that the Lodge Hill coverts were their goal, they swung round left-handed to Lee and Doxershall and pulled their fox down on the very outskirts of the big woodlands. November 9th, from Chilton, was another day which will be marked in red in the hunt annals, for a Notley fox set the ball rolling and a beautiful country was crossed to Tettishall Wood, it being late in the afternoon when the hunt were reported as touching Lee and Quainton.

The Whaddon Chase.—The month of October finished in the Whaddon country with a meet at Mr. L. de Rothschild's house at Ascott, where the day was inaugurated by the usual hospitable entertainment before a move was made to the famous covert named after that fine sportsman, the late Hon. Robert Grimston. There, to the delight of everyone, and to none more than to Mr. L. de Rothschild, a fox was found at once, and a brilliant charge followed to Southcourt and Liscombe Park, thence to the left by Burcott and Wing to Mentmore, the farthest easterly point of the gallop, for bearing back to the left, parallel to the L.N.W. Railway, the hunt had nearly reached Linslade when an open drain saved their fox's brush. There is no doubt that it was a fresh one which left this stronghold in response to the persuasions of the

fox terrier inserted into his retreat, and, barely escaping with his life, he led the hunt at a good pace back to Ascott, thence over Mr. Prentice's Farm to Liscombe, before he shook off his pursuers.

The opening meet on November 7th was Hoggeston Guide Post, the Creslow foxes the authors of the sport a large field enjoyed; for after chopping one there, hounds ran another briskly across the Great Grounds over the brook to Cublington, before they succeeded in pulling him down in the valley under Littlecot. Returning to Creslow a badger was accounted for, and then from Mr. Guy's Thorns hounds ran up the valley to Christmas Gorse, and after some time forced a fox away again to Mains Hill and Hoggeston, finally marking him to ground at Creslow. The best day so far, however, came with November 14th, when Cublington was the fixture, for going on to Aston Abbots they found at once, raced across to Norduck, and checking there lost some time, so that the middle portion of the run was not so fast, as they hunted on over the Cublington Road to West Park Farm, and having touched Wingbury and Mentmore Cross Roads turned back into Ascott. At that point they got on better terms with their fox and the pace improved to Liscombe and Soulbury, but beyond Hollingdon they came to slower hunting across Dorcas to Villiers Gorse, losing their fox between that covert and Newton-Longville. Found again in Highhavens, and with seven and a-half couples of hounds the hunt raced over the Swanborne valley, turned back to Hoggeston and Dunton, and romped gaily across the next bottom to Cublington and Stewkley Warren, from which a slight detour to Tinkershole and Burcott led on to Ascott, where, although

dead beaten in front of them, their fox succeeded in escaping.

Lord Rothschild's Stag hounds.—This pack commenced their season in the Vale of Aylesbury in a very auspicious manner on Monday, November 13th, when Mentmore Cross Roads was the fixture. There was only a small muster of thrusters to accompany hounds on to Wingrave, where Mr. Leopold de Rothschild had already superintended the uncarting of his deer, and hounds being laid on raced away to Hulcot Trunk Bridge, left four or five horses in the brook as they swept on to Bierton, and crossing the L.N.W. Railway assailed a stiffly fenced district between the Canal and Aston Clinton. Up to that point the pace had been good and the line of horsemen extended some distance, as bearing to the right hounds reached Aylesbury, coasted round the town and set their heads over some of the choicest pastures of the Vale as they drove forward to Weedon Lodge and Hardwicke. Whitchurch on the hill beyond, was just touched ere the hunt bore away to the right again and crossing the Hurtwell Hill and Dunton grassland retook their deer at Littlecot. The season in the hill country during the past month has been particularly good, each day hounds have been out has been marked by an excellent gallop, while on November 9th, from Ashridge Monument it was brought to a close by one of exceptional calibre, very few men staying to witness the recapture of the quarry at Redbourne, hounds not reaching kennel until after eight o'clock at night.

The Beginning of the Season in Yorkshire.—The hunting season of 1899-1900 has commenced more auspiciously in Yorkshire than has any of the last two or three seasons. Not that everything is

couleur de rose, but there is a marked improvement. In the first place, there is a better show of foxes, and though mange is undoubtedly still to be found it is by no means so virulent in character as it was a few years ago. In some places, it is true, there has been experienced a scarcity of foxes, which is far from satisfactory, but on the whole there seems cause for congratulation. The cubhunting, too, has been favourable. Hounds have not had to draw for hours before they found, neither have they been harassed by adamantine ground and tropical heat. The consequence is that they have killed a fair number of cubs, and as the cubhunting is the making or marring of the season, so the present season may be said to have opened with fairly brilliant prospects.

The Bramham Moor.—The Bramham Moor had on the whole a very favourable cubbing season, one day in the latter end of which stands out as a good one. This was on October 25th, when they met at North Deighton. They found their first fox in Deighton Spring, and after running hard in covert for a few minutes, they forced him out into the open and ran fast through Deighton Village and on to Kirk Deighton, where they checked. Hitting off the line again, they ran nicely down to Stokeld Park, where they were stopped as some shooting was toward. It was a smart twenty-five minutes. They had some covert work with a leash of cubs in Cocked Hat Whin, and then came the run of the day, from that well-known covert, the Punch Bowl. They got a famous start with their fox, and ran him at top pace, leaving Kirkby Overblow on the right, over Spofforth Haggs, pointing for Parkinson's Wood, which they skirted. Here a brace

of foxes were in front of them, and they probably changed, as hounds divided. Smith soon had them together again, and they ran through the edge of the Black Plantation over the Haggs Road and on to the Harrogate and Wetherby railway close to the Follifoot Tunnel, where they checked at the end of a brilliant twenty minutes' burst over grass. They ran on past Rudding Park and Follifoot Village, and turned right handed again over the railway at a nasty cutting where the second check took place. A halloo put them right again, and they ran over the Haggs Road, but time had been lost and they were brought to their noses. They hunted on steadily nearly to Cocked Hat Whin, where they turned right handed by Parkinson's Wood and crossed the railway again where they had crossed at first, finally losing their fox at Rudding Park.

They had their opening day at Stockeld Park on Monday, November 6th, but save that they found a fine show of foxes and killed a brace without much running, there is nothing to record.

The York and Ainsty.—Like their neighbours, the York and Ainsty had a fair cubhunting season, with a brilliant gallop quite at the end of it. The fixture was Red House, the date October 31st. A fox in Red House Wood found refuge in a rabbit burrow at once, but they soon found again in Rufforth Whin, and hunted nicely down to Poppleton, where the fox turned down wind and after some slow hunting was lost. They had the run with their afternoon fox, which they found in Grange Wood. After hunting slowly down to Hagg House, the pace improved as they pointed for the kennels, leaving Acomb

Grange on the left. They made a sharp turn to the left and ran very hard to Rufforth Whin. Here they took a turn or two round the covert, and then went away, pointing first to Knapton, but turning to the left they ran a wide ring by Poppleton round to Rufforth Whin again. The fox did not dwell long in covert, and the pace was faster than ever as they ran over the Rufforth Road and skirted Grange Wood, pointing for Askham Bryan. Leaving the village on the left they turned left handed, leaving Askham Bogs on the right, and ran down to Dringhouses Brickyard, whence they turned away to the kennels, close to which they killed, after a good run of an hour and a-half. It was a ringing run, certainly, but it was a severe one, and one good hunter broke his back in it.

As had been the case with the Bramham Moor, the York and Ainsty had an uneventful opening day. They met at Wiggenton Bar, and had one short hunting run from Rawcliffe Whin to Hall Moor, and this was all they did, foxes evidently being laid out. On the following day they met at Nun Appleton, and had a capital day's sport. They did not do much with their first fox, and found a second in Bolton Percy Willow Garth. They ran hard in the direction of Nun Appleton, and then turning to the left they ran by Appleton Mill and marked their fox to ground at the Grange at Appleton Roebuck. Time: eighteen minutes. Pallethorpe Whin provided another good bold fox, who went away as soon as hounds entered the covert. Him they ran hard by Oxton, the Tadcaster Road, Bow Bridge and Pickering Wood, marking him to ground near Steeton, after a fast twenty minutes. Colton Hagg provided

the next fox, and it was some time before he could be got out into the open. Then they rattled away gaily, pointing first for Copmanthorpe and turning to the left, they left Askham Bogs on the right and crossed the Askham Road to the Kennel Wood, where an open earth saved the fox for another day. It was a sharp twenty-three minutes, and made up an enjoyable day.

The Sinnington.—Two Thursdays with the Sinnington are worth recording, though the first was a moderate one till the evening run redeemed it. On November 1st they met at Sinnington Village to open the season. The early part of the day's proceedings may be passed over, but late in the afternoon they bolted a fox from the Normanby drain and ran him hard over Normanby Hill and through Double Dykes and Colonel Scoby's plantation. Then they faced as fine a vale country as can be found anywhere, and ran hard by Rookbarugh and up to Edstone. Here they turned to the right and ran down to the Kirby Moorside Road, where scent failed them. It was a very pretty twenty minutes.

On the following Thursday they met at Welburn Hall, and had a good gallop from Muscoates Whin. They were some time before a fox went away, but when he did go he faced as fine a line of country as any man need wish to ride over. Over the Carrs and across the river Dove hounds rattled along merrily and then on to Salton. The stiff enclosures of Brawby Moor brought more than one good horse to grief, and then they had the river Seven to cross. Soon after crossing the river they checked at Hob Ground and never recovered the line, and the probability is that the fox had slipped into some drain.

Ireland.—The Blazers, under their new master, Mr. Poyser, have had an excellent cubbing season. They have hunted 32 days, have killed 19 brace, and run 10½ brace to ground. This account came to me before the regular season opened, so doubtless a few more cubs have paid the penalty ere this. Although a sufficient number of cubs were killed, the master has avoided useless slaughter. On his second day's hunting Mr. Poyser, handling the horn with the bitch pack, had a splendid fifty minutes until darkness robbed the pack of their fox.

Mr. Assheton Biddulph and Lord Huntingdon have arranged their dispute, and the **King's County** met at Birr, and Lord Huntingdon and some of his leading followers came to the meet, testifying to the good feeling that prevails between **The Ormond and the King's County**.—On such an occasion good sport was to be hoped for, and a run of fifty minutes to ground pleased everyone. The **Kildare** had a great day assembly at their traditional fixture, Johnstown Inn. Irish packs, even more than others, suffer from the absence of so many soldier members. Everyone regretted them, and when the famous pack ran for some fifty minutes at a good pace from Keinstown Gorse, everyone wished that absent friends had been able to enjoy the sport.

The Bicester Rules for Subscribers.—The Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt are now adopting the following Rules for subscriptions, which were framed at a general meeting last April.

Rule 1.—Non-residents taking houses for the season, living in hotels or lodgings, or keeping their horses within the limits of the Bicester and Warden Hill

Hunt, are expected to pay at least £10 per horse. This rule also applies to ladies and gentlemen hunting with the Bicester and Warden Hill Hounds from Brackley, Buckingham, Winslow, or from any town, house, or place on the borders of the country south of Thorpe Mandeville.

Rule 2.—All strangers, to whom Rule 1 does not apply, will be expected to pay at least £35 each.

Rule 3.—Strangers hunting with the Bicester and Warden Hill Hounds on Saturdays only in the Northamptonshire part of the country north of Thorpe Mandeville inclusive, will be expected to pay £35 each, unless they are also subscribers of at least £25 to an adjoining pack of hounds; in such cases only £10 will be required.

Rule 4.—These subscriptions are personal, and cannot be considered as including the friends of subscribers.

Rule 5.—These conditions apply to those hunting for a part as well as for the whole season.

These rules do not apply to landowners or covert owners in the adjoining hunts, or to members of the University of Oxford in residence, or to officers quartered in the Bicester and Warden Hill country. Mr. Henry Tubb, of Chesterton, Bicester, is the Honorary Secretary.

On the whole the Bicester seem to have gone far to reduce hunt subscriptions to a system. It was natural that they should take the lead because, owing to the length and narrowness of their territory, they are peculiarly liable to incursions from over their neighbours' borders, and it was, therefore, necessary to establish a system which should arrange for members of other hunts to pay reasonably for their share of the Bicester sport. Of course these rules, like all taxes,

press most heavily on those least able to pay, but that is unavoidable, and the Bicester have been both wise and generous in the exemptions they allow. The ladies indeed lose their time-honoured privilege of hunting free, but no one in our day will grudge them the acknowledgment of their equality with man which is included in the demand for hunt subscriptions.

Two points only seem to suggest themselves to the V.D.—is not £10 a horse too high a rate for the small men, and should there not be some provision for officers on leave? The last rule seems to exclude them unless they pay £35. It is impossible, however, not to regret that such rules are necessary, and not too creditable to hunting men that they should want so much pressure to pay for their sport. Such rules will not reduce fields appreciably—it matters little whether two hundred and fifty or three hundred men are out—but the rules would never have been necessary if every man who hunted did his duty. Hunting, in a sense, is purely a question of money. In the old days the farmers enjoyed the sport and subscribed indirectly, indeed, but largely. What they can no longer give in kind we have to find in money.

Mr. George Thompson.—In *Anecdotal Sport* last month “Thormanby” referred to the *late* Mr. George Thompson. Mr. E. C. Clayton writes from Cottesmore Grange, Oakham: “The distinguished gentleman rider is not only alive, but seems to have been completely forgotten by Time. . . . It was only last month that I had the pleasure of paying him a delightful visit at his beautiful seat under the Hambleton Hills, and I can assure ‘Thormanby’ that he is as

active and young as when, in years now long past, he used to witch the world by his horsemanship on that good horse ‘Thunder,’ the property of that prince of sportsmen, the late Mr. Clare Vyner. Mr. Thompson can still go to scale under 8 stone, and it would puzzle men half his age either to ride with him across country or walk with him shooting.”

Mr. Thompson's name is surely not forgotten; and the many who hold it in respect will welcome Mr. Clayton's correction of the error into which “Thormanby” unwittingly fell.

Sport at the Universities.—October Term—which ushers in a new academical year—fittingly illustrates Hyson's “flux” and “reflux” theory. Once, again, for instance, hundreds of notable sportsmen have finished their college careers, and a mighty host of newcomers fill their places. Many of these have already won their spurs in the field of sport, and others are showing great promise. The universal instinct of sport, the *Spieltrieb*—inherent in every man who is more than dolt and less than supremely wise—evidently constrains them. Happily, it doesn't take Light and Dark Blues long to settle down. Thus early most of the representative teams, &c., have got into working order. So far racing on Isis and Cam has been prolific in surprises, the defeat of Balliol (Oxford), and Third Trinity (Cambridge), in the Coxswainless Fours being a great “facer” to public form. In the results Magdalen (Oxford) and First Trinity (Cambridge) achieved richly-deserved victories, whilst it has again been demonstrated that “Old Blues” are not necessarily the best exponents. A capital entry was received for the

coveted Colquhoun Sculls contest at Cambridge, the winner turning up in the "Old Blue," R. H. Sanderson (First Trinity) — a much-improved sculler. Simultaneously with the current issue of BAILY the annual Triune Eights will take place at Moultsford and Ely respectively, and four very powerful crews will be in opposition. Critical comment shall be vouchsafed in due course, but we may add that individual merit rather than actual victory is the prime object of these annual tussles. The whole process of this first stage of practice and preparation for the great "Water Derby of the Year" is educational.

Football under both sides flourishes exceedingly. The Rugby teams are now fairly before the public, and (on current form) the Light Blues bid fair to repeat their 1898 victory at Queen's Club on the 13th inst. "Behind the scrum" any superiority is more apparent than real, albeit the Cantabs seem to combine better at three-quarters. Forward, however, J. A. Campbell and *confrères* certainly hold the whip hand, and it is mainly owing to their irresistible "devil" and dash that the team boast their present marvellous record. Up to date, they have put on 139 points *nil*! Just the reverse is the position of the Association teams. Oxford have shown altogether superior form so far, and E. M. Jameson and colleagues promise to revive old-time glories in this direction. It would be both idle and ungracious to say too much at this stage, however, as the Inter-'Varsity match is fixed for February 17th next Term. As usual, the Cambridge League and the Oxford Inter-Collegiate competitions are creating immense interest this year. Hyson's theory clearly applies in this case, as

Pembroke (Cambridge) heroes of the League last year are severely out of it this. We fancy the last of the Trinity combinations will gain premier honours, but anon at Oxford the final tie should rest between Magdalen and Oriel (Holders) once again, with the first-named for choice.

By common consent, 1898-99 marked an epoch in University athletic history, and the current year is likely to prove equally exciting and important. All being well a return Anglo-American tussle will take place in New York at Easter between Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Harvard and Yale. Negotiations to that end are already going on, and next month we shall be enabled to give an authoritative epitome of these. Failing the Easter date the meeting will certainly take place in the summer. This authoritatively. Some promising youngsters were unearthed at the respective Freshmen's Sports this year. Perhaps the best of these was G. R. Garnier (Sherborne and Oxford), who promises to rival, if not excel, the doughty deeds of his father and brother—both "Old Blues"—over the hurdles. Other likely athletes are J. W. Horne (Blackheath and Cambridge), F. G. Cockshott (Uppingham and Cambridge), H. W. Lee-Wilson (Repton and Cambridge), J. G. Milbourne (Pennsylvania and Oxford), D. C. Cowan (Leatherhead and Oxford), &c. Unluckily G. E. Barry (Public Schools Champion, 1897-8-9) was unable to appear at the Oxford meeting, but he should certainly be heard of later on. Altogether, with an appreciable number of old parliamentary hands *en evidence*, also Presidents Hollins (Oxford) and Paget-Tomlinson (Cambridge), we can view the outlook with equanimity.

"Variety's the very spice of life that gives it its flavour," and this applies from a titular point of view. Cross-country work, golf, hockey, boxing and fencing, billiards, &c., are all pastimes pursued with the utmost keenness by Light and Dark Blues just now. Most representative tussles in these directions will be fought out next Term, hence we shall be able to criticise finally upon further personal observation. As usual, however, the cross-country teams will do battle at Roehampton almost directly, and it is regrettable that ex-President Hunter (C.U.A.C.) is too seedy to don toga for his Alma Mater. Despite this, we fancy Cambridge will avenge their unexpected defeat of 1898 by an appreciable margin. Save Hunter, all their last year's team are available, *plus* some very promising Seniors and Freshmen. At golf, some very fine performances have been put on record either way. The Oxonians, in particular, are wonderfully strong this year, and (up to date) they boast an undefeated record. The Cantab trophies were very equitably distributed this season. R. F. Hunter won the Linskill Cup, G. N. Watney the St. Andrews Medal, H. C. Barnes - Lawrence the Barrow Medal, while Messrs. J. P. Simson and C. J. Maitland-Crichton tied for the Pirie Medal.

General news may be briefly vouchsafed. Oxford and Cambridge will accept the Universities of America challenge for a return cable chess match. The Inter-'Varsity cricket match is definitely fixed for July 5th—7th of next year, and R. E. Foster (Oxford) and T. L. Taylor (Cambridge) have been elected captains of cricket. A general desire to place the arrangements for the Inter-'Varsity billiard matches upon a

proper footing has been evinced—and quite right, too. As one of the oldest of Oxford and Cambridge competitions, the present crude arrangements are anomalous. The Oxford Boxing Club has been duly affiliated to the governing body, and we understand the Cambridge Club will shortly follow suit. Both the Christchurch (Oxford) and Trinity (Cambridge) Beagles continue to have grand sport, whilst very many Oxford and Cambridge men take opportunity by the hand to have many a fine day with the Bicester, &c. This is quite as it should be.

Golf.—The match season very appropriately concluded with a meeting between Harry Vardon, the Open Champion, and his great rival, J. H. Taylor. Early in the season, and particularly about the time of the Championship Meeting at Sandwich, Taylor showed a considerable falling away from form, but autumn saw him again at his best, and in two matches he actually defeated Vardon, the consequence being that very special interest was taken by the golfing world in the final match at Brancaster in Norfolk. The play consisted of two rounds of the course which for the occasion was stretched to its longest, and while on the first round Vardon seemed to be slightly off his game, he played magnificently in the second round. Taylor, on the other hand, played well from start to finish, never making a mistake and rarely failing to take advantage of opportunity as it occurred. On the first round he gained a lead of three holes, and this he kept until there were only seven holes to play. The first three of these fell to Vardon, and then followed probably the most exciting match play seen during the season. After a half at the

fifteenth hole, the sixteenth went to Taylor, who brought off a putt of about 10 yards. Vardon, however, won the seventeenth, and as he reached the home green with his second stroke and Taylor lay short with the bunker to cross, it looked long odds that the Champion would add another victory to his long record. Taylor took his mashie, measured well the distance he had to go, and playing with great care, laid his ball within easy holing distance. This brilliant stroke resulted in the match being halved.

Billiards—Record Break by Dawson.—A noteworthy event in the world of sport is the setting up of a new billiard record, the more so when, for once in a way, the feat has not to be placed to the credit of that phenomenal cueist, John Roberts, who has for so many years past at the "spot-barred" game himself created, broken again each great record in its turn. The hero of the present occasion is Charles Dawson, the holder of the title of Champion of English billiards, as played at the present time under the revised Rules of the Billiard Association of Great Britain and Ireland. On Monday, October 16th, Dawson and J. Mack, of Manchester (who received 7,000 points start), had commenced a game of 18,000 up, at the Argyll Hall, and on the night of Friday, the 20th ult., proceedings were brought to a close by Dawson with an unfinished break of 382. In the afternoon of the following day the champion, playing in superb form, added another 340 points to his incomplete run, thus making his total break 722, which beats by 125 points the previous record, 597, made by John Roberts at Manchester on the 4th of last March. The break was in every respect perfect, and, the table

having been previously passed as a "standard" one, will doubtless be officially certificated by the Billiard Association as "the record."

In the matter of breaks made under dissimilar conditions, comparisons are, if not odious, apt to lack accuracy; still, it is safe to say that Charles Dawson's break of 722 (compiled under rules which, whilst they most properly prohibit the foul "push," at once make the game far more open and, consequently, more difficult than heretofore) must rank as one of the greatest feats ever yet achieved at English billiards—a performance of which the little Yorkshireman may justly feel proud.

"The Degenerates" at the Garrick.—There is a popular superstition in the profession against the removal of a successful play from one house to another. Mrs. Langtry, though, may congratulate herself and her colleagues upon the continued success which attends the representations of Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy since its transplantation from the Haymarket to the Garrick.

It is true that Mr. Charles Hawtrey is missed from the caste, but, with all deference to that most polished actor, we must say that the Duke of Orme as now played by Mr. Fred Kerr cannot be improved upon. To Mr. Kerr we are grateful for many a finished study, notably and recently his Gunning in "The Tyranny of Tears," and our only regret about the part of Orme is that Mr. Kerr has not more to do. The same regret may be expressed in the case of Miss Lottie Venne, who is, to our mind, wasted in the part of Mrs. Bennett-Baldero, the lady paragraphist.

However, the personality of Mrs. Langtry successfully pervades the play, and we have

nothing to give but unreserved praise for her rendering of Mrs. Trevelyan. Critics have been known to say that she is a beautiful woman, but no actress; we gladly admit that we are impressed equally by her beauty and her talent.

Fancy Dress Balls at Covent Garden.—In bygone years we have danced a barn dance at miniature Spithead, surrounded by bearded M.C.'s in the naval uniform, and we have walked through a set of Lancers under the stern gaze of khaki-clad officials, within the walls of Khar-toum and all under the roof of the National Opera House. This season the fortnightly revels take place under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, and the forthcoming Paris Exhibition is the *venue* of the merry throng who rally round Messrs. Niel Forsyth and Rendle at the fancy dress balls.

The large number of prizes, and the value of the chief prizes for fancy costumes provoke a spirited competition, but the money expended upon some of the dresses must leave but little margin for profit except one of the biggest prizes be taken. Just now South African and warlike notions seem to be the rage, whilst, upon a recent occasion, a lady representing a morning newspaper's "War Express" secured the highest honours. At the second ball some philanthropic ladies devoted their time, stolen from frivolity, to the laudable cause of the "Wives' and Orphans' Fund," and heavy indeed were some of the collecting boxes at an early stage of the proceedings.

Fewer people seem to go to Covent Garden balls than formerly, but many who go evidently enjoy themselves.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During October—November, 1899.]

AT Iwerne Minster, on October 18th, Lord Wolverton, with the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke Michael, Lords Dudley and Elcho, and Commander S. Fortescue, had some splendid sport, bagging 994 pheasants and 868 rabbits, besides some partridges and duck.

On Monday, October 23rd, at Six Mile Bottom, the Duke of Cambridge's party of nine guns, which included the Duke of York, killed 385 partridges, 55 pheasants, 109 hares, and 2 rabbits.

The total result of the three days' shooting at Six Mile Bottom was the killing of 822 partridges, 214 hares, 126 pheasants, 6 rabbits, and a pigeon.

The bloodstock sale held at Newmarket on October 25th included several horses in training from Kingsclere. Of these, Mr. W. Allison purchased St. Bris for 1,000 guineas, Mr. Garrett gave 700 guineas for Hermiston, and Mr. John Barker paid 300 guineas for Mark For'ard.

A well-known figure in athletic circles passed away on October 29th, when Mr. A. J. Puttick died from pneumonia, aged forty-eight years. The deceased gentleman was an all-round athlete, but was best known in Rugby football and also as a runner. He had been for many years on the committee of the London Athletic Club.

At the opening meet of the Heythrop Hounds, at Heythrop, on October 30th, the master, Mr. Albert Brassey, made some interesting remarks in responding to the toast of his health at the Hunt breakfast. He said there could be no finer training for our soldiers than a season or two of foxhunting. If it had not been for their training in this respect, our cavalry in the Transvaal would never have been able to render the good account of themselves which they had done. He also spoke of the use and dangers of barbed wire, which he exhorted all farmers to remove from their land during the hunting season. He was happy to say everything

pointed to a successful season. They had an abundance of good, healthy foxes, and a mangy fox was not now heard of.

The Cheshire Beagles were hunting a hare in the neighbourhood of Tattenhall on October 31st; she took to the railway lines when hard pressed, and an express train dashed through the pack about a mile from Tattenhall Road station, killing three valuable hounds on the spot. Two more were so badly injured that they had to be destroyed.

While the County of Limerick Foxhounds were out at Knockaderry on November 4th, three hounds died from poisoning.

An unfortunate accident occurred with the Belvoir on November 4th. Mr. Harold Brassey, of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), was in the act of opening a gate, when his horse, attempting to jump, crashed through and fell on its rider, severely injuring him.

The followers of the Earl of Harrington's Hounds met on November 4th at Tollerton Hall, the residence of Colonel Cantrell-Hubbersty, when a presentation was made to Jack Brown, who had resigned his position as first whip to hunt the Warwickshire. Lady Harrington, owing to indisposition, was unable to be present, so the presentation, which took the form of a silver hunting-horn and a cheque for over £300, was made on behalf of the subscribers by the Earl of Harrington, who spoke in very eulogistic terms of the recipient. Prior to his retirement, Jack Brown had been with Lord Harrington for many seasons, and had made himself generally popular with the members of the Hunt.

While riding at Frendenau, Austria, on November 6th, George Rumbold, a jockey who at one time rode for Sherwood's stable, sustained a fatal accident.

The Melbourne Cup, run November 7th, was won by Merriwee, a three-year-old bay colt by Bill of Portland, dam Etra Weenie, by Treston. On the previous Saturday (November 4th) Merriwee won the Victoria Racing Club Derby, and has therefore secured two of the greatest races in Australia, a feat accomplished also by Grand Flaneur, Martini Henry, and Newhaven II.

Lord Hawke presided over a meeting of the committee of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club at Leeds on November 7th, when it was reported that the available funds of the county verged on £10,000. It was decided that in future the clubs on whose grounds county matches are played shall receive 25 per cent. of the gate receipts. A hundred guineas was voted to the Trans-

vaal Fund, and £2,500 was invested in trust, making a total of £7,500, which now represents the funds of the club.

James Jewitt, the trainer, died, on November 11th, at Bedford Cottage, Newmarket, after a long illness, at the age of forty-four years.

While hunting with the Whaddon Chase Hounds on November 11th, the Earl of Orkney had a bad fall, and sustained a severe dislocation of the right shoulder, the muscles of the arm being also much torn and strained.

The death is announced of Mr. W. M. Tharp, which took place at his residence, Chippenham Park, Newmarket, on November 12th. The deceased gentleman was a constant attendant at the Newmarket Meetings, and took a keen interest in racing. He never registered his colours, but was elected an honorary member of the Jockey Club in 1880.

While hunting with the Quorn Hounds on November 13th, from Seagrave, the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther met with an unfortunate accident. During the afternoon run she had a bad fall, and broke her arm.

Will Rawle, huntsman to Lord Fitzhardinge's Foxhounds, met with a nasty accident when hunting, on November 14th, near Gloucester, sustaining a fractured collar-bone.

While out hunting with the South Union Foxhounds near Cork, on November 14th, Captain Sellar, of the King's Dragoon Guards, was thrown from his horse, and suffered a bad fracture of the ankle.

A big gathering assembled at the meet of the Galway Foxhounds on November 16th at Sandbeck, when a presentation was made to the Earl of Scarborough on the occasion of his marriage. The present consisted of a massive silver inkstand, together with an album containing the names of the subscribers.

A great bag of partridges was got by Mr. James Russel and six other guns in three days' shooting over Dalham and Denham in the Newmarket district. The total was 1,400 partridges, besides sundries.

The Rev. Cecil Legard will be greatly obliged to Masters of Hounds if they will send him their lists to November, 1899, for the next volume of "The Foxhound Kennel Stud Book," addressed to Cottesbrooke Rectory, Northampton.

In three days' partridge driving at Stratton, Lord Baring's bag totalled 1,440 birds. On the best day 380 brace were bagged.

At Warter Priory, eight guns got in three days 1,244 partridges, 366 hares, 183 pheasants, and 4 rabbits. On the biggest day 440 partridges were bagged.

During the third week of October, at Dalham, Mr. Percy Wormald, Mr. Russel, Mr. Bibby, and three other guns had capital sport, bagging 600 brace of partridges in three days, besides other game.

Mr. Blyth's party of seven guns had two remarkably good days' partridge driving at Elmdon, Essex, in the third week of October, getting on the Tuesday 1,015 birds, and the following day 838 partridges.

Shooting at Dupplin Castle the first week of November, Lord Kinnoull and seven guns, Count A. Munster, Sir R. Moncrieffe, General Stracey, Captain Stephenson, Mr. W. Fenwick, Mr. W. Schuster, and Mr. Wood, killed over 3,000 head of game in four days.

The opening meet of the Clare Harriers at Fenloe afforded an opportunity to the followers of the pack and farmers in the district to present the master (Major S. C. Hickman) with an illuminated address, a handsome silver bowl, and an antique Irish "potato ring," on the occasion of his recent marriage, and to mark their appreciation of his endeavours in the interest of sport.

An unfortunate accident occurred to Mrs. John Watson, wife of the Master of

the Meath Foxhounds, through her horse falling and rolling over her, causing a broken arm.

The death of the Rev. S. Dendy, an old and influential member of the Blackmore Vale Hunt, who had long been identified with them in Mr. Digby's, Sir R. Glyn's, and the present master's days, took place in the third week of November. As a mark of respect, hounds did not go out until after the funeral.

Mr. Charles Dalley, who was hunting with the Enfield Chase Stag hounds, put his horse at a fence into a road. The horse fell on landing, and Mr. Dalley came to the ground with such violence that he died in a few hours.

One of the heaviest stags of the season was killed by Colonel F. C. Ricardo (late Grenadier Guards) in Dundonell Forest, tenanted by Sir John Edwards Moss, Bart. The stag was an eight-pointer, and weighed 19st. 4lb. clean.

During the past season Mr. H. Tate secured over sixty stags in Caenlochan Forest, Forfarshire, including two royals. The heaviest scaled 18st. 7lb., and many were 17st. and upwards.

A substantial presentation has been made to Jack Fitzgerald, first whip to the Ormond Foxhounds, who has been in the service of the Huntingdon family for thirty years.

TURF.

GATWICK.—OCTOBER MEETING.

October 17th.—The Surrey Nursery Handicap of 435 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. Colley's ch. f. Gold Jug, by Juggler—Gold Crest, 8st. 11lb.

M. Cannon 1

Lord W. Beresford's br. f. Siloah, 8st. 11lb. Sloan 2

Mr. A. Bailey's ch. c. North Crawley, 8st. 4lb. L. Rieff 3

. 10 to 1 agst. Gold Jug.

October 18th.—The Gatwick (Mid-Weight) Handicap of 825 sovs. ; one mile and a half.

Mr. Russel's b. c. Stage Villain, by Buccaneer—Mary Anderson, 3 yrs., 8st. J. H. Martin 1

Mr. W. Low's ch. f. Winsome Charteris, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. F. Finlay 2

Mr. C. S. Newton's b. c. Ameer, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb. Segrott 3
10 to 1 agst. Stage Villain.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—AUTUMN MEETING.

October 19th.—The Twenty-first Year of the Great Sapling Plate of 839 sovs., by subscription of 1 sov. each if declared, or 10 sovs. in addition if left in ; second receives 100 sovs., and the third 50 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. f. Paigle, by Orme—Lady Primrose, 9st. 4lb. J. Watts 1

Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Minerette, 8st. 6lb. Sloan 2

Mr. Russel's br. f. Lady Min, 8st. 6lb. T. Loates 3

7 to 1 agst. Paigle.

The Sandown Foal Stakes of 1,724 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; Eclipse Stakes Course (about one mile and a quarter.)

Mr. J. H. Peard's ch. c. Merry Methodist, by Hampton—Heresy, 9st. M. Cannon 1

Sir Tatton Sykes's b. c. Solitaire,
8st. 7lb.S. Loates 2
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Royal
Whistle, 9st. 5lb.Rickaby 3
2 to 1 agst. Merry Methodist.
The Orleans Nursery Handicap of
463 sovs. ; five furlongs.
Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Oria, by
Orion—Hortensia, 8st. 4lb. (car.
8st. 5lb.)L. Rieff 1
Mr. L. Cohen's ch. f. Carbinia, 7st.
Purkiss 2
Captain J. G. R. Homfray's ch. g.
Solid Gold, 7st. 12lb. J. H. Martin 3
4 to 1 agst. Oria.

NEWMARKET.—HOUGHTON MEETING.

October 24th.—The Limekiln Stakes of
25 sovs. each for starters, with 500
sovs. added ; last mile and a half
of Cesarewitch Course.

Mr. H. C. White's b. c. Skopos,
by St. Serf—Stethoscope, 3 yrs.,
7st. 10lb.J. Rieff 1
Sir E. Cassel's b. c. Solitaire, 3
yrs., 7st. 10lb.S. Loates 2
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. Sweet
Marjorie, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb.
J. H. Martin 3
11 to 4 agst. Skopos.

The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each,
with 200 added, for two-year-olds ;
Criterion Course (6 furlongs.)

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. or br. f.
St. Nydia, by St. Simon—Nun
Nydia, 8st. 6lb.T. Loates 1
Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Old
Buck II., 8st. 6lb.Sloan 2
Mr. Fairie's b. g. Cutaway, 8st.
10lb.Rickaby 3
11 to 4 agst. St. Nydia.

The Cambridgeshire Stakes, a handi-
cap of 25 sovs. each, with 500 sovs.
added ; New Cambridgeshire Course
(last mile and a distance of A.F.)

Captain E. Peel's b. f. Irish Ivy,
by Marmiton—Wild Ivy, 3 yrs.,
7st. 11lb.K. Cannon 1
Mr. W. T. Jones's br. f. Airs and
Graces, 4 yrs., 8st.L. Rieff 2
Mr. C. A. Mills' b. f. Mazeppa,
3 yrs., 7st. 10lb.S. Loates 3
20 to 1 agst. Irish Ivy.

October 26th.—The Jockey Club Cup of
500 sovs. ; Cesarewitch Course
(two miles two furlongs thirty-five
yards.)

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Mazagan,
by Martagon—Maize, 3 yrs., 7st.
12lb.O. Madden 1
Mr. Jersey's ch. h. Merman, aged,
9st. 2lb.M. Cannon 2
Lord Rosebery's ch. c. Tom Crin-
gle, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb. C. Wood 3
6 to 4 agst. Mazagan.

The Dewhurst Plate of 1,432 sovs. ;
second to receive 100 sovs. ; last
seven furlongs of the R.M.

Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Demo-
crat, by Sensation—Equality, 9st.
3lb.Sloan 1
The Prince of Wales' b. c. Dia-
mond Jubilee, 9st. 2lb. J. Watts 2
Duke of Westminster's Goblet, 9st.
2lb.M. Cannon 3
5 to 2 on Democrat.

October 27th.—The Houghton Stakes of
450 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; R.M.
(one mile 11 yards.)

Sir J. Blundell Maple's bl. or br.
c. Aquascutum, by Childwick—
Cullercoats, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 1
Lord Ellesmere's br. g. Headpiece,
8st. 7lb.L. Rieff 2
Mr. Russell Monro's b. c. Victor
Wolf, 8st. 4lb.S. Loates 3
9 to 4 agst. Aquascutum.

The Old Cambridgeshire Handicap of
500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes
of 25 sovs. each ; Old Cambridge-
shire Course.

Mr. B. Gottschalk's ch. c. Lexicon,
by Theologian—Loch Linnie, 5
yrs., 8st.S. Loates 1
Lord Rosebery's b. c. Flambard, 3
yrs., 8st. 7lb.C. Wood 2
Mr. W. T. Jones' br. f. Airs and
Graces, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb. L. Reiff 3
20 to 1 agst. Lexicon.

LINCOLN.—AUTUMN MEETING.

November 6th.—The Great Tom Plate
(Handicap) of 460 sovs. ; the
Straight Mile.

Mr. E. Bonner's ch. f. Light
Comedy, by Rose Window—
Gaiety, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb. S. Loates 1
Mr. Beade's b. f. Misunderstood,
3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.J. Reiff 2
Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Jolly
Tar, 3 yrs., 8st.Sloan 3
8 to 1 agst. Light Comedy.

November 7th.—The Lincoln Autumn
Handicap of 220 sovs. ; one mile
and a half.

Mr. J. Scott's b. g. Monte Carlo,
by Bread Knife—Purseproud, 6
yrs., 7st. 6lb.S. Chandley 1
Mr. C. F. Dwyer's b. f. My Lady's
Maid, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb. (car. 7st.
4lb.)Sloan 2
Mr. C. Penhurst's br. g. Pan II.,
4 yrs., 7st. 3lb.J. Reiff 3
8 to 1 agst. Monte Carlo.

LIVERPOOL.—AUTUMN MEETING.

November 8th.—The Knowsley Nursery
Stakes of 466 sovs. ; a handicap for
two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. W. M. G. Singer's ch. g.
Admiral Dewey, by Kilwarlin—
Field Azure, 7st.J. Reiff 1
Mr. Colley's ch. f. Gold Jug, 8st.
7lb.M. Cannon 2
Lord Ellesmere's br. f. Leila, 6st.
12lb.Purkiss 3
100 to 7 agst. Admiral Dewey.

The Great Lancashire Handicap of
460 sovs. ; one mile.

Duke of Westminster's ch. c. Good
Luck, by Royal Hampton—
Farewell, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb. (car.
8st. 6lb.)M. Cannon 1
Mr. G. Cottrill's ch. c. Lackford,
4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.Allsopp 2
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Brio, 4
yrs., 8st. 5lb.O. Madden 3
10 to 1 agst. Good Luck.

The Liverpool St. Leger of 510 sovs. ;
for three-year-olds ; one mile and a
quarter.

Mr. Vyner's ch. f. Veroscope, by
Hagioscope—Queen of Hearts,
8st. 9lb.Black 1
Mr. W. M. G. Singer's b. c. Hear-
wood, 8st. 7lb.L. Reiff 2
Mr. Fairie's br. c. Galliot, 9st.
K. Cannon 3
2 to 1 agst. Veroscope.

The Grand Sefton Steeplechase of 412
sovs. ; a handicap for four-year-olds
and upwards ; from the Canal
Point ; about three miles.

Colonel Gallwey's br. g. Hidden
Mystery, by Ascetic—Secret, by
Cameliard, 5 yrs., 10st. 2lb.
Mr. H. Nugent 1
Mr. John Widger's b. m. Julia, 5
yrs., 10st. 3lb. ...Mr. J. Widger 2
Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Easter
Ogue, 5 yrs., 10st. ...W. Taylor 3
100 to 6 agst. Hidden Mystery.

The Liverpool Plate of 460 sovs. : one
mile and three quarters.

Mr. A. Cockburn's b. c. Little
Champion, by Hampton—Norah,
4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.S. Loates 1
M. M. Ephrussi's b. h. Yanthis,
5 yrs., 8st. 10lb.Rickaby 2
Mr. A. Wagg's b. c. Mitcham, 3
yrs., 8st. 8lb.T. Loates 3
3 to 1 agst. Little Champion.

November 10th.—The Liverpool Autumn
Cup of 1,075 sovs. ; Cup Course,
one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Chubb, by Chil-
lington—Stocklock, 4 yrs., 7st.
12lb.K. Cannon 1
Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Proclama-
tion, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb. A. Wetherell 2
Mr. Covington's b. m. Charina, 5
yrs., 8st. 6lb.L. Reiff 3
100 to 6 agst. Chubb.

DERBY.—NOVEMBER MEETING

November 16th.—The Chesterfield
Sery Plate (Handicap) of 900 sovs.
for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.
Mr. Russell Monro's br. f. Goosander,
by Gallinule—Rosed'Amour,
6st. 10lb.Heapy
Sir E. Cassel's ch. c. Bonarosa, 8st.
11lb.S. Loates
Lord William Beresford's b. g.
Yumboe, 7st. 10lb.Sloan
20 to 1 agst. Goosander.

November 17th.—The Derby Cup of 1,660
sovs. : one mile and a half.

Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Proclama-
tion, by Hampton—Protocol, 3
yrs., 6st. 4lb.A. Wetherell
Sir J. Miller's b. c. Invincible II.,
4 yrs., 7st. 6lb.O. Madden
Mr. B. Gottschalk's ch. g. Lexicon,
5 yrs., 8st. 5lb.M. Cannon
100 to 14 agst. Proclamation.

TENNIS.

October 28th.—At Prince's Club, C. Fair-
bank ("Punch") v. E. Dealtry (receiving
odds of 15), former won by 3 sets
to 1.

November 5th.—At Brighton, C. Fair-
bank v. E. Dealtry (receiving odds of 15)
former won by 3 sets to 1.

HOCKEY.

November 1st.—At Bushey Park, Middle-
sex v. Kent, former won by 5 goals
to 4.

November 10th. — Nottinghamshire
v. Leicestershire, former won by 3 goals
to 1.

November 4th.—At Leckhampton, Oxford
University v. East Gloucestershire
former won by 2 goals to 1.

November 16th.—At Bushey Park, Middle-
sex v. Surrey, latter won by 4 goals
to 2.

FOOTBALL.

November 4th.—At Crystal Palace, Corin-
thians v. Aston Villa (Sheriff of Lon-
don Charity Cup), former won by
3 goals to 1.†

November 13th.—At Oxford, the Uni-
versity v. Edinburgh Wanderers
former won by 16 points to 3.*

November 15th.—At Cambridge, the Uni-
versity v. Old Etonians, former won
by 3 goals to 1.†

November 11th.—At Blackheath, Black-
heath v. Oxford University, former
won by 1 goal 3 tries to 0.*

November 11th.—At Richmond, Richmond
v. Edinburgh Wanderers, former won
by 8 points to 0.*

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

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